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THE
WORKS
OF THE LATE
AARON HILL, Esq;
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

CONSISTING OF
LETTERS on Various SUBJECTS,
AND OF
ORIGINAL POEMS, Moral and Facetious.

WITH AN
ESSAY on the ART of ACTING.

VOL. II.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for the BENEFIT of the FAMILY.

M. DCC. LIV.

W O R K S

AARON HILL, Esq.

THE FOUR VOLUMES



LETTERS

ORIGINAL

ESAY

OF

THE SECOND PART

OF

THE

OF



ORIGINAL LETTERS.



To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

June 25, 1738.

MY LORD,



OW and then, at the distance, perhaps, of an age or two, there appear men, for the honour of their country, whose claims are so strong, to the admiration of posterity, that no *writer*, known to have been born their cotemporary, can *escape* some distrust of his own *taste* or *spirit*, if he has not applauded *theirs* publickly.

EXCEPT under impressions, like these, what have Poets to do with the powerful? Whatever zeal I may have for their worship,

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ship,

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ship, it is what very few great men have found troublesome; and it affords peace to my conscience, that I shall so seldom, among the catalogue of my sins, be found chargeable with that of *modern dedication*. What a shameful idolatry is that, which hath be-pagan'd the apostate sons of the Muses! degenerate worshippers, not in the *groves*, I confess, but, in far less inviting HIGH PLACES! *Bowers of the knee before BAALS*, of the same lumpish quality with the *Calf*, in the wilderness, and composed of the same damning metal!

YET, how justly soever I have been scandalized at these *abominations of us poetical beathens*, I have felt a check in my spirit, for neglecting the *primitive worship*.—While we detest *superstition*, we should avoid *irreligion*, nor fall off from the God, who condescended to appear to our FORE-FATHERS. Wherever real greatness shines out with most *force*, it should attract with most *manifest* influence: and so, indeed, thank Heaven! it will: For if, now and then, it seems otherwise, for a season, it is the effect of a temporary *screen*; an unwholesome intervention of *fog*, which steams, perhaps, from some *fen of Corruption*.—It

may endanger the *plague*, it is true, while it obstructs, stinks and putrifies : But, dispersing, at last, it brings benefit, quickening our relish for returns of lost sun-shine, and giving back our health, with fine weather.

BUT, when I would convey to *another age* my sentiments on the character, I find most amiable in *this*, to what a *flame* am I adding a *sparkle* ! The spirit of a *Bolingbroke* must assert its *own* lustre ; it disdains, or disgraces, an auxiliary ; a poor dull glowworm *make-weight* may be willing enough to burn out in its service, but it can have no chance of becoming discernable !

NOR was it easy, under influence of a taste like the present, for a *dedicator*, whose weight is not found in his *name*, to select any subject, capable of elevation, to merit *your* patronage, and the *ear* of posterity, that could be intitled to probability of becoming current enough, not to defame your acceptance.

YET, there occurred one, at last, that, without wanting dignity to attract your regard, carried prospect, at the same time, of a public *success*, from the claim it lays to

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political mischiefs. With respect, indeed, to the vindication, it professes, of *Cæsar*, it is surprizing, there could be a people upon earth, among whom it became necessary to defend such a character. I have only this reflection, by way of attonement, that, were we to suppose such a spirit, as *Cæsar's*, ever at all looking down upon a people, so blind, or so partial, it must be with an eye of *forgiveness* and *reverence*; if, for no other recollection, in their favour, yet, as they have, now and then, had their ST JOHNS among them.

BUT, I am afraid, my Lord, you have other pretensions, besides your supremacy of genius, to the right of protecting a *Cæsar*. The world will consider it as an obligation, no less *due* from your *justice*, than adapted to your *skill* and *authority*. They remember you lending the *antagonist* of *Cæsar* an assistance, that calls aloud for *reparation*. And, if the CATO of our climate deserved and grew great, by your support, from but an equal attachment to *liberty* — fairer much stands the claim of his conqueror, in whom the same *root* of virtue threw out *branches*, of such accomplished urbanity. .

THOUGH

THOUGH I know, that, next to the *dull*, the *digressive* are your Lordship's aversion ; yet, so powerful are our natural propensities, to be dwelling upon objects, which *please* us, that I find it a difficulty to draw off my eye from a strongly delicate little incident, in the steerage of turbulent purpose. What I consider in it, with most pleasure and wonder, is, the impulse men are propelled with, by nature, to demonstrate their distinctions of genius ! no occasion so great, or so public, into which a nibbling state reptile will not creep, to *contract* its dimensions. None so trivial, minute, and particular, but can be *extended*, by the guardians of government, 'till they become wide enough to take in *great uses*.

FOR it was not only a seasonable, it was an important vivacity of fore-cast, whereby that theatrical plot of a party was so gayly, and so soon disappointed ! and their poetical patriot *pressed* into the *service* of an administration, *against* whose views, and whose interest, all the spleen of malevolent wit had been sharpening the edge of his *satire*.

SUCH is the difference, between statesman and statesman ! *one* is involved by events,

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and subsists by *expedients*; the other *makes*, or adapts his occasions, and foresees and constrains their successes. — There *are*, who can apprehend no importance at all, in the political use of a *Theatre*. There *have been*, who could attract its felt force to *their* ends, and divert all its gall on their enemies. Every *porter* in politics, can padlock the door against *satire*, and teach *power* to keep all *wit* at a distance. How much rarer is that *manly adroitness*, which can discern, intercept, and convert it, by a *direction*, the reverse of its tendency!

BUT, returning from a temptation, whereby, even the lowest of your Lordship's great qualities have a power to draw men aside into undesigned and unseasonable rapture, I proceed to a second reflection, that limited me, in the choice of a *patron*, with respect to this particular Tragedy.

I doubt, whether a regard to the truth of its *moral*, could strike any other great ornament of the present age, to such advantage of the future, as *you*, my Lord, can bestow on posterity. For, to what infinite lengths of advancement might not the interests of *learning* and *genius* be extended, by a spirit,
which,

which, among the obliquities and confinements of *politics*, could, and did, at the same time, out-shine all mankind, in *humanity*, *wit*, *taste*, and *politeness* ! had it only pleased heaven, for the general delight of our species, to disengage such a spirit into latitude, by surrounding it with *leisure* from *greatness*.

AND, yet, that the most dazzling and successful pursuits of *ambition* never served to any happier end, than to lay waste, and make wretched all the wit, and the learning, and wisdom--all the courage, and patience, and honesty--all the grandeur, and god-like benevolence of the noblest master-spirits of the world--is a reflection, no example below *Cæsar's*, could have a right to impress on a *Bolingbroke* ; because, if in the object proposed as a proof, there had appeared a too visible *inferiority*, the disappointment would have seemed to arise, not so much from inherent deception, the result of the passion itself, as from that personal inequality to the *pursuit*, which might then have been charged on the *pursuer*.

LONG—very long—and unenvied may the titular *lumber* of greatness, *common people* of ill-named *dignity*, crowd the shining

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approaches to *misery*! — Let the *naturally* noble and splendid, lend their light, and their warmth to the *publick*.

I CAN think of no accident in government, whence more benefit is derived on mankind, than from the disgusts or resented ingratitude, which set free such fine minds, as your Lordship's, from the embarrassment of court-mazes and politics. So fall back, from a heat too remiss to detain *weighty* fluids, those salubrious and cherishing *rains*, to which earth owes her health, and fertility!

WOULD to God, *all* the qualities of a great and celebrated *Roman*, who, in this place, rises into my memory, were as equal to the comparison, I would honour his name by, as were his eloquence, love of learning, and delight in the good of his country! — I could then have remarked, without pain, under sense of the wrong, I am doing an *Englishman*, that, had not *Cicero* been malignantly dreaded at *Rome*, he had never spread himself abroad upon the universe, into those best lights of himself, that illustrate the fame of his character. — And, if I were not now speaking to the only good man in
the

the world, who could possibly be displeased with the compliment, I would name a *superior* to irresolute *Cicero*! — self-exiled to the reproach of his country! who will teach better times than he lives in, by the force of a *pen* never equall'd, truths, which his *tongue* (all resistless, and lov'd, as it is) could neither have propagated, with such lasting effect, nor promulged to such boundless extension.

As for my own sense of things, who delight to turn soon from the melancholy side of a prospect, I consider the absence of such ill-understood great patriots, rather as a glory, than a disgrace to their country. For, having long seen too plainly, that we are permitted to make no more than a *jest* of old martial pretensions to *conquest*, in a neighbouring kingdom, I am, therefore, struck with a secret delight, while such a sovereign *English* spirit, as your Lordship's, residing in the midst of that powerful people, keeps up *one* claim, at least, to *superiority*, which they cannot fail, in *your* right, to acknowledge, though they would *laugh*, with more reason than *we* do, at such a claim from our own side of the water.

It

It is so natural a transition, from the country, that is honoured with your residence, to its men of genius, who have been proud of your notice, that I take this to be the properest place, wherein to acknowledge my motives for disapproving the CÆSAR of M. de *Voltaire*, notwithstanding the reluctance of a well-known partiality, for his writings. Yet, I disapprove with that *doubt*, which is due from one writer, who judges another, 'till your Lordship, (I dare say, on both sides, the most unexceptionable *mediator* in *Europe*) shall have been so good to decide it conclusively.

If, after allowing all the force, and the spirit of this celebrated *French* genius, I, nevertheless, lay claim to the liberty of reason, and dislike, and dispute, without *licence*, 'tis because no apology, methinks, should be necessary for freedoms, which have *truth* for their motive; nor can distaste, and much less animosity, be derived without narrowness, from any difference in opinion or judgment. The relation between men (as mere men) seems a nobler inducement to associate their regards and affections, than the accidents of custom and country. But
larger

larger still, and more general by far, are the ties, that bind *writer to writer*. The commonwealth of *letters* expands its naturalization by no narrower a bound than the *world*; and whoever is born but to *think*, is a citizen of that spreading republic.

YET, when the honour of *families* is at stake, it becomes the duty of brothers to support against brothers, the common cause of *paternal* attachment. — The writer, then, in dispute, will be too just to conceive himself injured, if I desert him, in behalf of my country. Indeed, I cannot, so much as by *silence*, admit the bad reason, which, in his preface to *The Death of Cæsar*, he has given his own countrymen, for writing that piece, which was (he says) that they might have a perfect idea of the *taste of the English in Tragedy*.

NOT to protest in repulse of this charge, would be, to acquiesce under Imputations of *brutality*. For, what less share of insensibility to all that is manly, or tender, can consent to mistake, as an *example of national virtue*, an inhuman, and bloody *Enthusiast*; who, having plotted to assassinate his benefactor, under suspicion or appearance of tyranny,

ranny, persists in, and executes the murder, even after discovering, that it is upon the person of his *father* !

I APPEAL, out of *England*, to the best judge of *England*, whether this would be suffer'd on our stage? whether a nation, so vain of its claims to humanity, as not to have laugh'd at some writers of its own, when they asserted, with a serious face, that *good nature* was so entirely an *English* peculiarity, that there wanted even a *name* for the virtue, in every language of *Europe* but ours ! whether, my Lord, a people, so rapaciously fond of a quality, that but endears and embellishes *duty*, could support without horror and hatred a scene, that makes war upon *nature* ! violating the groundwork, the fundamental obligation of *being*, in behalf of a *collateral* virtue !

PRESUMING, on the right of an *Englishman*, that our judge has declar'd in our favour, I go on, to except against another too hasty conclusion, that seems to have misled *M. de Voltaire*, to reject *women characters* in his Tragedy — I don't know, how he came off, from this charge, among those, who had most cause to be angry :
But,

But, if I am not mistaken in the spirit and fire he was born among, the *ladies of France* found it hard, to forgive his unmindfulness, how often their sex had been foremost, in both the glory, and disgrace of his country.

I AM afraid, indeed, it will be urg'd, in his favour, that he had none of his countrywomen, in view ; for, methinks, the motive to this adventurous, and more than *salic* exclusion, squints a little toward *England*, in the critical condemnation, he has bestow'd upon the *Martias*, and *Lucias*, in our Tragedies : I remember, where he has told all the world, that he hates such *insipid dangles* in *passion* : And many *Englishmen*, perhaps, would subscribe to his opinion, if it were to be understood but with this necessary restriction, that the levity of an amorous gallantry is inconsistently mixt with *distresses*, like the *death of a Cato* or *Cæsar* ; but *Rome* could, surely ! have furnish'd him with spirits, of a severer, and more awful impressiion : She had her *Cornelias* and *Portias* at his service : Souls ! of a compass, and turn, that can justify the pretension of *ladies*, to far *other* shares, than are commonly allotted them, in the
conduct

conduct of Tragedy: To parts more proportioned to their *worth*, than their *weakness*! parts which, taking strength into tenderness, from the sex's capacity, not of *pleasing* alone—but correcting, impelling, restraining, confounding, endangering, might produce, guide, and animate the most passionate dramatic perplexities, from a clashing display, not of feminine follies, but virtues, applied to their opposite interests. I am so fully persuaded of the ease, with which this might be done, that I don't know whether your Lordship will not find the two characters, most immediately necessary to the catastrophe of the model before you, in the *wives* of the two principal persons.

HOWEVER, provok'd into this unwilling necessity, of asserting an *Englishman's* relish in Tragedy, upon a plan, the reverse of what *France* has been taught to conceive it, I have retain'd that fine incident of the amour between *Cæsar* and *Servilia*: fond indeed of every thing, which I could derive from M. de *Voltaire*, with equal room to preserve, and be pleas'd with: But, I am sorry I found it impossible, to pity either his *Brutus*, or his *Cæsar*. The one
upon

upon every new reading, always shocking me, still more than before, with a detestation of his inhuman ferocity: and the other in pursuit of an imperious, and arrogant superiority, seeming to forget his own true motives, and character, so far, as to give up the sense, and foundation of a conduct (the boast of antiquity! and brightest example of nature!) to the mistakes of his modern accusers; men of inflexible, unarguing prejudice: who, having accustom'd themselves to think *Cæsar* a tyrant, sacrifice reason and facts, to opinion; and condemn the great martyr of popular liberty, as one, who was for trampling on the rights of his country. The injustice of this lazy concession in writers, and the original cause, the mistake appears owing to (from influence of the *Senate's* usurpation at *Rome*) shewn in as obvious a light as, at this distance of time, I was able to throw on the subject — I wish may have had strength enough to travel so far, as to the honour of your Lordship's notice, in a late *enquiry into the merit of ASSASSINATION, with a view to the character of CÆSAR, and his designs on the Roman republic.*

THUS,

THUS, my Lord, like a penitent sinner, unwilling to depart with a load on his conscience, I, who, in one sense, am bidding farewell to the world, having taken my leave of its hopes and its flatteries, now, disburthen my heart of a duty, which has long lain upon it with pressure. After that, I make haste to my exit; for if I were still to write on, till I had confess'd all the pleasures, I feel, when I think of your Lordship, *patience* ought, in your defence, to change place with *benevolence*, and become the most active of your virtues.

BUT, it is so vain to talk much on trite subjects, that, instead of enumerating your so hardly to be counted great qualities, all the easier ambition I now have in view, is but to avoid the imputation, hereafter, of one, who lived at the same time, *unknowing* them. So that (I am afraid it is too much for my own sake) I declare to posterity, that there was no man, with more respect and devotion, attached to Lord *Bolingbroke*, than his

Most humble,

And most obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

A Letter from Lord BOLINGBROKE to
A. HILL, Esq;

Twickenham, July 21, 1738.

SIR,

I HAVE read, since I came hither, with Mr. Pope, *The Enquiry into the merit of Assassination, The Tragedy of CÆSAR*, and the *Dedication*, by which you intend much honour to my name: if the treatise has not entirely convinc'd me, that CÆSAR was a Patriot, it has convinc'd me, at least, in spite of all ancient, and modern prejudices, that he was so, as much as POMPEY; and that liberty would have been as safe in his hands, as in the other's.

THE Tragedy is finely wrote; the Characters are admirably well drawn; the Sentiments are noble, beyond the power of words, and the Expression, dignified as it is, can add nothing to their sublime.--We have doubted, Mr. POPE and I, whether, in some few instances, the utmost effort of language has not obscur'd the Beauty and Force of Thought.—If it became me to say any thing more of the *Dedication* than this, that

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by inscribing to me one of the noblest *Drama's*, that our language, or any age can boast, you transmit my character to posterity, with greater advantage, than any I could have given it; I would say, that I feel a laudable vanity to be thought the Friend, as well as Admirer of so great a Writer, and should therefore be still better pleased, if you treated me in a stile, less elevated, and less distant from that familiarity, which I shall always be extremely glad to hold with you. I am, Sir, most sincerely,

Your most obedient,

and most humble Servant,

H. S. L. BOLINBROKE.

To

To Lord BOLINBROKE.

July 31, 1738.

MY LORD,

IF, to be pleased, where we did not expect it, is to be glad, in a double degree, what right have I now to rejoice, in behalf of my country! agreeably surprized as I am, that she has again her *good genius* within her; at a time when one would have thought her abandoned by every kind power, both of this world and a better! Nay, if preferring the peace of poor *England* to your Lordship's, I should even wish you redoom'd to her *helm*, the time present stands in such visible want of you *there*, that the wish would deserve pardon from ages to come. It might deprive them, 'tis true, of the benefit of reading your thoughts; but it would transmit all their weight, in your actions.

YET, I say this, but as a *lover* of my country:—As a *lover* of your Lordship, I ought to wish otherwise:—Why should *souls*, of such internal activity as yours, in *bodies* so accomplished and elegant, sink the

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pleasanter

pleasanter cares, you are able to create for yourselves, in your hopeless concern for the public ; what *physician*, who prescribes for his *fame*, will take pains for a *lost* constitution, which he knows is too *crazy* to support its *decays*—yet too *stubborn*, to admit of a *remedy*?

THE very insinuation, however, of such a misfortune befalling your virtues, was the severest reprisal, I could think of, in revenge of *my Cæsar* ; whom, since you will not allow to have been, more than half-way, a *Patriot*, it were an equitable, though a terrible recompence, to wish you the repairer of a state, more corrupt and ungrateful, than the *Roman*.

IN the mean time, what acknowledgments are not due, from the author of the Tragedy of this *Cæsar*, to a condescension, that could induce you to confess yourself satisfied with his *conduct* of a piece, which you make him apprehensive, he has plann'd on a mistaken foundation ! — I assure you, my Lord, with the sincerest simplicity, that he had rather enjoy *your* regard, as a balance for neglect from the public, than possess the profitable

profitable bad consequences of pleasing, where, to endeavour to please, is so fashionable; if he must deserve, at the same time, your scorn — or, what you would be apter to give him — your pity.

SEE, how easy it will be, to encourage me into that familiar remissness of style, which you so nobly invite and approve of. It is what all men (not spoiled by their poetry) naturally love, and too readily practise. Though there are occasions, when to claim such a privilege, would be to forfeit their right of enjoying it. You must, for example, allow me to consider it as one thing, to have the honour of entertaining you alone — and another — in face of the public. And, because I would appeal to unquestioned experience, for the necessity of this natural distinction; let me venture to imagine, I had been *peeping in* upon some of the softest of Lord Bolingbroke's moments. I will carry the supposition so far, as to his assignation with some possessor of his heart. In such a well-improved happy minute, how engagingly has he sprung out of *reserve*, to become pleasingly and irresistibly presuming. But *Fancy*, (for it delights in his company)

has now found him, again, the next day, near the same kind indulger of his intimacy, gravely surrounded by a formal *assembly*. Now, how changed, and how guarded, his *conduct* ! — What a *reverence* to the character he *honours* ! — How restrained, how corrected, his *looks* ! and his *address* how respectful and distant !

I HAVE drawn a little picture, which you will know, and confess to be *like* : Let it give you a *writer's* good reason, why he uses two different styles, when the world is to witness what he *says* of the character he *loves* ; and when *only* that character is his object. Shall I offer your Lordship a *treaty* ? (we live in such negotiating days, that importance need be no part of its motive) Let this divisional contract between us support, and encourage a correspondence, which one of the party, at least, will be sure to be the better for — that, in consideration of the *familiar*, to be furnished on the part of Lord B——e, the *respectful* shall be duly contributed, by his

Most obliged, and

Obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

July 31, 1738.

S I R,

IT was yesterday, before I had the pleasure of receiving your kind and obliging letter; together with Lord B——'s, (for which I have sent him my thanks in the inclosed). The coach brought your packet, a week past, from *London*: But I had made a little start, from my disagreeable situation in the skirt of a country town, with a view to resolve on a fitter, where I must content myself, for some time, with forty-seven miles distant from *Twickenham*, 'till, like the story they tell of a *beast* not worth naming, I have made myself *lighter*, as a means to be safer; that is (in plain *English*) 'till I have sold the best part of a too little *fortune*—very falsely so called, while it could not procure *ease* to its *owner*. As soon as this hard task is over, I shall be able, with the greatest delight, to assure you, in your own beautiful garden, what an impression you have made on me, by your goodness.

NEVER was I more pleas'd and surpriz'd, than at hearing you had Lord B—— at

C 4

Twickenham:

Twickenham : I mean, that you had him, your guest there, in *person* ; for I knew his *idea* dwelt with you. Yet, I fear, he is a blessing we are to hold, as we do *summer* ;—just to feel, and owe *fruit* to—and lose him. *France* is glad to draw *strength* from her neighbours ; and will take pains to outcharm a dull climate, where she would leave as little *spirit* as possible.

As to the Tragedy, you return me, of *Cæsar*, you will not easily imagine, how glad I am, you were pleased with it ; and how much more so, that you tell it me, with such a warmth of good-will and generosity. But I am still further, if possible, obliged, by your judicious and elegant *corrections*, hinted to me in such a number of places. Nor have I enough of true *protestant* zeal, to lose any one of your blessings, because (like a *Papist* as you are) you have given them me with the *sign of the Cross*. — No — I remember the effect of that sign, in the banner of *Constantine*, and I reverence it, as a token of *victory*. As for that low scene of *Plebeians*, in the last act, I will strike it quite out. 'Tis the best way of mending a fault, which was committed without use, or temptation,

temptation. What a deal of *dumb magic* may be lodged in the *path* of a *pencil*! *Yours*, like its fable representative on the face of a dial, *says* nothing; and yet *points out*, and measures, and regulates, with the utmost *exactness*, as it passes! so salutary, and so necessary is the *eye* of a *friend*! How many *improprieties* might your reprehension have taught me to *rectify*! How many *obscurities* to clear up and enlighten! And, lastly, how many of the *ambitiosa ornamenta* (a poet's most dangerous, because most flattering favourites) might not such wholesome *black lines*, of our *Horace*, have given me resolution to cut off, without mercy!

AND so much for this Tragedy—except that, as I design it for the *stage*, this next winter, it would be infinitely kind in you (while I am a *hermit* on the back side of *Parnassus*) to speak what you think, where it properly offers, for its service, as well *before* the acting season, as *in* it.

THOUGH I talk of the back side of *Parnassus*, I sometimes see company here, you would hardly expect, from the prospect; for where, but at an old fashioned country gentleman's,

gentleman's, who lives in a hole at the foot of a hill, and a wood, like the cave of some captain of Banditti, should I meet the other day, with Part the Second of *One thousand, seven hundred, thirty eight*.

STOR'D with beauties, as every thing must be, that you write, for the public, shall I dare to confess, that I did not use to consider your works, of *this* vein, as those, from which you were surest of the love and admiration of posterity; but I find, in this, satire, something inexpressibly daring and generous. It carries the acrimony of *Juvenal*, with the *Horatian* air of ease and serenity. It reaches *heights* the most elevated, without seeming to design any *soaring*. It is raised and familiar at once. It opposes just *praise* to just *censure*, and, thereby, doubles the *power* of either. It places the *Poet* in a light for which *nature* and *reason* designed him; and atones all the pitiful *sins* of the *trade*, for, to a *trade*, and a *vile* one, poetry is irrecoverably sunk, in this kingdom. What a pity, that our rottenness begins at the *core*! and is a corruption, not of *persons* alone, but of *things*! One would, else, strongly hope, from a ridicule so sharp, and so morally pointed,

pointed, that wicked men might be laughed into something, like penitence. But, alas! they are only bit by *Tarantula's*, who can be cured by the power of *musick*.--Not even the harp of *Apollo* had a charm to expel *vipers*, that have crept into the *entrails*.

Go on, however, to make *war*, with a courage, that reproaches a *nation's*; and live (would you *could*) just as long as 'till the *virtues*, your spirit would propagate, become as general, as the esteem of your genius!—I am, with great obligation and truth,

Sir,

Your most obedient,

And most affectionate Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. POPE.

August 29, 1738.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensibly touch'd, by the kindness of your last; and sorry at my heart, that I am unable to bring you my thanks for it, to *Twickenham*. It would have been a delight, of the warmest, and most desirable kind, to have seen my Lord, there, before he left *England*. But, (accustom'd to disappointment, and ill fortune) I am encumber'd with difficulties, which retard all my views; nor dare I determine how soon I can hope to be easier. Since I must not, therefore, be so happy, as your truly great friend has the goodness to wish me, only tell him, in my name, that he has a faithful servant, unknown, who always lov'd him from motives, which he deserves: and desires to be lov'd, from one, who has long weigh'd his spirit, and reflected on, and measur'd his *actions*. One who, less for my Lord's sake, than his country's, laments to observe it administer'd into a necessity of *fearing* his virtues. I cannot forbear to add, that I wish him great length of days; yet, am afraid, I include
great

great happiness in the wish; since he will never be able to see, and hear, without misery, the *desolation* of a country, he was born for!

I OUGHT to be ashamed, after thinking and speaking of Lord B——ke, to descend to such a theme, as my Tragedy: But you have, *both*, been its friends, and benefactors, and it would be doing injustice to your good nature, if I forbore to inform you, that from a wholesome severity, which I was inflam'd into against myself, under influence of your saving black *Crosses*, I have effac'd, chang'd, and heighten'd it, (in two hundred places, and more) till, if now it fails on acting, to meet with a reception, a little extraordinary, I shall be mortify'd into a *conviction*, that it is time for me to have done writing!

I WAS about to have it sent you, again; that you might have seen the good effects of your censure: But, when I remember'd you had read it *four* times, I found not enough of the *Poet*, within me, to presume the unconscionable *fifth*, from an
attention,

attention, that can be employ'd so much better.

GOD knows, when the season comes on, how far I may be master of opportunity, to attend it in its way to the Theatre, (where the managers are for *Farce*, and not *Tragedy*.) In the interim, I shall apply most of my leisure, to the finishing, and transcribing my Essay, that it may be legible, and come and beg your perusal: To whom sending every good wish, in my stead, I remain,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged

And affectionate Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. POPE.

Sept. 1, 1738.

S I R,

YOU have oblig'd me, dear Sir, (in a manner that can never be forgot) by that sincere, and kind sense, you express, of the difficulties, which encumber my affairs. But, I assure you, were they greater, and more than they are, I should rather *enjoy*, than *lament* 'em, while they procur'd me the distinction of a generous wish, from such minds as your *own* and Lord B——'s.

ANOTHER way, too, you are both of you, infinitely good: For you encourage me to the repetition of a trouble, I should never have had confidence, to think pardonable. After so many times reading the Tragedy, to be desirous of going over it again, is an honour, which, if it is found to deserve, it must be by improvements, deriv'd from your pencils. I am really at a loss, how to thank you enough, for those marks, both of your judgment. and kindness, and you will see, how sincere I
have

have been, in this sentiment, from its effect on the pages, I send you. But one thing I found strange in the benefit, is, that as soon as I consider'd your *crosses*, with the passages, against which they were plac'd, they explain'd what they meant, so convincingly, that I saw both the *defect* and the *remedy*; and yet I had often, and severely, before, taken those very places to task, without any such conviction of their wants! nay, this could not, in my case, arise from an *author's* partiality to himself, because I know, I examin'd with rigour. I must, therefore, conclude, that familiarity with our own thoughts, and conceptions, *dulls* and *deadens* in us, our sense of their qualities, — as men are gradually *benumb'd* in sensations, that relate to their *wives*. By the way, that's a vile (modish) *simile*; for men, in *my* case, are *dull'd*, but in sense of *defects*: In the *other*, of *beauties*, and *virtues*.

AFTER all, what a *profit* are we robb'd of by pride, when we decline this advantage of *censure*! I don't mean such kind censure, as *yours*, only — (*friends* touch every thing with the finger of *Midas*) but I speak it with regard even to the malice of *petulant* criticism. Even this is what *Poets*,
methinks

methinks, have still cause to be fond of; since wherever an *error* is clear, the *instruction* is equally manifest: And, tho' it should happen, that the Critic *mistakes*, the Writer, however, reaps benefit: For while he can't, without impartial reflection, be convinc'd, whether injustice is done him — he acquires patience in search of that truth, and is but forced into a habit of judging.

I TOOK as much care, as I could, to strike out, and insert with such plainness, as to preserve the old copy still legible; yet you will find it blotted, and scarified, all over; like a lady, to whom I have the pleasure of being a neighbour: She was once, I am told, very fair of complexion, and was then, full of faults, and of vanities; but being now become hard-fac'd, and pimply, she is grown amiable, and candid *within*; and pleasing no more, as a *belle*, gives delight, like a rational creature, I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most truly

Affectionate Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

Sept. 23, 1738.

YOU would sooner, dear Sir, have been troubled with my thanks, for your favour of the 12th, but that it came not to my hands, till the 20th, Mr. R——n being from home, and his people not entrusted with the direction, to forward my letters.

As soon as I had read, I perceiv'd the weight of your reason, for not hinting the *patriotism* of *Cæsar*, too rashly ; and therefore, tho' I had chang'd, before you saw it, and upon the same apprehension, a *title* I design'd for the Tragedy, now found that caution too little ; and immediately cross'd out those lines in the Prologue, which insinuated something of like purpose.

I FIND too, upon reflection, that the concern will be so visibly increased, by that finely judg'd hint, of my Lord's, for contriving to make *Cassius* appriz'd of the true birth of *Brutus* (and therefore including *fathers*, in the

the horrible abjuration, he dictates) that, in order to make way for such a scene, as I send you, wherein I account for the probability of that circumstance, and open the Play, with its discovery, I have cut off as many lines in other places, where they could be spar'd, without weakening the scenes : — and among 'em, I have struck out those, which my Lord finds too *tender* in *Brutus* to *Cæsar*, after sight of his *warrant* : For tho' I imagin'd there was something (tragically at least) allowable for certain involuntary motions of horror, certain powerful sensations of reluctance, and tenderness in *children*, about to do violence to *parents*, tho' they know 'em not, as such ; yet, I make it a maxim to give up opinion, implicitly (in pieces of my own) to the judgment of men, of *great genius*. And I ground the resignation upon this principle (which I think is a just one) that even granting, I could clear up the point in dispute, to my own sense of the question ; yet where the apprehension of *such* men but *hesitates* — the *meaning* must, to the bulk of mankind, be quite *dark* and *imperceptible*. And whatever is not *obvious*, is *error* in dramatical writings. I have also, thrown

something into the scene, from my Lord's third kind hint, as a help toward removing the popular prejudice against *Cæsar's* inclination to *peace*. But, in this, I was too much confin'd by the plan; for the deaths of *Pompey* and *Cato* having happen'd, before, left particular transactions, between them and *Cæsar*, remote from the present disposition of things; which, turning upon precipitate *passion*, must come on, with rapidity, and violence; and therefore, I was afraid, lest expostulatory deductions, while they concern'd matters, out of the current, might have given too good reasoning, the appearance of coldness.

WHAT you say, against *Prologues* and *Epilogues*, is a truth, which I heartily feel, and come into: But he ought to be very well *mounted*, who is for leaping the hedges of custom. As my affairs stand, at present, I should find it imprudent to give away the third nights, (which till now, I have always left to the house.) And, I doubt those disorderly heats, which must throw the *first* night into uproar, upon retrenching a popular folly, might have
effects

effects (for the above reason, *alone*,) to be apprehended.

It was, from the same *little* reason, (too narrow a one, I confess) that I took the liberty of desiring you in a former to declare your very generous, and good-natur'd thoughts of the *play* where you judg'd 'em most likely to be of service, toward the expectation, and report, that should fore-run a Tragedy. It was *impossible* (and I hope, you are sure of it) that I could desire you to *speak, what you think*, in any signification unworthy your *spirit*. *You*, who speak what you think, with more boldness, than most others dare *think* what you speak !

AFTER all, I am ashamed, that I took such a freedom ; and amaz'd, how I came to imagine it reasonable, I should charge your attention so heavily ! I believe, I had doubts, when I sent you that letter, (as, indeed, I still have) from the too light, or too gay disposition, both in masters of Theatres, and Audiences. And, in truth, I am apprehensive, I have no great *Success* to expect from the *Tragedy*.

38 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

No matter :—I am sure it *can* never have any, that will be either more great, or more priz'd, by its author, than *that*, which, by my *Lord B*——'s goodness, and *yours*, it has already receiv'd in *your* judgments. Believe me, dear Sir, with an unchangeable affection,

Your oblig'd,

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

Oct. 4, 1738.

DEAR SIR,

I MAKE haste to accuse you of a little unkindness, in telling me, that having an affair, that embarrasses you, and wishing my advice in the conduct of it, you *hardly know how to ask it.*

WHEN you know me, so well, as I will take care you shall, you will feel your own right

right to command me. As you want not, I am sure, either my *pen*, or my *judgment*, I am impatient to learn, in what sense my *advice* can be serviceable. If it were MORE than advice, you should have it more willingly, which, however, I beg, that you would not believe, but make *trial*. If your concerns, in any light, may be serv'd, by my coming to *London*, no matter, whether seasonable, or not — It would *please* me to despise every hazard, that can shew you the truth of my friendship. Therefore (all regard to my own cares or interests, *apart*) I am — by head, heart, or hand now, and always, in the most absolute manner, at your service.

As to the little affair of the Epilogue, I am *satisfied*, as I ought to be, with the very good reason you give me. And, even with regard to the Tragedy itself, after what you tell me, that Mr. *Mallet*, and Mr. *Thompson*, have Plays in a forwardness, rather than I will so much as think of suffering any interest of mine, to clash with that of either of those valuable men, I would forget, I had *written* a Tragedy. Indeed, the first intimation I had of Mr.

40 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

Mallet's being return'd from abroad, was by the above piece of news, in your letter. As soon as you can be so good to inform me, whether, where, and in what part of this winter, those gentlemen propose to bring on their Tragedies, I will regulate my own conduct accordingly.

AGAIN, dear Sir, let me beg you to *prove*, whether, in whatever you may command me to think, or to *do*, for your service, you do not, in *that*, most engage and oblige,

Your affectionate,

And sincere humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. POPE.

Nov. 8, 1738.

DEAR SIR,

YOU have been very obliging, in your endeavours, to inform me of the time, for Mr. *Thompson's*, and Mr. *Mallet's* new Tragedies; I have now sent my own to Mr. *Fleetwood*, and desired it may be brought on about the beginning of *January*, in which case, it may have a fair chance to be *dead* and *forgotten*, before the best of the season is over.

SINCE I find Mr. *Thompson* not so forward, as I apprehended he was, in his *new* Play, I will acquaint you with something, that I *long* to say to him, concerning his *old* one; and, if you think I am right, in my opinion, I beg the favour of you to *say* it in my stead: 'Twill be said, I am sure, with more *weight*; and, from the *deference* I know he always had for your *judgment*, I believe, 'twill be said, with more *consequence*.

I HAVE been so long, and incuriously, a stranger to *London*, and the very few good things,

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I HAVE been so long, and incuriously, a stranger to *London*, and the very few good things,

things, it can furnish the *mind* with, that I had not read *Agamemnon*, 'till lately, when I saw it in the hands of that happy old remnant of a pleasanter age, —

(“ When *love* was all an easy monarch's care”)

concerning whose *genius* and *manner* of living, I believe, I said something in one of my former letters.

I FIND such a *spirit*, in some of the scenes, that it grieves me to add, I am afraid it falls off on a sudden, and leaves the fourth and fifth acts, in particular, much too cold for their place, and their purpose.

IF the design of that Tragedy is, what I suppose it to be, to derive from *Agamemnon's* impolitic rambling, his disappointment in domestic felicity, the alienation of his subjects affection, and his becoming a property to an ill-trusted rogue, in his absence. Then *Agamemnon*, who gives *moral* and *name* to the Play, ought to have animated, and stood obvious in every part of it. All the evil he *suffers*, should be an effect of some act which he *does*. For, whenever he ceases to

sustain the chief weight of intention, his character, sinking at once, our passions, which took rise, from the activity of his dramatical virtues, must, of course, become languid, in defect of their motive.

NOR, methinks, is it reason enough, for *Clytemnestra's* and *Egisthus's* filling up the most considerable scenes, in the Tragedy of *Agamemnon*, that their crimes and distresses have a dependent relation to the *king*. He is concerned in their event; but he is concerned too *accidentally*. His *fate* should have been the *consequence* of some active mistake of his own; for, while he is too tamely surprized, in a Bath, at a time, when the alarm he had received should have roused him into distrust and prevention, he loses the *dignity* of his figure, and supports but a *second* or *third* part, in his own Tragedy.

MAY we not discern, (in this play, and another of Mr. *Thompson's*) that the vigorous propensity to thought, wherewith he rushes into *language* and *sentiment*, makes it *irksome* to a fancy, so intensely, and nobly employed, to attend to the *mechanism* of his *models*? — Yet, he knows, that the plan, (I mean, the artful invention and disposition of incidents) is,

is, so indispensibly, a matter of consequence, that some of our most popular Tragedies have no merit, but *that*, to support them ; and many better, which abound with good thought and expression, appear dry, and unstriking, but from want of that alarm, in the clash and animation of purpose, which the Players call *business*. Such a genius, as our friend's, for his masculine force, sharp reflection, and natural touches of passion, would go infinite lengths on the stage, if he restrained but the vivacity of *thinking*, 'till he had coldly considered the groundwork upon which he should think.

To be a little particular, for fear generals should appear but *surmises*. After *Agamemnon* has learnt, in the *third* act, from *Melissander* and *Arcas*, the designs of the villain *Egisthus*, let it be supposed, that the *fourth* had begun with a scene between *him* and *Clytemnestra*.—How tragically would it have distressed her, and, through her, the audience, to have heard the *husband* confiding to this un-suspected, tho' treacherous *wife*, the intelligence he had received of *Egisthus's* falsehood ; adding then, and to *her*, that, in contempt of all dangers, he had determined
to

to seize, and to execute him, immediately ; at the same time, lamenting his strange incapacity, to make a kingly and open attempt upon the traitor, who had usurped his authority ; condemning with a manly severity of wisdom, *his rashness*, in out-failing his *navy* ; yet, drawing comfort, under sense of his folly, from the tenderness of this stabbing reflection — that it had been the impatience of a *love*, which he could not repent of, that had plunged him in the unforeseen danger : — And, finally, reposing his *crown*, and his *life*, on the assistance of *Clytemnestra's* invention, whom he instructs to contrive some immediate pretence, in her name, for engaging *Egisthus* to visit her, while he himself would give orders for securing the *palace* against any consequent attempt of the *rebels*, 'till the arrival of his own army and fleet, which he knew he might expect, in a day or two.

IN such a scene, how apprehensive a horror of heart, might not *Clytemnestra* have been agitated with, by the author of *Agamemnon* ! And, again, what a livelier still, would have followed, if, upon sending for, and acquainting *Egisthus* with his danger,
 she

she had insisted on his seizing the *ship*, that had brought home the *king*, for their sailing away in it, that evening, towards some seaport of *Egypt*, or *Asia*, where *he* might hope to be safe from the *revenge*, that was due to his *crimes*; — and *she*, from the insupportable shame of discovery. *Egisthus*, as but hesitating to the proposal, and hinting the authority, which he had in his hands, to secure himself, by more eligible means, should have inflamed her to a distraction, that, detesting the idea of new crimes, had called heaven to witness, in the most solemn and passionate manner, that, upon his refusing, or even delaying his consent, she would never suffer him to escape from the *palace*, but give him up to the sword of *Agamemnon*; and release herself, by death, the same instant.

It would have been natural for *Egisthus*, in a danger like this, to disguise his true thoughts, and deceive *Clytemnestra*, by a seeming assent to her offer; his hypocrisy would re-soften her into temper; and an hour might have been appointed, when he should be privately admitted again; coming armed, that, by aid of his followers, they
might

might secure their escape, should a discovery be made, in attempting it.

IN the fifth act, *Egisthus*, supposed already admitted with his adherents, might declare to the chiefs of the party, by what artifice he had engaged *Clytemnestra* to cause a gate of the garden to be opened into that most solitary quarter of the palace, where, expecting her presence, he assigns, to some of his party, the charge of securing her person, and commissions the rest to break, with him, upon his signal, into the royal apartments, there to dispatch *Agamemnon*, at once, as the only security now left, for themselves, and their faction.

Clytemnestra, in this terrible crisis, rushing out, in a transport of joy, might have urged him to be cautious and silent, because the *king*, in a neighbouring apartment, was expecting her notice to surprize him. — She pressing him therefore, to depart with her immediately. — But, when she finds herself under guard of his soldiers, and discovers his design on the person of the *king*, she breaks out into clamour and agony, reproaching herself, as the involuntary contriver of a *husband's* destruction, whom she
had

had already betrayed, with a guilt, that stood in no need of this additional horror. At length, enraged more and more, by *Egisthus's* attempts to restrain her, she casts off all caution, and sense of the consequence, and resolving to alarm *Agamemnon*, cries aloud to him, to beware of *Egisthus*, and secure himself against villains and murder.

AGAMEMNON might have been heard, in this place, calling his train, from within, to his succour; then impatiently entering, in person, and surprizing *Egisthus* on his knees, in a fruitless endeavour to appease *Clytemnestra*, he might have over-heard her, in the rage of reproach, charging him with the violation, he had drawn her to suffer. In a contrast of three such strong, and such opposite passions, as must then affect the *king*, *queen*, and *Egisthus* — the behaviour, the thoughts, and the attitudes, required for expressing them, would afford one of the liveliest occasions in nature, for a *Poet* to shew the force of his genius.

DURING the fire of this scene, *Agamemnon*, upon entrance of some of his officers, commands them to lay hands on *Egisthus*;
but

but the traitor, at the same time, requiring those officers, supposed to be bribed creatures of his own, to deserve and repay his long bounties, by assisting to *seize on the king*. They obey the ministerial injunction, and, deserting the cause of their *prince*, all go over to the side of *Egisthus*.

IN such an unkingly situation as this, *Agamemnon*, expressing his sentiments with a majesty becoming the insult, *Egisthus* might have returned it with a *scorn* that would awaken, and drive home the *moral*. He might have told him, that, since he had neglected to execute the *duties* of a *king*, he had no longer a *right* to the *power* — That he might now learn too late, by the inferiority, which he saw himself reduced to, that, from the moment, wherein he resigned to a subject the authority to dispose of all offices, and assume all the cares of a crown, he invested *that subject* with *Monarchy* :— and that, with the same tame Dependence of *will*, now more useful, and seasonable than ever, he might content himself with the effect of his folly.

AGAMEMNON, inflamed by such insolent treatment, breaking forcibly from the hands

E

of

of the soldiers, and wresting a sword from the nearest, might have thrown himself, with a noble indignation, upon *Egisthus*, and disarming and wounding the Traitor, might have been himself attack'd, behind, by the Rebels, and murder'd at the feet of *Clytemnestra*, who might then have justly run mad, with excess of the horror, and the Play been concluded (upon entrance of the king's friends, who drive off *Egisthus* and his party) by *Cassandra*'s prophetic declaring, that the Gods, who had punished so severely, the neglect and slack hand of *Agamemnon*, would inflict a dreadful revenge, on his murderer.

By such a Plan, or a better, to the same active purpose, besides that the *pity* and *terror*, had been kept up to the last—two *indecorums*, unluckily believed to have been necessary, in the Tragedy, as it now stands, might have been naturally and easily avoided. — The first is, *Egisthus*'s acquainting *Clytemnestra*, with his purpose to murder her husband—nay, with the time, place, and manner, and (to the insupportable *be-deviling* her character) obtaining her consent to his doing it! The second is, that there
would

would no longer have appeared any seeming necessity, for supposing her jealous of *Cassandra*. She ! whose conscious affair with *Egisthus*, makes a jest of her pretensions to jealousy.

I HAVE too thorough a sense of the friendly disposition of your heart, to ask pardon for so tedious a trouble, because the subject concerns not yourself; tho' at a time too, when I see you engrossed, by an attention to hours, I could *envy*, but that the rascally passion is already too public a meddler with your house, and the great name within it, to obtain my allowance for any, the most gentle of the fury's assaults upon either.

If you think what I have been saying to you, of Mr. *Thompson*, with the freedom of a confidence, that unbosoms itself, without need of restraint, could be of use to him, if he knew it; you will, at your leisure, find opportunity to hint it in conversation, with what better form and restriction you please : Possibly, it might rouse him to resolve on some plan, for the Tragedy he is writing ; which, by giving his genius full scope, will

reward us for our pain in disgusting him, perhaps, for a moment, by a lasting increase of the reputation, we both of us wish him.

As to your kind invitation, I shall be very unhappy, if my Lord *B——e* leaves *England*, before I can see *him* and *Twickenham*. And (for that very reason) I am afraid, I am doomed to see neither. In the worst of events, I am sure of one happiness—neither *distance* nor *doom*, can prevent me from being, and persisting to be, to you both,

A most faithful,

And affectionate Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. POPE.

Dec. 9, 1738.

DEAR SIR,

GIVE me leave by the enclos'd, to reply to the first part of yours, that which concerns Mr. *Mallet's* kind offer; and after having the goodness to close it with one of your seals, please to send it him, as soon as convenient.

For the rest, that relates to yourself—Be it known by these presents, that I cannot allow you to call Mr. *Pope's* and *Lord B——'s* praises, *an airy tribute* in any sense but one—the superiority of their value, to the *earthiness* of less noble distinctions. I shall learn to regard my own thoughts, when they are able to procure me such praises: for how, indeed, were vanity to be reckon'd a fault, could it have the sanction of wisdom and virtue?

As to the coming on of my Tragedy, I begin to suspect, that the Manager's hearts, as the Theatres, are more narrowly *piqued*, than their Player's—Few men have force in their minds, to love truth, that has serv'd 'em unpleasantly;

unpleasingly : They forget the good *use*, in a disgust, they think due to the *censure* : But there is an odd, and unfortunate dilemma in the way of our childish desire to be *fondled* : When we are flatter'd by that beast call'd a *liar*, he has the skill to *lick* soft like a *Calf* ; but then he crushes not so much as a *Fly*, for our benefit : Honest fact, on the other side, has a tongue, that is rough like a *Lyon's*, able enough to deliver from insects, but it grates, like a *file*, where it passes ; and endangers the skin, it would purify.

LET it go—no matter what Mr. *Fleetwood* designs or resolves : were his acting of *Cæsar*, capable of ten times the good, it can do me, I should myself, be incapable of quickening his phlegm any farther : There is a reluctance (I am afraid, it is a *pride*) in my nature, against soliciting any thing, that regards my own interest : —and, especially, from the dull and unworthy : The cause I would fain *place* (for I love to be *near* you) in

“ *The strong antipathy of good to bad !* ”

where I hope, and believe, I may find it. For, I am sure, that I hate myself heartily,
and

and with the malice and pain of an enemy, whenever I am fool enough, *not to be able* to hate, as I ought, either a *low* soul, or a *false* one. You will see through all this, that Mr. Mallet's friendly offer was not only kind, but a very seasonable interposition.

WHAT shall I now say, that can thank you enough, in return for your generous wishes? I would submit to be any thing, above a bad minister, for the power of rewarding your partiality: But I am about to plant myself among corn fields, and vineyards, where *video meliora proboq*;—and fortune will take care to prevent me from any danger of being tempted by the *Leteriora* behind, in the close of it. I have been hastening, at the desire of a friend, a long discourse, that will be lost on the stage, or should have been able, by this time, to have made another essay legible enough to wait on you, at *Twickenham*; where, that never more any evil thing may enter, is the sincere and affectionate prayer of,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged,

And obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. MALLET.

Dec. 9, 1738.

DEAR SIR,

I N a retreat, which my present affairs have made necessary, I had lately the pleasure to hear (by Mr. *Pope*) that you have been, some time, returned from abroad.—Would to God, our poor country could as happily re-possess herself of every other good claim, she is robbed of! I hear too, (and hear it with joy) that the town is in expectation of a Tragedy, by the author of *Eurydice*: when that Tragedy appears on the stage, I shall have one solid reason to be sorry, I am a stranger to *London*.

OUR good friend, above named, has done the justice he loves, to your generous proposal, of lending the benefit of your attention to the progress of my Play, through the house. I thank you very heartily for so obliging and seasonable a service. You are one of those few, I can, without pain, be a debtor to; and I most willingly accept of, and delight in your offer—only give me leave to declare, it is a preliminary condition,
that

that (as I had rather my Play should never be acted at all, than retard yours a moment) I absolutely resign to *your* choice, its appearing, or not appearing at all — just as may serve most effectually to keep it (where I insist upon holding it) most remote from postponing *your* Tragedy,

ABOUT a month ago, I sent *mine* to Mr. *Fleetwood*; and having heard, that neither *yours*, nor Mr. *Thompson's*, were expected to be ready, 'till toward the end of the season, I proposed, that *Cæsar* should be brought on in *January*, which, if it was, I would expect no consideration for it, at all, if the *run* should be short of nine nights.—If *more*, the three lowest receipts of the first *nine*, should be my claim, paying him his *charges*, as usual. His answer, which I desired might be left with Mr. *Chetwood*, having been called for last week, word was sent me, that (five days before) Mr. *Fleetwood* had told him, he determined to get up the Tragedy, forthwith; but I have yet had no letter from the manager. I hint these particulars, as necessary to be known, if you have the goodness to learn his design from himself; which, since you encourage me, so frankly, to trouble you, I wish you would do, in my

2 behalf,

behalf, and fix, with him, the time, either in *January*, or after ; respect being had, as above, to the readings, or not readings of your own.

As to an unwillingness to act, in the *Player*, to whom I have *adapted* the character of *Cæsar*, I should be sorry, and surprized, if he can be capable of that second mistake, in return for so candid a proof of my having forgotten the former. About three or four years past, some remarks having been made on the *Theatres*, with a view to have argued the *Players* into a more general exertion of that sensibility in the expression of passions, which, of late, in great degree, (from effect of such remarks in those papers, the town, I am told, has been led to distinguish and applaud, in the practice of the party I speak of), *He*, overlooking the good that was meant him, and concluding, that the censures were *mine*, they produced in him the same wrong effect, I once met with *abroad*, from an officious pinch of *good-natured snuff*, ill bestowed on an ungrateful *French* gentleman, who was carelessly falling asleep, in a current of *air*, after *violent exercise*. But, as to the *actor*, whose want of *civility* I remembered no more, because it
had

had been balanced, on my own side, by a want, of *patience*, almost as *unwarrantable*, he must, since then, have had leisure enough for reflection, to find and confess the good purpose of such friendly reproaches. Yet, we insensibly suffer *self-love* to take place of our *reason*, and then it naturally prevents our discerning the *motives* of men, whose *method* was not fashioned to please us.

I AM talking too much of myself and my Tragedy. — If I had yours in my eye, I should have found a better subject: May you have all the success that a merit, like yours, makes it almost unreasonable to hope for. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged and obedient

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

Jan. 15, 1738-9.

DEAR SIR,

IF you happen to have an idle shelf in your study, that can make room for the inclosed, it will take up but little. In its first old edition, it had a great many more faults, than at present ; and its worst, a *rash Preface* ; which has never appeared in the following. I repented, as I ought, of the sin — yet, could scarce say, I was sorry I committed it, since I owed to it a discovery of some virtues, which have made, and will *continue* me your friend, and your servant.

IF I were near enough, I would give you some reasons, which I ought not to trouble you with in a letter, why I wish, in the future editions of one of your satirical pieces, you would leave out a couplet, that reflects, with a roughness, deserving your *revisal*, on the CZAR, in his motive to *marriage*. I have papers in my hands, which, I am sure, if you saw, would remove your mistaken ideas on that head, and throw the *noblest*, and most *beautiful* colours on a circumstance,
which

which the *malice* of some great courts, in *Europe*, has taken pains to *misrepresent* and to *blacken*. The shortened reign of the lady deprived me of great part of a *treasure*, which I see, by what came to my hands, had been *vast* and *invaluable*! — Even as it is, I can charge nothing upon want of *materials*, but must confess it wholly the defect of my genius, if, hereafter, I fail to give the world some *resemblance*, of a prince, who (with the fullest deduction to be made for his few foibles) has *done honour to the human species*,

MR. Fleetwood — (what a *fall* is there — from *Peter Alexiowitz*!) sends me word, that the Prince has been so just, as to insist on Mr. Mallet's Tragedy, as the first to be brought on, this season. In this news he has pleased me sincerely: I adjoin my own vote, against myself, with a preference still more warm than the Prince's. And, may what I *write* be never *read*, but by the *F—'s* and *L—'s* of futurity, if I would not rather burn it, with my own hand, than oppose it to the interest of a man of genius and worth — though a *stranger*! But, to see the management of our *Theatres* reduced
to

to such an unfathomable descent, in *profundity*, that a Tragedy, writ with the care that has been bestowed upon *Cæsar*, should be driveled, humm'd, and hesitated over --- should be complimented with the dull mysteriousness of apology, to cover but neglect and irresolution — is a nettling alarm to the patience of a *writer*, and, indeed, a trial, to the quick, of his vanity.

AND yet (as a check to the solemn impertinence I am suffering myself to slide into) it was in this very country, and in this very age --- You were born! — *That* reflection shall serve as a balance, and cut short all complaint in,

Dear Sir,

Your most humble,

And affectionate Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. MALLET.

Jan. 25, 1738-9.

I THANK you, dear Sir, very heartily, for the favour of yours, with the detail of our stage-holder's infamous management. I feel its effects, in *your* right, and forget my own part in his conduct. Let me thank you, mean while, for your generous regard to my interest; — I lose none of the sentiments which I ought to be impressed with, under the sense of your *will* to have *done*, what it was my resolution, by no means, to have suffered. That *your* Tragedy takes place of my *own*, gives me an unfeigned and a just satisfaction.—Nay, I am even *charmed* and *delighted*, that this fell out at a time, when the disordered situation of my affairs made the little benefit in view, from the coming on of a Play, of some *pleasure*, and *use*, in the prospect. For, if the *accident* had wanted *that* circumstance, I should not have known the extent of my *friendship*. And it must have been a *rotten* one, I am sure, if *interest* had been able to shake it.

I SNATCH

I SNATCH, with great pleasure, at the wish, you are so kind to repeat, in your postscript: I receive *larger* packets, with ease, by the coaches; and, if you will have the goodness, to send it to Mr. R——'s, directed for me, it is so natural for us to *hasten* into what we are sure will delight us, that, I think, I may venture to promise your receiving it back, in a week, from the day of your sending it.

MAY it *run*, 'till it leaves no more space in the season, than to make room for its being succeeded, by Mr. *Thompson's*. As for *Cæsar*, I shall lose all the *pain*, which the Managers *ingratitude* might have otherwise given me, in the *joy* and *reparation* I expect, from the success of his *house*, with your Tragedy.

It is the noblest *mitigation* of our concern, or disdain, at ill treatment, when we see the *merit* of a *friend* making way to the *distinction*, we wish it. — And, had but the Muses any *altar*, in *England*, I would make a burnt-offering of my Play, for your sake, in honour of the Prince and Mr. L——n; I am, always,

Dear Sir, Yours, &c.

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

Jan. 26. 1738-9.

MY letter, dear Sir, had but the fate of its writer, when it laboured, and longed to *approach* you, yet, was kept *distant*, by mistake and ill fortune.

YOURS has warmed me, with the spirit of gratitude, for a concern it expresses so kindly. But, I will give up all pursuit of my *Cæsar*, since Mr. *Mallet* and Mr. *Thompson*, with the aid of such powerful assistants, found it a difficulty to engage the manager into the resolution, that must have been *due* to their Tragedies. The first of the gentlemen just named, has obliged me, with uncommon delicacy, by an offer so generously made me, when his *own* Play was finished and ready. This was an act of friendship, which I could not have *deserved*, if, as soon as I knew it, I had not, from that moment, *declined* any purpose of pressing the man of the stage about *mine*. Indeed, I should hate all the little I have of the *poet*, if I could not receive as much pleasure, from another writer's success, as from my own ; even were

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that

that other an *enemy* (of merit). But, since he is my friend, his success *is* my own, and, as such, I sincerely consider it.

THERE is only one thought that disturbs me ; — the respect I would publickly pay to a great name, so known and so dear to you, is held back by this inaccessible retrenchment, that the devil of dullness has thrown up, round our *Theatres* ; for, I would not trespass so far against custom, as to *dedicate*, to so chosen a *patron*, a Tragedy that had never been *acted*. I will therefore, address (to the same lov'd name) some different subject, after having examined, which, of three or four I have long had in hand, may be found least unworthy his notice. Meanwhile, let my *Lord* know, and let Mr. *Pope* know, that I look upon the kind things, they have thought, and expressed, of my *Cæsar*, as more *fame*, than a *twenty night's run*, at the Play-houses. And so, wishing Mr. *Mallet*, and Mr. *Thompson*, the success, which they are sure to *deserve*, I bid a hearty farewell to the *stage*, and only wish to be known, as,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. POPE.

Feb. 21, 1738-9.

DEAR SIR,

I AM oblig'd, both by your letter, and the good news it brought, of Mr. *Mallet's* Success on the Theatre; it is what I was sure he deserv'd: And, if I had, now and then, a moment's *fear*, he might miss it, it was when I reflected, how warmly I wished it him.

IF Mr. *Thompson's* new Tragedy is to depend on his women performers, he has certainly, judg'd well, in his choice of the *Covent Garden Theatre*. There, or any where may his best expectations be answer'd! I shall, myself, have the less to complain of, when such justice is done, where I reverence it.

As for *Cæsar*, it was his *fate* to be ill understood: and it was his *custom*, to forgive his *detractors*: only once when he fell into such *free-booters's* hands, as have thought fit to restrain him at present, he broke a rule, for the sake of mankind; and got 'em *hang-ed*, for the *good of the publick*. I am glad I have none of his power; since I am afraid

I should use it profusely :—— 'Tis a ridiculous world, that we live in ; yet, in spite of contempt, one grows serious, when a *fool*, that expects to be flatter'd, is in a situation, to insult his despisers. I will not disguise my own weakness : I am nettled at the treatment, I have met with, concerning this Tragedy : But, at the same time, I confess, that I ought not to be so : For *you* have been so good, as to declare yourself touch'd, in my cause — and, in *that*, I have more than a recompence.

I DID not recollect, 'till you told it me, that the *Gazetteers* were printed by Mr. R— : I am acquainted with none of their authors ; not so much as with any one of their names : And, as to Mr. R—— *himself*, (among whose virtues I place it, that he knows, and considers, you, rightly) there should be nothing imputed to the *Printer*, which is impos'd *for*, not *by* him, on his *papers*, but was never impress'd, on his *mind*. I am very much mistaken in his character, or he is a plain-hearted, sensible, and good-natur'd, honest man : I believe, when there is any thing put into his *presses*, with a view to such infamous *slander*, as that which you so justly *despise*, he himself is the only man, *wounded* :

wounded: For I think, there is an *openness*, in his spirit, that would even repel the *profits* of his business, when they were to be the *consequence*, of making war upon excellence.

IN the mean time, give me leave to be glad, you are slander'd a little: — *Crimes* deserve to be heartily pardon'd, when they are the cause of producing great *virtues*; and, I am sure, one such generous example of *charity*, as that which you shew, in your letter, will, by the contagious effect of its beauty, carry influence enough, to deface all the triumphs of a thousand heavy patterns of malice.

METHINKS, I gather from a hint, you but drop, in your letter, that my *Silence* would be the most acceptable compliment, to a person, I will not here mention: Be it so — where we wish, but to please, we *are* pleas'd even with the prohibition of our measures, of pleasing. His *worth* cannot want such a *witness*, as I am; and the respect I would pay it, is too *due* to depend on his thoughts of,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful and obedient Servant,

Sept. 27, 1739.

WHEN *you*, dear Madam, have been indisposed, no illness of my own is worth my mentioning. Nor, could I possibly forbear to come to town, had I been *weaker* than I am, on purpose to inform myself, if it is true, as I am told, that you prepare, at this unseasonable time of year, for a long northern journey.

ON supposition, that your case is *nervous*, I pray God to change your resolution, and prevent the danger of your now exposing yourself to the bleak northern air, at the approach of a long winter, and, in all likelihood, a very sharp one ; after the rainy and unnatural season we have had, for some months *past*. It would be quite another thing, if you had four or five warm summer months to come. — The country would be then of infinite advantage toward recovery of your valuable health. But, as it is, 'twill pinch, contract, and bring on twitchings, and a great increase of dangerous symptoms, which I cannot think of, without terror.

CERTAINLY, the dry warm sulphur of our winter air, in *London*, must be safest, 'till the

the *Spring*: and if, while *here*, in place of *doctors* and *apothecaries*, you would please to let the true and rightly-prepared *chemical oil of amber* be rubbed in, with a warm hand, along the *joints of the back-bone*, from the neck downward, I believe, you will want nothing further; that being the only way, whereby 'tis possible, to *reach the nervous juices with effect*; for every thing you can take *inwardly*, must be carried through so many *different digestions*, that it loses all its *virtues*, before it can arrive, (if, indeed, it could arrive at all) where it might be of any service to those *nerves*, that stand in want of its assistance.

IN *spring*, for confirmation of that strength, which, I am sure, this *outward* remedy will give you, a five or six week's residence at *Bath*, would be of inconceivable advantage, (not to *drink* the waters, but to *bathe*, and let a few strokes from the *pump* fall, now and then, if necessary, upon such *joints*, as you judge proper) — and if, after that, you pleased to think of a warm *summer* journey into *Yorkshire*, — a change, to the *cold-bathing*, in the *sea*, at *Scarborough*, for some short time, before you went quite

home, would finally compleat the *cure*, from the most safe and natural causes in the world ; and you would live — at least, 'till I, dear Madam, should be past all sense of *sorrow*, at the news, which every *friend* of yours, must *dread*, above all other, to be told concerning you.

TO-MORROW, or whenever you are least engaged, I hope, I may be able to attempt the honour of waiting on you, and will then be fuller in the reasons, why, I am convinced, you run the greatest hazard, at the coming on of *winter*, to attempt a journey into *Yorkshire*.

I CANNOT close, without my best and most sincere respects to the *two* dearest and most wish'd companions, you can possibly have near you, and who are now (I hear) both with you : may they *long* possess the power of being often so ! and you, dear Madam, the delight of seeing them but half as blessed, as they are wished by your, and their

Most faithful, humble,

And obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPPLE.

Sept, 15, 1740.

DEAR SIR,

UNDER *common* disappointments of life, I can consider myself, as only *unfortunate*; but I am *unhappy*, under absence from *society*, so sincerely delightful as *yours*. This is a truth I have a thousand times experienced, since I had the pleasure of seeing *you* last; and, for that reason, I look forward with increased satisfaction, to some prospects I have, of overcoming my little anxieties,—I mean in the *eye* and *public* face of the *world*; for, as far as they related to *myself*, I have already been able to *triumph* over them *all*, in the unwitnessed reflections of *solitude*.

BUT let me make haste, from this subject to one, which (I think from my heart) gave me a longer and more sensible sorrow.—So humane, and so generous a man, as I have in my view, when he undergoes any stroke of calamity, gives a *double* affliction to his *friends*; for, while their *grief* must be *sharp*, in proportion to their *love* of the *sufferer*,

sufferer, their abhorrence of the brutal *ingratitude* of the world, gives, if possible, an *acuter* concern to hear, how few speak, and feel, as they ought, concerning this *pause* in the *fortunes* of a *gentleman*, who seem'd to think with no other *enjoyment* of the prosperity, he *became* with such *grace*, than as it enabled him to scatter it abroad, and invite his *maligners* to share it.—Wherever he is, may he grow happier — and return to such figure and *distinction* in life, as I wish *every branch* of his *family*.

I AM heartily sorry my affairs will not, for some short time yet, allow me the pleasure of thanking you (in person) for the *trouble* you have been so good as to give yourself, with respect to my *Cæsar*. But I ought not to mingle these subjects: I will inclose a reply, in a separate paper, and leave it to your pleasure and judgment.

WHAT a *lottery wheel* is this *world*, and how very a *play-thing* our *hope* of *good fortune*! We have seen it in the melancholy fate of our poor friend *Colonel Horsey*; — After twenty years unwearied pursuit of one flattering and favourite prospect, — he had
no

no sooner *possessed* it, as the *fruit* of his indefatigable *patience*, and with a length of inconceivable *mortifications*, than he DIED — as it were, in stretching out his hand to receive it! Just such vanishing *shadows* as this, are the comforts we promise ourselves, from the *future increase* of our *fame*, — the *present* regard of our *friends*, and the everlasting sincerity of our *mistresses*. Yet, how *vain* is *complaint*, in these cases! — All pretensions toward an absolute *cure* of such inherent *distempers* of *life*, are but *nostrums* of the *priest* or *quack-doctor*. — You are wise enough, to *practise* the only *true* remedy, who, expecting no relief, but from *palliatives*, are for calmly enjoying the *present*, without too *retrospect* a concern for the *past*, or too bold a belief in the *future*. And this, in the best sense, should be *natural philosophy*; from your skill in which science, may you ever continue to reap a full harvest of health, peace, and pleasure, 'till I wish you no longer the friend of,

Dear Sir,

Your most unchangeably faithful,

And affectionate humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPPLE.

1740.

DEAR SIR,

IN a letter from my *son*, he informs me what you had the goodness to tell him, in relation to *Cæsar*. If you please to take the trouble of receiving the copy I have sent him, in exchange for the *old* one, I believe, there will be found in it, whatever they could wish, or propose, to be altered. The whole *first* scene of the *first* act, and very much more of that act being left out, and the Play so corrected and shortened, in every part, that, I think (and am flattered with assurances, I ought to confide in, that I do not think wrong) it stands now in need of no sharper correction; — and I am, therefore, disposed to revise it no farther.

IF, in the condition it comes in, Mr. *Fleetwood* does not see it a Play, that will be of infinite service to his company, I must despair of ever offering him any.---If he pleases to *act* it, as it is, he may have it immediately: if not, you will be so kind as to receive it again, from *his* hands, and return it to *mine*, at your leisure. As to terms of agreement,

greement, I shall leave them to Mr. *Fleetwood*'s own pleasure. Only, if the play does not take, so as to bring visible profit and credit to his house, I will expect nothing for it, at all; and this, Sir, I beg you to tell him.

I AM a stranger to the present situation of the actors of both companies, so that I have not been able to cast some of the characters; but that will be a matter of no inconvenience, if they don't *act* the Play; if they do, I can easily fill up those blanks, upon procuring, from Mr. *Chetwood*, a list of the actors. I am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have been willing to take, on this subject, and shall beg your permission, to enlarge it so far, as to hope to learn from you, whether, and how soon, Mr. *Fleetwood* will bring on the Tragedy. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate,

And obedient humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. POPPLE.

Oct. 24, 1740.

DEAR SIR,

IT is impossible, but I must acquit you from all imputation, concerning the *objections* you have sent me, because they are ungrounded and *virulent* remarks, and can have been the *work* of no *friend* of *mine*; nothing less than *ill-will* having brought forth this *criticism*, so unthinkingly *mistaken*, in every particular, that the only pretence it can have to the respect of a second perusal, is, the honour of having passed thro' your hand, to *my* notice.

To their *general exception*, against the subject itself, because it gives *fear* of a *comparison*, when brought on the *stage*. — I must content myself to return them no answer; having reflected, a hundred times, what it is they would mean, by *comparison*, and remaining utterly unable to guess at their purpose. But, where they begin to speak *plainly*, and would *carp*, at the character of *Antony*, as if differing from his true one, in *history*, how much is the *weakness* of their
ill-will

ill-will to be pitied? Had I *really* drawn *Marc Antony*, (as they *fancy* I have) *wicked*, *corrupt*, the most *prostitute* of the *Romans*, and a *servile* adherent to *tyranny*, would not *Cicero* have justified me, in doing it? Why else, was that orator's *death* so severely remarkable, but in *revenge* for the vilest of pictures, which he had *publickly* drawn, for *Marc Antony*? So that, admitting *history* had *no other* authority, (whereas, you know very well, it has many) was not *this* in itself, a sufficient one? What do they mean, then, by appealing to *history*? But, I deny, that *Marc Antony* is a wicked, or *prostitute* character: on the contrary, he is full of *humanity*, *faithful*, *polished*, *brave*, and apprehensive of nothing, but for the *safety* of his *patron*, and the *optimates* usurpation in the *senate*. Besides, who does not know, that he was the most *obliged* and *attached* of all *Cæsar's* dependents? A man, indeed, of some *dissoluteness* in life, yet, of winning and sociable *manners*; and they who pretend, that, instead of *sounding Brutus*, he attempts to *corrupt him*, must have *read* what they *censure*, with a shamefully *loose* and *uncritical* negligence. — I can allow *Brutus*, in the fierceness of *republican* ill-manners, to call
persuasion

persuasion *corruption* ; but it is unpardonable in *men*, who pretend to be *teachers* of others, not to have *distinguished*, that no more is here meant, by *corruption*, that an honest and generous *endeavour*, to draw off *Brutus*, from his ill-tim'd *opposition* to the purposed restoration of liberty. As for their *accusation*, concerning *contempt* and *ill-language*, the slightest inspection might have served to convince men of sense and observation, that *Brutus* says nothing to *Antony*, but what is a great deal more *rough*, than the other's *replies* are.

In spite of the *sour* humour, one is apt to be put into, upon finding one's self looked over, with so *evil on eye*, they compelled me to *smile*, in one place, where they complain, that, when *Cæsar* declares his *intention*, to give freedom to *Rome*, they have only *Cæsar's* own word for it. In the name of *old Bavius* ! whose *word* else, would deserve to be taken for it ? --- yet, no truth can be clearer, than that they have not only his *word*, but also his *thoughts*, and his *actions*. They have his *thoughts* in his *soliloquy*, at the opening of the Play, (where nobody being present, but *Cæsar*, the *auditors* see his
soul,

mistake, --- that *Brutus* kills *Cæsar*, because *Cæsar* designed to kill *him*. Every thing *Brutus* says is a new multiplied *proof* to the contrary. The worst consequence he draws from his sight of the *warrant* is, that *Cæsar* had deceiv'd him, with the political view, just insinuated to him by *Cassius*, and that he could not be the *son* of a man, who had commissioned a soldier to *murder* him. But as to any ideas of a *personal* resentment, or revenge, I know not what could betray your *critics*, to dream of a motive so wide of his *true* one, after reading the behaviour of *Brutus*, in the scene that immediately follows, between *him* and *Cæsar*! And, when they fancied, that *Brutus* ought not to have believed *Cæsar*, capable of so *mean* an action, they forgot, how well *Brutus* was acquainted with the hand-writing, he saw to the warrant; and that *Cassius*, and the *Senators* present, had just taken it out of the pocket of an *officer* of *Cæsar*, assailing the garden of *Brutus*, and seizing and confining his *wife*, for securing the purpose, expressed in that *warrant*! What kind of facts would be *proofs*, deserving credit from *Brutus*, if such *glaring* ones are too *weak* to convince him?

IT was easy for judges (too much in haste to *think* twice) to cry out --- *Cæsar* was *blind* rather than *brave*, when he slighted *informations* of a purpose to *murder* him, and refused even to look into a list of the *conspirators names* ; but *such judges* can be little acquainted with the *character* of *Cæsar*, who suppose this conduct *improbable*. Numerous passages, in the *Roman* historians, make it not only *likely*, but *proper*. After which, what need have I to trouble myself with explaining some other very obvious justifications of his negligence, at the time here alluded to ? — He might *believe* the report, though he seemed to *despise* it, wisely chusing a future, and more private enquiry into particulars ; not suspecting the plot was so ripe, as to be ready for execution, in a moment ; and disdaining to shew a *fear* of assassins, when he was just stepping into the *Senate* ; and while the *devoted Plebeians* of his party, aw'd the streets of all *Rome*, in his favour.

BUT, certainly, the *most weak* of all *criticisms* is that, which accuses the Tragedy, for making *Portia* and *Calpurnia* of absolute

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necessity to the *distress* of the *fable*; because they do not appear to have been so, to *that* of the history. 'Tis a comfort, however, that a *Poet*, of these gentlemen's making, would be favourably tasked with *invention*: but, for the sake of plain truth, I would ask them, what, without invention, is poetry? and what writer of *rhymes* has not heard, that *suppositions*, not directly contradicted by *history*, are not only allowable to *dramatical* writers, but that (where *probable* in themselves, and increasing the *distress* of the story) they are the *soul* and *support* of all *Tragedy*, and of indispensable use and necessity.

AND thus, Sir, have I forced myself to consider a collection of *censures*, too rash to *deserve* the refuting; and, especially, since it had not the merit of your approbation, but was sent me, in compliance with the request I had made in my last. What a prospect, in the interim, has poor *Tragedy*, with nine tenths of an *audience* may be *critics*, of the same extent of *good-nature* and *genius* with these wise gentlemen, who have been sacrificing the reputation of their parts to the most visible gratification of their *malice* — I am so *sick* of the thought, that
I beg

I beg you to shorten a trouble (which has *accidentally*, and without my having any the least share in the guilt, been thrown upon you, by the *manager of the Play-house*) and, if he will not agree to bring on the *Tragedy*, without *hesitation, alteration, or difficulty*, discharge yourself of the burthen, by sending it back, to my *son's* lodgings in town, at Mr. *Pink's*, in *St. Alban's Street*, for,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate,

Faithful humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

Nov. 9, 1740.

SIR,

THE inclosed has been kept back, as you will see by the date, in apprehension, that new difficulties, arising from some great princes deaths, might make a change in the interests of their survivors. I venture to send it, however, because I would willingly flatter myself, that, from the hint it contains, something, either now or hereafter, may be struck out, in the course of your measures.

I AM far from not knowing the respect, that is due to your character, though I have taken the liberty to write to you, without subscribing my real name. It was from a dread I lay under, that, as men's *minds* are too narrowly measured, sometimes, by their *fortunes*, I might have been mistaken, for one of those reasoning *leaches*, who, sticking fast to a great man's prosperity, think they *bide*, under pretence of embracing *his* interest, a mean and *scandalous* regard to *their own*: yet, Sir, if you can condescend, now
and

and then, to weigh a *private* address of this sort, as it offers occasionally, from the final and *unaffected* retreat of a *man*, neither desiring, nor deserving, that you should have the trouble to know, or to thank him, you need only order it to be said, in the *Gazette*, that Y Z may go on with his purpose.

BUT, though I have this reason for concealing my *name*, I will be known to you, by the *faith* of my sentiments. Allow me, therefore, your pardon; if I so far fall in with the *general complaint* of your *enemies*, as to regret, that your *military designs* should appear to be *executed*, in a manner too faint for the *spirit* that forms them. At the same time, I discern, and *detest* the unseasonable strong current of *malice*, that bears aside your resolution, from the bold *open* course (and, if *history* may be trusted, the *safe* one) to your *own* triumph, as well as to that of your country. Only suffer me, Sir, to remind you, that while the *passions* of men are held alarmed, by expectation of *events*, which promise *glory* to the *public*, they are too intensely diverted to *receive* the impressions of *Faction*. But then, if a hope so inflamed and diverted, looks with praise and

good-will toward a minister, the *phlegm* of a *contrary council*, giving leisure to men's *fears*, and their *envy*, turns their *rage* and *reproach* the same way, and accumulates all the *odium* of every dislike to the *account* of him, who stands *highest* in the *administration*. I know there *are* dangers in *prospect*, from the *effect* of unsuccessful *attempts*; but these are, by no means, of *equal* importance with the double *triumph* you secure, by *good-fortune*. There have, indeed, been *instances*, (where every undertaking, miscarrying by a visible want of good conduct, as was the case of the favourite *duke of Buckingham*, in the reign of *King Charles the first*) that everlasting *succession* of defeats and disgraces *abroad*, produced fatal *domestic* ill-consequences; but the genius of such a minister can deserve no comparison, at present. You, Sir, will, in a moment, call into your memory, stronger and *juster* examples, in *war*, where all remembrance of *unpopular* lengths, not only of *ill-luck*, but *ill-conduct*, has been *effaced* and *forgotten*, for ever, upon the event of one *fortunate action*.

AND this is more frequent, in *England*, than *any where* else; because there is such
over-

over-animated *precipitation* of purpose, in the *impatience* of our *national* courage, that, among all our *princes* and *ministers*, those *few* have been *dearest*, who chose to be always *attempting* on the *enemy*, rather than providing and preventing, with a forecast, *wiser*, perhaps, in *reality*, but which has seemed *too faint* a good quality, to suit with the *genius* of a *turbulent* people.

YET, God forbid you should slacken the caution you find to be necessary; and, of which it is impossible to retain too much, except in the *air* of your conduct. If I am at all acquainted with men's *passions*, you will *weaken* and disconcert your *opposers* by nothing, so suddenly, as by speaking and acting (concerning the *war*) with alacrity. — It would disarm and confound *half* their system, to see *you* pushing on the *public* propensity. They have affirmed it to be none of *your* war: how engaging then would it be, to *adopt* the favourite *child* of the *people*! They, who love you, what pleasure would they not take, in explaining you into the hearts of the publick. — You had no longer a will of your *own*, when you found it *different* from that of your *country*: you proceeded,

ceeded, indeed, with *precaution*, and permitted it to be called *fear*, by your *enemies*; though, when preparations for *war* would be *safe*, they must, of necessity, *seem* too slow and deliberate. The *execution* now comes on, in its turn, let them, from that, expect the *proof* of your daring. No *Minister*, a despiser of *peace*, can deserve to act in trust in a *state*, that depends upon traffick; much less does he merit the honour, if his *patience* can be stretched into *tameness*. *Foreign enemies* will be taught, to their *cost*, from what *motive* they derived their *impunity*: you but waited *fit means*, and *fit time*, for chastising their *mistake* of your *spirit*. They have gone on to *provoke* us, 'till it was no longer a *prudence* to spare them. Let them now *feel* the strength they *insulted*. Such *insinuations* as *these*, would be listened to, and believed, when you please, and produce a *sure* and a *glorious* good consequence. — Fire the *souls* of brave men, in their *pride*, and you will soon have their *hearts*, at your service. What would I not give, for that reason, to see, in the *speeches*, at the opening of a *session*, some of those *spirited* short *flashes* of *majesty*, whereby QUEEN ELIZABETH inflamed *parliament* and *people*!

Some-

Something, properly and peculiarly, *English* ! An *open warmth* of attested *affection* for the *subject* that *attracts* the respect it *professes* ; and something too, that, asserting a *consciousness* of the courage, fame, and power of the *nation*, might imply a *delight*, in its *glory*. Would to God, the *fatigues* you are engrossed by, left your *memory* at leisure to *reflect* on the *force* of these little arts of *condescension*, in *princes* ! how they have *dwelt* upon men's *tongues* and *affections*, and, by tempering ideas of *awe*, with a mixture of the more *kind* and *endearing*, shewn a KING, in the mild light of a *father*, at once the *guide*, and the *friend* of his *people*.

I HAVE often longed, Sir, to be shooting towards you, a few of these fool's idle bolts, upon *popular* occasions, which I thought I discerned in your interest ; but it was *prudent*, I believe, to *forbear* it, there being nothing more likely, than for a *too busy* goodwill, to have been *misconstrued*, as a meaning *too low*, for my mentioning ; or, if secured, by your *penetration*, from any mistake of that kind, yet opinions, *unasked*, can be received but as *civil impertinences*. Besides, a man, who really, and without affectation,

despises

despises those views *from his soul*, which are commonly considered as the *strongest temptations* in *life*, should be cautious of giving *the great* an inducement, to suspect him a *poacher* for some pitiful *share* in their *happiness*, while, in truth, he *condoles* their *disquiet*. I have nothing to say, in excuse, but that, though in willing retreats from the *world*, the *interests* and *passions* of men ought to go with them, and stay in *obscurity*, yet, their *reason* and *humanity* should be often looking back to the *public*, or they will be in danger of *forgetting their duty*.

GIVE me leave, therefore, to be, upon principles, not at all the less active, because independant,

Sir,

Your voluntary Well-wisher,

And unknown humble Servant,

Y. Z.

To

To Mr. POPPLE.

Nov. 12, 1740.

SIR,

GIVE me leave to observe, that you do some injustice to my motive, when you call it only the *possible* future happiness of the gentleman it regarded. If it had not been his *certain* future happiness (speaking always with exception to the current of human contingencies) I should never have thought it a gift worth *my* offering, or the regard of *his* acceptance, for whom it was purposed.

ABOUT five years ago, the *board of trade*, by order of the *House of Lords*, laid before them a state of the plantations, wherein, speaking of *Bermudas* (if I add a letter more, than your brother allows in his *map*, it is only, 'till I learn why he changed the old name for a better) when (I say) the *Commissioners for Trade and Plantations* come to speak of *Bermudas*, they affirm, that they have reason for concluding it practicable, to produce there, the wine which is made in *Madeira*; and which, (they might have added)

added) being the chief draught of our colonies, is in demand, to such extensive degree, that *Barbadoes* alone pays for it, to the amount of about 30,000*l.* yearly.

THE board of trade recommending this design to the Lords, as the best adapted improvement for an island, whereof one of your brothers (hereditary secretary, as I may call him, to that board) is, at present, the *Governor*, I concluded, there was nobody so properly qualified, for reducing their scheme into practice, as another of your brothers, who, in order to make that *pleasanteſt* situation on earth become also the *happieſt*, can want nothing but the knowledge, how, at an easy expence, to establish an estate there, (within two or three years time, at farthest) which would have lifted him above all the promising prospects he *loſt*; and gone on to increase to a degree, 'tis now needless to mention.

THIS, Sir, was my motive for desiring to know, whether that gentleman was retired to *Bermudas*. Had he been there, I would have enabled him to carry the board of trade's hint, into immediate and effectual execution,

cution, being, I believe, more capable of doing it, than most men in *England*, where we are sadly defective in whatever relates to a vineyard; every circumstance whereof, I had opportunities from experience *abroad*, and long and obstinate meditation, at home, to know, both in *practice* and *theory*. And, as I have lately instructed my *son* to succeed here, in an affair of like nature, which our nation has for many years been attempting in vain, it came into my thoughts, how great use the same skill might have been of to your brother, with respect to the colonies abroad, if he had, as I fancied he had, been invited to fix in the *Bermudas*. In this view, I had no kind of interest, but *his*, and the *nation's*: my own affairs incline a very different way, and I myself (I thank God) above the bad prospect, which both enemies and friends seem to have imagined my fortune reduced to, from a retirement, which was much more the effect of my knowing the world, than of any want of capacity to maintain my ground in it. I am, with great truth and friendship,

Your most obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To WILLIAM POPPLE, *Esq;*

Nov. 30, 1740.

DEAR SIR,

I SHALL begin my remarks on the affair of *Bermudas*, with a declaration, that I think it, by no means adviseable, for your brother, to wait the opinion of people on the spot; for, except loss of time, he has nothing to hope from persons, who themselves conceive nothing. Why else, have they been seated a century in a place so adapted by nature, and yet had no notion at all of an improvement, that pushed itself on their notice. They have humbly contented themselves to be carriers of the *wines of Madeira*, to our *American plantations*, without ever reflecting, that their *own island* lay in one and the same *line of latitude*; both in 32 degrees almost exactly.

IF you had accustomed yourself to converse with *planters* and *traders*, on designs for making *changes* in commerce, you would never have expected *new lights*, from the effect of those men's thoughts or experience. Our mother country, God bless her, among the
rest

rest of her rights and immunities, has had the privilege, from time immemorial, to declare and believe, all things *impracticable*, till they have been proved *easy*, by the adventures of others. No free-born *English* inhabitant of *Jamaica* had a faith, that was supple enough to allow *coffee* could grow in that island: their resisting understandings, before they could submit to be stretched to that length of concession, found it necessary to be taught, that this was not a silly proposal, by seeing it undertaken with success, by the *French*, who lived under their noses. Then, indeed, like the four-footed supporters of our woollen manufacture, they trooped quietly after their leaders.

I HAVE, for above twenty years past, been persuading a wooden head, or two, in the *South of Carolina*, to procure *sugar canes*, from some of the *islands*, and plant them in those deep rich *flats*, near their *rivers*, where no length of time could impair the fertility of the soil, but it would throw up the *canes* from seven to nine years together, from one root, without annual *replantings* and *dungings*, which, in *Barbadoes*, and other *worn-out* plantations, make their *sugars* cost three

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times the money they did, at first planting. They judged this a chimerical hope ; some had planted a dozen of *canes*, (and with great care and caution no doubt !) and these wise men had declared *Carolina* too cold.—It had now and then hard winters, and *sugar-canes* must be killed by the *frost*. I appeal, for a manifest proof of the contrary, to *Madeira*, (in a latitude, a degree or two, more *north*) where they make as good *sugar* as any in the world, and where we are told by the *Portuguese* writers themselves, that, before the *canes* were transplanted to the mellow deep soils of *Brazil*, their king's fifth of *Madeira sugar* from a space of ground, about nine miles in circuit, came to *sixty thousand arrobes*, of each 25 pound in weight. I added, besides, that the *Turks* make much *sugar* in *Egypt* ; nay, in *Candia*, five or six degrees to the *northward* of *South Carolina* ; that it grows very freely, in *Morocco*, and even in *Grenada*, in *Spain* ; and to compleat (as one would have thought) their encouragement, I told them, where there are seven or eight prosperous *sugar* plantations, in wintry a country as *Sicily*, seven degrees to the *north* of their own. But, I ought to have spared all my pains ; they remain
wisely

wisely convinced, to this day, that *Carolina* is no country for *sugar* : and so they will continue to think, 'till some *Frenchman* of the settlements at their back, makes it a *common* return, from those *colonies* ; and then we shall have them gravely *petitioning* the *Parliament*, for some aid, in relief of their *ignorance*.

I REPEAT, therefore, my advice, that, without staying for the opinion of the *Bermudians*, your brother, (from whose *map* of our *American plantations*, I conclude him thoroughly a judge of their situation and natural advantages) would consult only the rational foundation of his purpose. He cannot, however, here at home, want opportunities, to enquire, of some *native* of *Bermudas*, whether *vines* are not common, and easily raised, in that island ? — Let him look into the *latest* and best approved *writers*, such as Colonel *Beverley's*, and *Jones's* accounts of *Virginia* ; or *Lawson's* and *Catesby's* natural histories of *Carolina* ; he will see, that not only the *wild vines*, in those provinces, *over-run* and encumber the *soil*, so as that some of these authors have not thought it extravagant, to affirm, very seriously,

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that

that they have gathered, from one single vine, when it has run up round a tree, as many *grapes* as would have loaded a London cart. I make use of Colonel Beverley's verbal expression ; who, in the same place, declares further, that *slips* or *cuttings* of vines, brought from *Europe*, being planted in *Virginia*, in the *spring*, produce *grapes*, in the *autumn* of that very same year they are planted. And I myself have ordered *experiments* to be made, in *Carolina*, whence I have reason to affirm, they say nothing, in the extraordinary instances above, which is not strictly correspondent with the truth, by *experience*.

You will wonder, since *grapes* are of so easy a growth, in those countries, what unenterprising *devil* has possessed the *inhabitants*, that *wine* is not a *staple commodity* among them. The truth is, they want *skill* and *philosophy*. Their *glebe* having never been weakened by *culture*, retains too *rich* and too *oily* a rancour. — Hence the flesh of their grapes is too *clammy*, and, instead of a free fluid liquor, emits, in the *pressing*, a juice of a *ropy* consistence, like *jelly*, mixed with a fibrous and *pulpy* coarse substance,
that

that floats up and down in the liquor.—And the natural heat of those latitudes exciting a rapid and strong *fermentation*, this excess, in the ferment, is increased by the foulness of too turbid a *must*; so that, before it can *clarify*, it works itself *acid*.

As they want a *conception* of the *cause* of this fault, they are sure to fall short of its *remedy*. They ought to dig *vaults*, and therein let down close-covered *fermenting backs*, deep into the ground, where the *air* would be cooled, and kept temperate.—In these *backs*, their bruised grapes, after treading or breaking, should lie five or six, or more days, before pressing; during which time, the *skins*, fermenting and soaking together, with the *must*, would, by effect of their *tartarous salt*, mixing with, and rarifying the *oily tenacity* of the juice, *separate* the *winey* part from the *fleshy*, and give *thinness* and fluidity to the liquor, so that being afterwards pressed out in hair bags, and put *fine* into the same *backs*, to work, the *fermentation* would stop, at its due point of time, and the *wine* be rich, lively and durable.

I COME now to remark an advantage or two, that vineyards in *Bermudas* would have beyond those in *Madeira*; even though we suppose the *prime cost* to the *buyer*, the same in *both* islands; as, indeed, it must be, if the *English* improvers would *secure* a demand for their *product*. Many *Bermudas* sloops are employed to fetch wine from *Madeira*, and to carry it afterwards, and sell it, at our *sugar* islands. All this course to *Madeira* will be saved, when they can take in their loading at *home*, and sail directly away to their *market*. This is *one* of the remarks; — *another* is a still greater *saving*, in the *duty* upon *exportation* now paid to the *Portuguese* at *Madeira*; and which would *not* be paid for wine, of the growth of *Bermudas*. — And a *third* is, that the *Madeira* wine of *Bermudas* will be *finer*, and more *saleable*, beyond all comparison, than that of *Madeira* itself; and because this may sound strange, I will make it *evident*, in as few words as possible.

The *Portuguese*, as a check to the fore-mentioned aptness, in their wines, to grow *eager* (not having the use of that natural remedy I have just been describing) put in a considerable

considerable proportion of *lime*: (they call it *Gieffo*, from *Gypsum*, burnt plastre, or alabaster.) — Hereby, indeed, they break the coherence of *too roapy a must*, and introduce an *alkaline* balance, that may resist an *acid* tendency, in the course of the *ferment*: but then, on the other side, *lime*, (as we see, in the *refining* of *sugars*) absorbs and destroys vegetable *oils*, which give *wines* all their *odour* and *flavour*; leaving a hot, and *burnt* taste, in their room, that requires very long keeping, extraordinary *agitation* in the *cask*, and, sometimes, a too warm and improper exposure, before it can throw off a *twang*, that is disagreeable, at first, to all palates. The wearing out of this *taste*, in some measure, by incessant commotions at *sea*, is the *true cause* of that *difference*, so often observed, in favour of *Madeira wines*, carried first to *our colonies*, and then brought back to *England*, compared with those, which come over directly from *Madeira* to *London*.

I HAVE only had room, in this letter, to shew, why *Bermudas* is fitter than *Madeira*, to produce a *wine*, which our colonies consume, in immoderate quantities; as also, why it might there be made *cheaper*, and

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better;

better ; to which I have added the short and plain reason, why they, who in our *American* plantations, have, hitherto, gone about to make wine, have miscarried ; — and, in my next, (if your brother desires to see more on the subject) I design to shew him how he may, and at what expence, and with what cautions, procure, plant, and manage the *vines* ; and how, at a charge of about 500 *l.* yearly, at most, he may make and sell wine enough, annually, to obtain an almost immediate and noble estate, without human likelihood of miscarriage,

THIS is the general view of the scheme ; if your brother inclines to attempt it, I shall, with frankness and pleasure, give him light, in the remaining particulars, being truly and disinterestedly his, and,

Sir,

Your most humble,

And affectionate Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPPLE.

Dec. 8, 1740.

DEAR SIR,

I WILL conclude (though you did not declare it) that you sent me your *Bermudas* objections, against vineyards, in that island, as a justification of my advice, that no stress should be laid on plantation opinions. This gentleman, by the character you give him, should be one of the wisest among them; and yet, how unweighed and mistaken his reasonings appear, upon this subject, it will surprise you to see, when you sift them.—The cause is, our *American* planters are accustomed to tread in a track: very many of them have excellent parts, but they confine them to one point of view; and whatever arises on the right or left side of their road, they take care to pass by, as a *project*.

It is no new thing, to find men of good sense, when restrained by these *narrow* impressions, supporting false facts, by false reasonings. But how strange an opinion is that of your gentleman, that, in places, where

where *plants* are not of the *natural growth* of the soil, they stand in need of *more warmth* in the *latitude* ! According to this way of reasoning, *English* saffron, as it was brought us, originally, from *Spain*, must be inferior in *value*, to the *Spanish* ; and yet, who does not know, that the quite *contrary* fact is the *true* one ? Compare the *sugars* of *Barbadoes* with those of *Jamaica* ; the first island is five full degrees to the *South* from the latter ! but are its *sugars*, for that reason, the *better* ? On the contrary, they are so notedly *worse*, as to sell cheaper, from four to six shillings per hundred, notwithstanding their nearer approach to the *sun*. It is the difference in *skill*, and not latitude, that gives one place a reputation for products, which are falsely supposed unattainable in others, because less favourable *seated*.

As to what your friend has informed you of *coffee*, I am afraid, he is doubly mistaken : 1st, imagining it grows but in those parts of *Arabia*, about *Mocha*, from whence 'tis exported, and finding the latitude there to be six or seven degrees warmer than *Jamaica*, he imputes to that difference the supposed inferiority

inferiority of our coffee *forced*, as he calls it, in the *last* situation: whereas the *coffee* of the *soils* about *Mocha*, is inferior, both in *flavour* and *weight*, to that which they gather, for the *Turkish* consumption, in the *upper Arabias*, as far back, as to 24 degrees, and some of it even a good deal to the *north* of the *tropic*. This is one *mistake* in the gentleman: another is, that he declares the *Jamaica attempt* to have *failed*, whereas it is yet in the *dawn* of its *infancy*. One fact I can tell you, from my own late experience; I drank much finer coffee, in *France*, of their *new Martinique* production, than any that I ever tasted in *London*, imported in the ships of our *East India* company; and, since *Jamaica* was humble enough, to wait for a trial of this growth, 'till she could filch it from the *French*, in her neighbourhood, I hope, we are not less able to copy, than willing to steal our examples.

ANOTHER remark of your friend's, which I must not omit to take notice of, is, that the *Bermudians* have sent several times for *French Vignerons* to instruct them; and, because these did not *succeed*, in attempts
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to make wine, the *design* must of course, be *impracticable*.

The people, in *Virginia*, for these hundred and fifty years past, ever since Capt. *Smith's* first account of their settlement, have been blundering, again and again, into the same groundless hope with *Bermudas*, that *Frenchmen* are the *only* men for a *vineyard*: not reflecting, that, if they needs must borrow help from a foreigner, a *Spaniard* would have made the best *vigneron*, for a latitude so approaching his own; whereas the wine countries of *France*, lying at a medium, about 48 north, such a difference, as 16 degrees, in the latitude, producing a proportionable disagreement of *quality* in the wines, each must require to be managed, in a method, the *reverse* of the other.

BUT, because a general reflection, however natural and obvious, cannot carry such force of persuasion, as a particular deduction of the *cause*, I will explain, in what the difference consists, between wines of a climate, like that of *Bermudas*, and those of a cold one, like *France*. After which, I shall
need

need add no reasons, why the *one* could not fail to be *spoiled*, by the *same* arts of management, that would *preserve* and make perfect the *other*.

EVERY wine, while in *must*, is a heavy, sweet, and unspirited *syrup*: it is only from *fermentation* they acquire *strength* and *vinosity*: fermentation of wines is the *conflict* between their vegetable *oils*, and their *salts*, both diluted and rarified, by the action of their *internal air*, that, having been shut up, by a *clammy* cohesion, in the *pulp* of the fruit, recovers its spring and liquidity, expanding itself by aid of warmth, releasing, and intersecting, by its *agitation*, the unactively coagulated contraries, and reuniting them with the *watery* medium, they float in, into a lively and spirited *wine*; whereof the *perfection* consists in a *balance*, exactly preserved, between the hard and austere *saline* part, and the sweet and odoriferous *oily*.

Now, in grapes of too *northern* a climate, the prevailing excess is the *salt*, whereas, in those of a *sunnier* country, the *oils* are the abounding distinction. In the
first

first, the taste is dry, sharp, and quick, (as in *Rbenish*) — In the second, it is flat, soft, and heavy, (as in *Malmfies*.) — Either of these two, standing in need of aid of the other, the utmost accomplishment of wine is an *equal* proportion of *both*, whereby the *pungent* sapidity of the *salts* serves to *enliven* and stimulate the *oils*, and the rich racy fulness of the *oils*, to ensheath and give smoothness to the *salts*: and hence it will necessarily follow, that a *Frenchman*, in whose climate the wines, being hard and unripened, require an opening and expansion of their *oils*, must *mismanage* the too ripe, and *thick* wines of a *climate*, where a want of those *salts* is the defect, and any further extension of *oils*, which already abound to *excess*, will be sure to corrupt the rank *must*, and make it *ropy*, *unsound*, and *insipid*.

You will gather, from this little remark, the *extent* of the *Bermudas* philosophy; where, instead of comprehending the kind disposition of nature, (that, in mixing green grapes, on the same bunches with *ripe* ones, prepares but a *tartar* to temper the luscious *excess* of the *oils*) they consider
this

this, as an unsurmountable *obstacle*. And, no doubt, the wise *Frenchmen* they sent for, took no ordinary pains to *miscarry*, by pressing (as they were used to do *at home*) no bunches, but the full-ripe, and picked ones; and it was this care, that confounded their purpose.

I AM really a little ashamed, that I can't find some one of the gentleman's thoughts, to agree with. As he is *your* friend, it is a civility, I confess, to be due to him; and I wish'd but opportunity of paying it readily. But, I am so unfortunate, as to fall under a necessity, even of dis-allowing his only, I think, remaining objection; — that the *island* being *narrow*, the *sea-air* has a *noxious* effect on the *vines*. I could wish, in respect to this gentleman, that I did not know, half so well as I do, that the sweetest, best tasted, and most plentiful bearers, among the natural wild vines of *America*, (I speak of the *northern* continent only) are those, which grow on the *sand banks*, all along the *sea coasts* of our colonies — that the *best* wines of *France* are in the *marshes* of *Xan-toigne*, where they make *salt* from *sea-water*; — and, that the *richest* *Palm-wines*, of the
Canaries

Canaries degenerate into the *dry* and *green* kinds, when the *vines*, that produce them, are transplanted to any place, above a mile or two from the *shore of those Islands*.

UPON the whole, Sir, when I dissuaded you, from submitting your thoughts to the *Bermudians*, it was with view to excite a *more noble enquiry*;—an enquiry but from *reason* and *nature*; yet, I am far from a wish, to restrain your asking what *advice* you think fit, on *my reasonings*; whose design being no benefit to *myself*, I have no *private* reserves, in my *meaning*. I would rather court *opposition* of argument, than have you *cautious* of declaring my sentiments. Every *solid* and *honest* proposal will appear but the *more* what it is, by how much the more 'tis *examined*;—and, should any *mistake* of *my own* receive *correction*, from some *candid* objector, it will *oblige* me much more, by *increasing* my *knowledge*, than it can *mortify* me, by exposing my *weakness*.

WHAT shall I say to you, concerning that incomprehensible talking *shade*, of the *Theatre*! Only be so good as to give him
no

no more *rest*, than God has given him *manners* and *wisdom*.

I MUST thank you, for your Play-house news of Mrs. *Woffington*. I could wish in my heart, it were *Offington*; for, what *dog* would not *bark* at the *W*! — May she succeed to the height of your wishes! She could never have appeared at a time, when we wanted her more. And, as to the *Sharps* at the top of her voice, she need only *descend* to grow musical.

IN the next letter I write, I will go on with the subject I broke off, at the close of my last. I had done it in this, but that your freight from *Bermudas* required to be looked into, and *sorted*, before I could *judge* of its *value*. Believe me, dear Sir, with all truth and affection,

Your most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To the Editor of PAMELA.

DEAR SIR,

YOU have agreeably deceiv'd me into a surprize, which it will be as hard to exprefs, as the beauties of PAMELA. Tho' I open'd this powerful little piece with more expectation, than from common designs, of like promise, because it came from *your* hands, for my *daughters*, yet, who could have dreamt, he should find, under the modest disguise of a *novel*, all the *soul* of religion, good-breeding, discretion, good-nature, wit, fancy, fine thought, and morality? — I have done nothing but read it to others, and hear others again read it to me, ever since it came into my hands; and I find, I am likely to do nothing else, for I know not how long yet to come: because, if I lay the book down, it comes after me — When it has dwelt all day long upon the ear, it takes possession, all night, of the fancy — It has witchcraft in every page of it: but it is the witchcraft of passion and meaning. Who is there, that will not despise the false, empty *pomp* of the poets, when he observes
in

in this little, unpretending, mild triumph of *nature*, the whole force of invention and genius, creating new powers of emotion, and transplanting *ideas* of *pleasure* into that unweeded low garden the *heart*, from the dry and sharp *summit* of *reason*?

YET, I confess there is *one* in the world, of whom I think with still greater respect, than of PAMELA: and that is of the *Author* of PAMELA—Pray who is he, dear Sir? and where, and how, has he been able to hide, hitherto, such an incircling and all-mastering spirit? He possesses every quality, that *art* could have charm'd by: yet, has lent it to, and conceal'd it in, *nature*—The comprehensiveness of his imagination must be truly prodigious!—It has stretch'd out this diminutive mere *grain* of *mustard-seed*, (a poor girl's little, innocent story) into a resemblance of that *heaven*, which the best of good books has compar'd it to—All the passions are his, in their most close and abstracted recesses: and by selecting the most delicate, and yet at the same time most powerful, of their springs, thereby to act, wind, and manage, the heart, he *moves* us, everywhere, with the force of a *Tragedy*.

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WHAT is there, throughout the *whole* that I do not sincerely admire — I admire, in it, the strong distinguish'd variety, and picturesque glowing likenesses to *life*, of the characters. I know, hear, see, and live among 'em all; and, if I could paint, could return you their *faces*. I admire in it, the noble simplicity, force, aptness, and truth of so many modest, æconomical, moral prudential, religious, satirical, and cautionary *lessons*; which are introduc'd with such seasonable dexterity, and with so polish'd and exquisite a delicacy of expression and sentiment, that I am only apprehensive, for the *interests* of *virtue*, lest some of the *finest*, and *most touching*, of those elegant strokes of good-breeding, generosity, and reflection, should be lost, under the too gross discernment of an unfeeling majority of readers; for whose coarseness, however, they were kindly design'd, as the most useful and charitable correctives.

ONE of the best judg'd peculiars, of the plan, is, that these instructions being convey'd, as in a kind of dramatical representation, by those beautiful *scenes*, her own
letters

letters and journals, who acts the most moving and suffering *part*, we feel the force in a threefold effect,—from the motive, the act, and the consequence.

BUT what, above all, I am charm'd with, is the amiable *good-nature* of the *author*; who must, I am convinc'd, have one of the best, and most generous hearts, of mankind, because mis-measuring *other* minds, by *his own*, he can draw every thing to perfection but *wickedness*—I became inextricably in *love* with this delightful defect of his malice; for I found it owing to an *excess* in his *honesty*. Only observe, Sir, with what *virtuous reluctance* he complies with the demands of his story, when he stands in need of some blameable characters. Tho' his judgment compels him to mark 'em with disagreeable colourings, so that they make an odious appearance at first, he can't forbear by an unexpected and gradual decline from themselves, to soften and transmute all the horror conceiv'd for their baseness, 'till we are arriv'd, through insensible stages, at an inclination to forgive it intirely.

I MUST venture to add, without mincing the matter, what I really believe of this book — It will live on, thro' posterity, with such unbounded extent of good consequences, that twenty ages to come may be the better and wiser, for its influence. It will steal first imperceptibly, into the hearts of the *young* and the *tender*; where it will afterwards glide and moderate their reflections and resolves, when grown older. And, so, a gradual moral sunshine, of unaustere and compassionate *virtue*, shall break out upon the *world*, from this TRIFLE (for such, I dare answer for the *author*, his modesty misguides him to think it) — No applause therefore can be too *high* for *such merit*. And let me abominate the contemptible *reserves of mean spirited men*, who, while they but *hesitate* their esteem, with restraint, can be fluent and uncheck'd in their *envy* — In an age so deficient in goodness, every such virtue, as that of this author, is a salutary *angel* in *Sodom*. And *one*, who could stoop to conceal a delight he receives from the *worthy*, would be equally capable of submitting to an approbation of the *praise* of the *wicked*.

I WAS

I WAS thinking just now, as I return'd from a *walk* in the *Snow*, on that old *Roman policy*, of exemptions in favour of men, who had given a few bodily children to the republic — What superior distinction ought *our* country to find (but that *policy* and *we* are at variance) for reward of this *father of millions of MINDS*, which are to owe new formation to the future effect of his influence !

UPON the whole, as I never met with so pleasing, so honest, and truly deserving a book, I should never have done, if I explain'd all my reasons for admiring its author. — If it is not a *secret*, oblige me so far, as to tell me his *name* : for since I feel him the *friend* of my soul, it would be a kind of violation to pretend him a *stranger* — I am not able to think you enough, for this highly acceptable present. And, as for my daughters, they have taken into their own hands the acknowledgement due from their gratitude. I am,

Dear Sir,

Dec. 17, }
1740. }

Yours, &c.

A. HILL.

I 4

DEAR

To Mr. POPPLE.

Dec. 18, 1740.

PRESUPPOSING, (and, I hope, not in vain) that our friend, for whose service I have been giving you so, otherwise, needless a trouble, should resolve on transporting the wine trade of *Madeira* to the *west* of the *Atlantic*, I come, now, to explain in what manner he may procure all his first plants, at *Madeira*; with what *cautions*, and at how *moderate* a charge, he may *safely* convey them by *sea*. How the *ground* should be *ordered*, and the vines *set*, and managed, when they come to *Bermudas*: And, as I foresee these particular will requires the full length of *one* letter, I must refer what remains to *another*; wherein shall be finally added, whatever relates to the little time he need wait for the *growth* of his *vineyard*, his gathering and pressing the *grapes*, — as also to the making, safe-keeping, and *sale* of the *wine*, and its calculated *charges* and *profit*.

As to the *place* for procuring the *plants*, that can no where be effectually done, but

at *Madeira* itself. The methods of doing it may be *two*; either by the *grape-stones*, or *vine-cuttings*: the first would be *cheapest*, and *easiest*; for any quantity of 'em might be *sifted* away from the *husks*, which husks should be previously *dry'd*, by spreading them abroad thin to the *wind* and the *sun*, after they come out of the *press*, at the time of their *vintage* (in *October*.) And these, when so *dry'd*, being mixed, and well worked together, with twice or thrice their own quantity of *sand*, (which ought also to be carefully *dry'd*) and then put up, in a close *strong-hoped cask*, to preserve them from the effect of *sea-air*. These, I say, may be carried, without hurt, to *Bermudas*. As soon as they come thither, they should be *sowed*, in long *furrows*, or *trenches*, about four or five inches in *depth*, and the *trenches* distant a foot from each other. They would shoot up the first *summer* into well-rooted *vines*, and might be *transplanted*, at the end of that *autumn*, to the places they should hold in the *vineyard*; where many of them would come to bear *moderately* the first *summer* after transplanting; and all of them *plentifully*, the second, (that is, the third from first sowing the *grape-stones*.)

But

But almost *half* this short time will be *saved*, by carrying over the *cuttings* of vines, instead of their *seeds*. These are to be procured from *October* 'till about the beginning of *February*.

We have a considerable *English* factory at *Madeira*; and many of the *merchants* have country houses, and vineyards, belonging to them, of their own; so that it would not be a *difficulty* for any gentleman, who goes over himself, with that purpose, to procure what quantity of *cuttings* he pleases, and to have them put up and embarked, without the least observation, or umbrage, on the part of the *Portuguese* islanders. Every *labourer*, employed there, in the *vineyards*, knows the *choice* and the *sizes* of cuttings. The best *length* of them is about eighteen inches, and their *thickness* not exceeding that of a man's *little* finger. — *Both ends* of these *cuttings*, as soon as taken from the *vines*, should be *dipp'd*, about half an inch, into an *equal* mixture of *tallow* and *pitch*, that has first been gently melted, and stirred up together, and is afterwards let stand, 'till it is a very little more than *blood-warm*. After this, (the
sooner,

sooner, the better) they should be laid along upon *sand*, in hogsheads, one not touching the other, sifted layers of *sand*, to cover every *row* of the *cuttings*, half an inch high, or more. And these *hogsheads*, when full, being carefully headed up, permit no *damage* to come to the *cuttings*.

THE *charge* of all this will be chiefly, the *freight*; for the *cuttings* of vines in the vine countries, *sell* for little or nothing at all; (being tied up in *faggots*, for heating their ovens, and other inconsiderable uses). — Every *hogshead* will contain, with great ease, above a *thousand* such *cuttings*; and 13 *thousand* being more than our friend need provide, the *expence* can be only the *freight* of *thirteen hogsheads*, from *Madeira* to *Bermudas*, which is a trifle not worth an exact computation.

WHEN they come to that island, I presuppose, that 25 *English acres* of ground have been provided *before*, and are found ready for entering upon immediately. All then, that is necessary to be done, is to plant the vine-cuttings; in order for which, large square holes must be dug, at exactly
nine

nine foot afunder, reckoning from the *center* of one hole, to the *center* of the next, and so every way equally distant. These *holes* must be about 12 inches *deep*, and 16 or 18 inches *square*. One *cutting* only should be planted in every hole; and that not *upright*, but *sloping*, to an angle of 45 degrees, and the *earth*, after placing the *plant*, must be cast in again, and pressed down pretty close all about it, leaving the *top* of the plant, to appear about three inches, or little more, above the surface of the earth, and as nearly in the *center* of the hole as is possible.

As for the time, when the *ground*, that is left in the spaces between these holes, should be *cultivated*, nothing further, than *hoeing* the surface, need to be done to it, 'till the end of the first *summer* after the planting. But, from that time forward, the *land* must be *digg'd* very carefully, once at least every year, and *hoed* over oftener, in order to cut up the *weeds*. And this is the *whole* that is requisite with regard to the *ground*, except, when it comes to want *mending*. But that will not be *likely*, for some years at least; and the properest methods

thods of doing it, shall be readily communicated, for the use of our friend, if, when he is there, he finds the people unskilled in that knowledge.

THE finest *poles* in the world, for *support* of the *vines*, will be the long and strait branches of *cedar* trees, which, you know, are to be had for little or nothing, in *that* island. One of these poles should be fixed a foot deep, in the same hole, and at the same time, with the vine cutting, on the *north* of, and close behind it, and only one *upright stem* is to be suffered to *shoot up*, which, as fast as it rises, must be tied with a *rush* to the pole, that it may not be hurt by *high winds*. And as for the *side branches*, when they are shot out, to the length of a *yard*, *two* other poles should be fixed, one on each side the *central* one (in the very same line) and each three foot distant therefrom. — To these *side poles* must be tied the *side shoots*, which should always, on each side the *stem*, be kept to that length of three foot, from the middle *upright body* of the vine. The best *height* for the poles, being about nine foot above the surface of the ground, there will be room for six *side shoots* on the
right,

right, and six more on the *left* of the stem. The *ends* of the *lowest* of these, being tied in *horizontal* extent, to the *right* and *left* side poles, at about 18 inches from the ground, and the next two at 18 inches, still higher and higher, the sixth, on both sides, should be tied as near the *top* of the poles as is prudent.

IN this form of planting, the two sides of each vine will produce *twelve* horizontal *side shoots*, and taking up but six of the nine foot space, betwixt *one* vine and the *next*, there will be openings a *yard* broad between every *two* vines, for a free circulation of *air*, and convenience of *passage*, from one part of the *vineyard* to another. And, as the vines, in this method of planting, will form equal and regular *green walls*, 6 foot broad, and 10, 11, or 12, in their *height*, (because of the free unrestrained growth of the uppermost row of side branches) there can be no view more beautiful, than the figure itself of this *vineyard*.

As to *pruning*, it ought to be done in the manner we *use* to our *wall vines*, in *England*; observing only this necessary *caution*, that
they

they must never be *cut*, but in the *depth* of the little *winter* they have in *Bermudas*, always *breaking* them off at a *joint*, by a snap, or bending back of the *shoot*, betwixt the thumb and forefinger, whenever they require to be shortened in the summer, for fear of their *bleeding*, and too dangerous a waste of their *sap*; which will, for the most part, be exceedingly *fluid*, in so *funny* a climate. A quite contrary management *this* (and for causes as contrary) to the methods in practice, in *France*. — Another *proof* of the wary *Bermudian* reflection, that found no *vigneron*, but the *French* one, of skill to depend on!

AND now, I think, I am come to the close of the matter, allotted for this letter, in the division explained at the head of it; I must refer you to my next, for a final conclusion of the subject, which, I was going to say, you have probably considered as a *dry* one; but I recollect, that there would be some *want* of *propriety*, in the use of that *epithet*, because of the *good liquor* the prospect may flow with. I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

Dec. 29, 1740.

DEAR SIR,

ACQUAINTED with the amiable goodness of your heart, I can foresee the pleasure it will give you, to have given *another* pleasure: and you heap it on me in the noblest manner, by the joy you make me feel, at finding PAMELA's incomparable author is the person I not only hop'd to hear was so, but whom I should have been quite griev'd, distress'd, and mortified, not to have really found so.

YET, I confess, till I began to read, I had not the least notion of it. But I presently took notice, that whatever *Pamela* thought, said, or did, was all transfusion of your own fine spirit. And as I know not if there lives another writer, who could furnish her with such a sapid sweetness as she fills the taste with, I could not therefore chuse but name *you* to my hope, as moulder of this maiden model. And yet, thought I, however plainly I discover the mind, that shines upon me by reflection from these sentiments, how *can* it have been possible to force the necessary

neceſſary *leiſure* for this travel over the whole reach of nature: from the calls of a profeſſion, that permits too ſhort reſceſſes, even to health and exerciſe !

WHOEVER had been author of this excellent epitome of all the beauties, and the powers of writing, had he been the moſt malignant of my enemies, I could not have forborn to *love* him ——— Imagine then how unallay'd the pleaſure is, when it is you, to whom I owe it ! when the perſon of the world, I would have wiſh'd to ſee moſt honour'd, has procured ſuch *immortality* of honour ! For, believe me, my dear, hourly more and more reſpected friend ! not all the mingled malice, dullneſs, and low-heartedneſs, of ſhrunk and withering mankind, can have obſcurity enough to darken *Pamela*. You have lent her breadth of wing, that will extend her from the preſent to the future world. And brooding over both, (like *Milton's* image of the holy ſpirit) ſhe will call out *virtues* without number, and applauſe without detraction. And, as for my part, may I be as fruitleſs a waſter of labour, as an *Engliſh* entangler of politicks, if to have ſtood my-

self possess'd of all the reputation you will draw from the success of this delightful work, could have been half so pleasing to me, as to find *you* claiming it !

I had almost forgot to tell you, I receiv'd the *Anti-Machiavel*, for which I am very much oblig'd and thank you heartily. But my *Pamela* (forgive the unintended *avarice* ! I meant to say *your Pamela*) possesses all my memory, intention, and imagination. And, like the snow, that lay last week, upon the earth and all her products, covers every other image, with her own unbounded whiteness.

As for my daughters, they will neither of them let me tell you any thing, that might prevent their writing you their thanks, themselves. And yet they are so full of *you*, and your engaging, happy other half, that they can tell you nothing *new*, because their subject will be only your own goodness. Stay though, and let me think again ! That subject, for that very reason, may, 'tis likely, be the newest you can entertain your thoughts with. So I leave
'em

'em to the grateful and the just ideas, you have fill'd 'em with ; and only add, in my own right, that my dear Mr. R——, with all this boundless merit of a *genius*, and a heart, a-like unequal'd, neither has, nor ever will have, an observer, who can love him with a more impress'd, and never to be changed, affection, than does

His most oblig'd,

And obedient humble Servant,

A. HILL.

1740.

DEAR SIR,

I AM ashamed to see in how much too large an indulgence of paper, I have express'd too small a proportion in admiration of *Pamela*. You have with the good-breeding and grace, so peculiar to whatever you do, made the most of a little, — in respect to the will it was sent with — But it puts me in mind of the ladies silk handkerchiefs, thrown to knights arm'd at all points, by their well-wishing admirers, as they rode round the lists in old

tournaments. They used to hang these kind of baubles upon the tops of their spears with an obliging air of grateful acknowledgment: And there was indeed some little parade of adornment in the flutter, and flow of the penon — But it was in the *spear alone*, lay their hope of the victory.

I RECEIV'D, and return you my thanks for your care of, the letter from the North. It was writ by a very rich *prude*: and they, you know,, scorn to think of men's hearts! But, if mine had been worth a fine woman's attempting, she could never have found out a road, that leads to it more strait and directly, than to send, by the way of *your* house, to

Dear Sir,

Your most humble,

Obedient and affectionate Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. POPPLE.

Jan. 1, 1740-1.

DEAR SIR,

I NOW return to *Bermudas*, where my last left your *Vineyard* new planted and pruned, and expecting its season for *bearing*. This will, certainly, be the second summer, in so happy a climate, as that, and the *Vines* will continue their *fruitfulness* for at least thirty years, in full strength of perfection; affording *Cuttings*, every winter, to an infinite quantity, for extending the trade without bounds, as the success, in its beginning, shall encourage a pursuit of the purpose.

THE bunches of Grapes, when grown ripe, should be cut off with a *knife*, and not *pluck'd* by the *Hand*, from the Branches: And as they easily *burst* in a country where the summers are favourable, they ought not to be trusted to *Baskets*; but rather to *Tubs*, carried in, between *poles*, and immediately emptied into the *steeping backs*, in the *floor* of the *cellars*.

I MUST say something, concerning these cellars, for fear you should imagine a necessity of chargeable *wallings* and vaultings of *brickwork*. All that needs to be done, is to chuse, near the house, any *dry* situation, that is *roomy* enough, to suit the demand of the *Vineyard*. In this open place should be mark'd out the *length*, and the *breadth* of *one cellar* or *many*. Suppose their *breadth* is design'd 15 foot, the mark'd *breadth* on the *ground* must be 17, because the *diggers* should begin about one foot on each side, within the lines, that a border may be left to keep the *earth*, when thrown out, at that distance. The *deeper* this place can be dug down, the *better*: It ought never to be less, than 6 foot, unless *Springs* should rise nearer the *surface*. The *roof* should consist of strong *rafters*, at a distance of *two* foot from each other, resting their points, in *obtuse*, and *low* angles. *Feather-edge* all this *raftering*, with a close-nailed strong covering of *shingle*, which is a kind of *riv'd clapboard*, commonly us'd for the *roofing* of *houses*, throughout our *American* settlements. Upon the *shingle*, throw up,
not

not only the *earth*, that is dug out of the *cellar*, but an additional quantity, from *two* narrow *trenches*, to be sunk on *each side* the *whole length* of the *work*, at the distance of 2 or 3 foot, from the bottoms, or ground ends of the *rafters*, where they rest, in the *banks*: such a thickness of *earth* will resist *air* and *weather*, and throw off the *rains*, from the *slope* of the *roof*, to the *trenches*, whence a *current* may be *continued*, for effectually *draining* the *water*.

THE *descent* to these *cellars* should be, at that end of 'em, that faces the *north*; and, that the *wine* may be always *secur'd*, against changeable impressions of *air*, the iron-bound pipes, it is kept in, may be surrounded by, or *bedded*, as it were, in a *terras*, of *gravel*, or *sand*: this is an advantage, of such extraordinary consequence, that my family, having *no vault* at one of their *Vineyards*, wherein to lay up the *wine*, keep a *hundred*, or more *bogsheads*, (not *dead*, I assure you, but buried *alive*, in this manner) in an open, high *barn*, full of holes through the *boarding*, and on all sides expos'd to the *weather* — yet, by help of this easy contrivance, their

wine in that place, is much better *preserv'd* and less subject to alter its quality, than that, which they keep, in as fine vaults, as can be found, in the kingdom.

As to pressing the wine at *Bermudas*, it will be done, with most ease, by the use of a common large *cyder press*, which may be bought very cheap, in the outskirts of *London*. The trouble of this part of the work will be less, than is imagin'd, from the thinness of the *grape-skin's* in that latitude, and especially after their lying to *steep* in the *MUST*, as explain'd in a former: so that, drawing off, what runs *liquid*, by a *brass cock*, or a *tap-hole* in the bottom of the steeping back, there will remain very little, that is thick enough, to stand in need of a *pressing*.

WHATEVER relates to the *making*, and *safe-keeping* of the wine, having been included within some of the particulars, already describ'd, I have nothing, I think now remaining to speak of, but its *sale*, and a calculation of the *charges* and *profit*.

THE *sale* will depend on *two* branches : the first, and the smallest, will be more than enough, till after a considerable enlargement of the plantation. But the large increas'd branch, when it comes to swell into a *trade*, will be its *export* in the floops, which are built at, and sent out from *Bermudas*, to all our *American* colonies : none of these, to be sure, will fail *empty*, when they can be profitably *freighted*, with a wine, in such demand, at the places they go to.

ALL the charge, at the highest, for an *acre* of Vineyard, will be rather *within* ten pounds, than *above* it ; exclusive, however, of the prime cost of *caskage*, which in proportion to the produce of vines in *Madeira*, may, with the care of their *cooperage*, and *ordering* come to as much, as all the other expences together ; so that *twenty pounds* per acre, being the *charge*, at the utmost, the whole annual expence, for the 25 acres, will be 500 *l.* or under.

No acre of vineyard, in so *sunny* a latitude, can produce a less quantity, than

20 hogsheads of wine (perhaps, often double) I will give you, for your satisfaction, a rational demonstration of this fact: which I know to be considerably short of the truth, by a frequent, and attentive experience, in *climates*, inferior to that of *Bermudas*.

BUT, that you may clearly conceive, what a moderate expectation this is, remember, that the 500 *vines* on an *acre*, have, each of 'em 12 *side branches*. Out of every one of these branches, (all 3 foot in length) there cannot grow fewer, than one upright, and one downward, bearing shoot: and you see, (upon *wall-vines*, here, in *England*) it is common to find 4, 6, or 8, *joints* to a *shoot*; yet, let us count but upon *two single bunches*, which being only one for each opposite *bud* of one *joint*, is the least it is possible to reckon, this reduces the number of *bunches* to 48, upon each of those 500 high, and out-spreading vines: the *bunches*, as well as the *grapes*, in *Madeira*, are beyond all comparison, more large, than in *England*: I have frequently seen 'em weigh 5 or 6 pound, and upwards: But, to reduce our computation
to

to the lowest, let there be expected but eight ounces of *liquor*, from every *bunch*, and then, the *yield* of one acre amounting to 1500 gallons of wine, the whole produce of 25 acres, will be about *six hundred hogsheds*.

In order to prevent the wine merchants of *Madeira*, from underselling the vineyards of *Bermudas*, state for argument's sake the *first value* of the wine to the *exporter*, as low, as *common cyder* is sold, by the *makers*, in *London*, (which is three pound *per* hogshhead.) This will spoil all the schemes of *objectors*. And yet, at a rate, so unexceptionably modest, as this, the wine of 25 acres, the whole charge of which will be 500 *l.* selling for 1800 *l.* on the spot, leaves a clear yearly *profit* of 1300 *l.* from this little first *model*, as one may say, of a *Vineyard*.

And thus, Sir, you see, I am for putting, our friend upon no empty or ill weigh'd undertaking. But how far his affairs leave it proper for him, to think of this matter at all, you are yourself the best judge — and how having done with the subject, it
is

is time to put an end to your trouble from,

Your most humble

And affectionate Servant.

A. HILL.

S I R,

I WILL comply with your desire, in as brief a manner, as I am able, and send you my sentiments, concerning what was chiefly remarkable in Mr. *Booth*, as an actor.

Two advantages distinguish'd him, in the strongest light, from the rest of his fraternity. He had *learning*, to understand perfectly whatever it was his part to speak; and *judgment* to know, how far it agreed, or disagreed, with the character. Hence, arose a peculiar *grace*, which was visible to every *spectator*, tho' few were at the pains of examining into the *cause* of their pleasure: he could soften, and slide over, with a kind of elegant negligence, the *improprieties*, in a part he acted, while on the

the contrary, he would dwell, with energy, upon the *beauties*, as if he exerted a latent spirit, which had been kept back for such an occasion, that he might alarm, awaken, and transport, in those places only, where the *dignity* of his own *good-sense* could be *supported*, by that of his *author*.

A LITTLE reflection, upon this remarkable quality, will help us to account for that manifest *languor*, which has sometimes, been observ'd in his *action*, and which was generally, tho' I think, falsely, imputed to the natural indolence of his temper.

FOR the same reason, tho' in the customary rounds of his business, he would condescend to some parts in *comedy*, he never appear'd in any of 'em, but with disadvantage of his character: the *passions*, which he found in *comedy*, were not *strong* enough, to excite his fire: and what seem'd want of qualification, was only absence of impression. One might have said of him in the scripture phrase, *He is not dead; but sleepeth!* ——— Like a deep loaden ship, he was too heavy for a common breeze, which

which, therefore, serv'd but to make him *roll* and *heave*: — But, in a *gale*, that threaten'd shipwreck to the cock-boats of the Theatre, he was sure to display his streamers; and sail'd steady and majestic, as if the force of a tempest had just breath enough to *move* him.

He had a talent at discovering the *passions*, where they lay *hid*, in some celebrated parts; having been buried under a prescription of *rantings* and *monotony*, by the practice of other actors: When he had *discover'd*, he soon grew able to *express* 'em. And his secret, by which he attain'd this great lesson of the Theatre, was an association, or adaption of his *look* to his *voice*; by which artful imitation of *nature*, the variations, in the sound of his words, gave propriety to every change in his countenance. So that, among *Players*, in whom it is common to hear *pity* pronounc'd with a *frown* upon the forehead, *sorrow* express'd, by a *grin* upon the eye, and *anger* thunder'd out, with a look of unnatural *serenity*, it was Mr. *Booth's* peculiar felicity, to be *heard*, and *seen* the same; whether as the *pleas'd*, the *griev'd*, the *pitying*, the *reproachful* or the

the *angry*: one would almost be tempted, to borrow the aid of a very bold figure, and to express this excellence the more significantly, beg permission to affirm, that the *blind* might have *seen* him, in his *voice*, and the *deaf* have *heard* him, in his *visage*.

His *gesture*, or, as it is commonly call'd, his *action*, was but the result, and necessary consequence of this dominion over his *voice*, and *countenance*; for having, by concurrence of two such causes impress'd his imagination, with the stamp, and spirit, of a passion, his nerves obey'd the impulse by a kind of natural dependency, and relax'd, or brac'd, successively, into all that fine expressiveness, with which he painted what he spoke, without restraint, or affectation.

To say every thing, in a word, he was the NEWTON of the *Theatre*; nor should you be surpriz'd at my *simile*, because the *Playhouse* is no sphere of *philosophy*: my comparison will move upon more legs, than one; for Mr. *Booth*, as well as Sir *Isaac*, discover'd *new* worlds, and demonstrated them: the misfortune is, he left his
brethren

brethren no road, whereby they can travel to them. They must be contented, as no doubt they *will*, with the humble *earth* they are us'd to! — They are happy enough, good people! in applying the measure of *self-judgment*; they find no occasion to supply it, with their *wants*, because it runs over with their *vanity*.

THUS, Sir, I have sent you the true character of Mr. *Booth*, as an *Actor*; I could have been much fuller, on so inviting a subject; but that I consider the size of the treatise, you are about to publish, and shall add nothing more, but the good wishes, with which I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant.

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. MALLET.

1741.

I HAD read, dear Sir, some time ago, in one of the public papers, the new alliance, you are entered into; but having not yet been in *London*, where I must have heard a confirmation of it, I was doubtful, whether it was prudent to precipitate congratulation, on a ground so liable to mislead rash believers.

I SEND it now, not as a mere fashionable compliment, but with the warmth of a participated joy, becoming one, who must take part in every promise of your happiness. And, indeed, I should much wrong the confidence, I ought to have in such a judgment, as you act by, not to conclude, that, in a resolution so important to your private peace, your motive was a wise, and a well-founded one.

BUT, will you suffer me, however, to confess, that you have fired my curiosity to *see* and *hear* this lady, who has had so strong

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and

and swift an influence upon a heart, so firm, and so impressed, as yours was, by the memory of a former sweetness. The lustre must be amiably severe and sparkling, and such as you deserve to glitter in the warmth of, that had the power to attract into itself a flame, so generous as your first, and which your pen delighted to describe, with such a manly and unmodish tenderness.

MAY you be happy, both of you, in so consocial a degree of sensibility, that the wit of neither may have penetration to discern, whose part in the united fulness of felicity, is greatest, or most delicate ! and may this blessing be as lasting, as accomplished ! — I wish I had the power to limit its duration for you : and so, I hope, in a few days to tell you personally ; for I can never have a more agreeable inducement to *see London*, than the joy to *see you happy* in it. — I am, with great truth,

Your most affectionate Friend,

And obedient humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To

1741.

To Mr. MALLET.

DEAR SIR,

AFTER four or five times reading *Alfred*, with the pleasure and attention, you will never fail exciting, I return it you, and thank you very heartily, for obliging me with the first sight of it; for having had no intimation of its *authors*, in the distance I was at from *London*, I concluded it some airy phantom, of the opera kind, and lost, from that time 'till the present, the delight of a conviction to the contrary.

THE *world* and *I* are equally obliged to every page of this new manly *masque*, for beauties, that do *honour*, not to *poetry* alone, but *nature*; and he must be a *blind* or *envious* judge, who does not see the thousand moving *tendernesses*, comprehensive *energies*, exalted strong *reflections*, glowing *sentiments*, and fine-touch'd *delicacies*, both of *satire* and *instruction*, scattered everywhere throughout these scenes, which honestly deserve the highest admiration, and excite the justest gratitude. And this is my sincere and short opinion of the piece, exclusive only of the

L 2

turn,

turn, that has been given the story:—*There*, I find, (or think I find) you have held in the mettle of your *genius*, with too short a rein, perhaps, in compliment to the (more humaniz'd than martial) *living Alfred*, you designed to glance at.

To tell you, in a *Player's cant*, what 'tis I mean, the *business* will, I fear, be thought too *thin* for the occasion. The masque, though sweetly full of things, divinely *thought* and *said*, yet languishes for *want* of what the stage calls *action*. But this, 'tis probable, you judged less necessary in a tragic *masque*, than in a regular *Tragedy*. Your *friends*, however, should be guiltless of disguising the *free* candour of their *sentiments*, in any needless dread of hurting that too tender sensibility, which, though some writers, partial to themselves, are punily misled by, it can never *cloud* the *heart* of such a *poet*, as I write to.

You will, I know, permit your *readers* to expect, that a brave king, so active, and so famed, as *Alfred*, should do more in his own *drama*, (and, especially, where *you* accompany him) than condescend to hear himself

himself advised, blamed, spurr'd, and comforted. — The great and noble truths, which you have put into the *hermit's* mouth, had found a double influence, from *Alfred's*: the scheme, proposed by *Devonshire*, ought surely to have been his *master's*; and, that the *execution* of it might have been so too, the *castle* should have been *besieged*, at very little distance, and the *king's* chief business in the *island* might have been to find and tell his purpose to the *Earl of Devonshire*, and previous to his bold attempt, of passing through the *Danish camp*, to lodge his *queen* and *children* under the protection of the *hermit's sanctuary*, whose reputation of a supernatural power and holiness, has kept the *island* he resided in, *unviolated*, by the aw'd invaders. In that case, those noble *maxims*, on the duties of a young prince's education, had, with fine propriety, become the spirit of a monarch father, leaving his instructions with the person, whose tuition he consigned his *heir* to, should he perish, as was probable, himself, in such an undertaking then, as he had resolv'd upon. Hence, what a compass for *pathetic* parting, between *Alfred* and his *queen*! What room for *generous* feelings,

and magnanimous *preference* of the *public* to the *private* happiness, on the hero's side! and what exalted *resignation*, yet reluctant *strugglings*, on the lady's, betwixt *nature*, and high sense of *sovereignty*! The *Danish king* might have been taken in the *sally*; (by the way, I wish your *Hubba's* name had been his brother *Ongar's*, or else *Uter Halden*; any of the *Danish* names, the history justifies, would have had a more poetic sound than *Hubba*; and do you think *Eltruda* quite so soft, or even quite so *Saxon*, as *Edithe* would have been?) then, in an interview, between the *conqueror* and his *captive*, after the return to *Athelney*, you would have found fine subject for a contrast, of the *king*, against the *tyrant*. In consequence whereof, the *Dane*, as ransom for his life and liberty, might have engaged himself, by oath, to ship off all his troops, to quit the kingdom peaceably, and to embrace the *christian* faith; (facts authorized enough, you know, in *Alfred's* history) the *masque* might then have ended, in a full completion of *dramatic* action, with the *king's* declaring to the Earl of *Devonshire*, a resolution he had formed (what if reported by divine insinuation?) to *build* and *man* a fleet, and

and fix the safety of his too oft insulted kingdom, on the future guard and sovereignty of the ocean.

I COULD have much enlarged upon this head, but that I see it is too late for you, to think of altering your plan, because the *Masque* is with the *licenser*; so, all I mean, by the few hints foregoing, is but in favour of my own warm wish, in your behalf, that such a noble and all powerful genius would assign a *colder* portion of invention, than your *fire* has here allowed itself due leisure for, to the plot-work of your *future* pieces. It is, to say the truth, the whole that can be wanting in you, to attain the highest pitch of *fame*, the stage is able to *reward* you with.

I WAS about to add a word or two; but fear I have already been too long: if you encourage me to hope, you do not *think* so, it may cost you a *new trouble*, from,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate,

And obedient humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. MALLET.

Jan. 13, 1741.

YOU would hardly think, dear Sir, what pleasure it has given me, to find *you* favouring *criticism*. A genius, naturally powerful, like *yours* (and so enrich'd too, by the helps of learning) could not, without *loss* to the whole *republic of letters*, have fallen in with that self-weakening aversion, among writers, which, depriving *fancy* of the *strength* it might receive from *judgment*, trusts the *hope* of their *whole art*, to *nature*. For however *first* and *most* essential, we confess *her* inborn requisites, yet, who does not see, and suffer, by her rash, and too precipitate *misleadings*?

WHAT a *profusion*, for example of *wit*, *force*, and *fancy*, has been wasted, from a *want* of critical discernment, in those masterly wild *paintings* we admire, in SPENCER? what obstruction of bold unprepar'd, yet, sparkling *life*, do we see *lost* for want of being artfully made *necessary*, among the *passions*, which start up, in SHAKESPEAR?
And

And hence alone, how limited, disputed, and imperfect men's *esteem* of these great characters, amidst the *praises* willingly pour'd out upon the *vastness* of their *natural* beauties! It would have been a glorious pitch indeed, to which the fame of *two such writers* must have carried up our *reverence*, had their reflection been but fortunate enough to see and claim the *benefits*, which *permeditation* can bestow on *consequence*, and how for *reason's* coolness may contribute *efficacy*, to the warmth of *rapture*. Would to God, I had discern'd this soon enough myself, to have with-held some silly proofs, which, with a boy-like haste I gave the world, too publickly, how much I stood in need of the discovery! tho' even then, perhaps, I must have wish'd *imagination* livelier. Whereas you (I know, and *feel* it) have a comprehension, in your natural genius, that has no *restraint* to apprehend, from *fancy*. Join to it therefore, for your *own*, and for your country's *honour*, all the disciplin'd *auxiliaries*, of ART — and conquer, beyond *Greek* or *Roman* boundaries,

How

How greatly to my *satisfaction* would it be, if I could *think* with consequence enough, to justify the *wish*, which your *politeness* wastes upon my too defective power in *criticism*. I have, 'tis true, for some years past, employ'd no little *labour* and *attention*, in enquiry, for *my own instruction*: And I once, had purpose to be vain enough to aim at lending some small light to others. For I had finish'd in 1739, *An Essay on Propriety*, which merited (if any thing I do *can* merit) the forgiveness of the public. But I burnt those papers in a long, and melancholy illness, after I had half transcrib'd them, for the *press*; and so I did at the same time *another* piece, that took its subject from the *stage*, and its *neglect*, among us. The *first* of these I sacrific'd, to a *suspicion*, which I apprehended I had *grounds for* — That my *design* (tho' really *modest*, and *benevolent*) would *disoblige*, where it intended *service*, and be thought *conceited* or *invidious*. — And the *second* I disdain'd to *finish*, from the *due contempt* I felt, for the *low conduct* of our *Theatres*; and from my own despair (when I consider'd

sider'd our great men's little love of poetry) that I had any likelihood of living, till they *tasted* criticism.

Not being sure, however, that there was not more of *spleen*, than of sound *reason*, in this action, I have now recover'd *vanity* enough, to *hope*, there were observations, in *both* pieces, which a kind *partiality*, like *yours*, would have been willing to approve of. And (therefore only) I almost repent, that I *destroy'd* 'em: not but it would be *easy*, could I flatter my ambition, with a thought of saying any thing, that you can want to be reminded of, to send you, in *seven* separate letters, one for every *head*, of the *divisions* in my last, the whole explanatory compass of my *critical abridgement*, with inclusion of *examples* to illustrate the reflections, but that, God knows, when *you* may find *patience*, or I leisure, to get through such a long succession of dry stages.

I RETURN you your kind new year's wishes, with all the zeal, and the affection, which your merit can demand from
my

my full sense of it: they ought to have been sent, a few days sooner — But what have *forms* to do with friendships? I shall always (in, or out of season) take the liberty to own myself,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient,

And most faithful Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. MALLET.

Jan. 23, 1741.

DEAR SIR,

HOW long have you been *married*? You will say, 'tis an incurious absence from the world, and (what deserves most notice in it) the good fortune of our friends, that makes it necessary for me, to propose this question. — And yet there is a force of tenderness, in your alarm for that sick person's danger, who has kept you

you out of bed so many nights together, that almost convinces me, this *person in the world most dear to you*, must be a *Lady*.

IF I am right in that conjecture, let me first beg pardon for an inattention nothing could have justified, in one less *lost to notice* than I am, and wish to be ; and then, permit me to assure you, I am sensible of your calamity : for having *felt* in my own case, what I now fear, in *yours*, I apprehend it, with a too susceptible, capacity. — But, may *you* long, be kept a stranger to all *sorrows*, which it would be want of magnanimity, *not* to be shaken by ; since it is then that we most see, and become mortified by the instability of human happiness, when that *protection*, which we owe, and which we *long* to give to a dependent *innocence*, that looks up to us for assistance, in reward of infinite endearment and affection, is so vain and useless a *prerogative*, that it but adds *humiliation* to our *anguish*.

YOUR letter, dated the 17th, not coming to my hand, till late this afternoon, I would be glad to sooth my hope, that now, before
this

this reaches you, the *danger* may be *lessen'd*, and under influence of this belief's kind flattery, I hasten to a different subject; for of all transitions, that should be the suddenest, which shuns the image of a friend's distresses, except only one, which has the happiness of carrying *power* as well as *haste*, and seeks afflictions, to *relieve* and *comfort* 'em.

You ask me, in your postscript, whether you are right, in guessing, there are traces of *my* hand in PAMELA?

No Sir, upon my faith, I had not any (the minutest) share in that delightful *nursery of virtues*. The sole, and absolute author is Mr. *Richardson* of *Salisbury-Court*; and such an author too, he is, that hardly mortal ever match'd him, for his ease of natural power. He seems to *move*, like a calm *summer* sea, that, swelling upward, with unconscious *deepness*, lifts the *heaviest weights* into the *skies*, and shews no *sense* of their *incumbency*. He would, perhaps, in every thing, he says or does, be more in *nature*, than all men, before him, but that he has *one fault*, to an unnatural *excess*—
and

and that is *modesty*. The Book was publish'd many months, before I saw, or heard of it; and when he sent it me, among some other pieces, it came without the smallest *hint*, that it was *his*, and with a grave apology, as for a *trifle*, of too light a species. I found out whose it was, by the resembling turn of *Pamela's* expressions, weigh'd with some which I had noted, as peculiar in his letters: Yet very loth he was, a long time, to confess it. And to say the least I can of qualities, which he conceals, with as much fear, as if they were *ignoble* ones, he is so honest, open, generous, and great a *thinker*, that he cannot in his *writings* paint a virtue that he needs look farther than his *heart*, to find a *pattern* for. Let me not, therefore, rob him for a moment, in so just a mind, as yours, by interception of his praises. The glory is, and ought to be *his* only. And I am much mistaken in the promise of his genius, or *Pamela* (all lovely as she is, in her unheeded, hasty dress) is but a *dawning* to the day, he is to give us.

AND, having now discharg'd my heart of these two burthens, that lay on it, my
concern

concern for your *friend's danger*, and impatience under such a *wrong to Mr. Richardson*, as one day's *silence* would have been, after I knew of the *mistake*, your Postscript hinted at, I will refer what I must say, upon the other paragraphs of yours, till I can hope your mind restor'd to its composure; and more fitted to support the trial of a longer letter, from

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate

And faithful Servant.

A. HILL.

Feb. 9, 1741.

INTERRUPTIONS (dear Sir) when our thoughts are intent on a friend, are like clouds between *us* and the *sun*, but they pass off, and improve our good prospect; for the sky looks more bright, after screening. How I hate the pert voids in the heads, and the hearts, of a kind of licensed and dignified *house-breakers*! modish wasters of our time and attention! At last, they are gone, and would have left me (alone) in *sad* company, but that *your* image is come in to my relief, and I have the pleasure to converse with your sentiments. Next to length in your *life*, I shall love and desire it, in your *letters*. For there I am sure to find something, that exalts me to an esteem of mankind. Something, that allures me into a willing forgetfulness, that the world, you are reconciling me to, is *unlike* you.

AND yet, wicked world as it is! what thanks does it not owe to your two friends; Mr. *** and Mr. ***? to whose judicious desire, of a tract of such letters, you inform me, we are indebted, for the story of *Pamela*. I must consider these gentle-

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men,

men, as a pair of fortunate patriots, who, while they were honestly pursuing some advantage, in view for themselves, have been the cause of more good, than they aim'd at, in behalf of their country.

Let me, therefore, observe, upon how narrow, and how weak a foundation, (as to matter of *fact*) you have erected such a temple of fancy and wonder, that all the powers of wit and of love, and of goodness, will forever delight to dwell in it, as a seat, that will call in new worshippers. And let me heartily thank you too, for a thousand diversify'd rays of the same living light, which break out in all parts, where the subjects allow opportunity, in the last single volume, you were so kind as to send me.

How is it you continue to get time for so many detach'd applications? or, rather, what do I mean, by that question, to a writer, who required but *three months*, for a *Pamela*? Heavens! is there a man in the world, unacquainted with the pen, that asserts it, who could persuade himself to believe this astonishing speed — in a road full of rubs, and unbeaten? God bless the dear creatures,

creatures, *who were always teasing to hear more of Pamela!* I must salute them with the hail of an angel, and say, *blessed shall ye be among women!*

BUT pray, Sir, by the bye) is it not a very strange thing, when one considers, how full of virtues you seem, in these wonderful actions and sentiments, to find you forgetting the great golden rule of morality! Is it *doing to others, as you would that others should do unto you*, when you refuse to acknowledge a charge, that comes home to yourself, and yet, expect *me* to be content, under a great deal more praise, than belongs to *me*? I can forgive such a well-bred injustice, as this, in the gentleman, who mis-judged my poor innocent letter. For as I have not the honour to know him, it was very easy to suspect me of a guilt, I was free from all thoughts of. But, as for *you*, to whom I have long, I thank God, been no stranger, it is the least I have right to insist on, that, if you won't *take* a praise, you should give none.

WHAT a genteel, well-turned epigram have you sent me! but from so kind, and so partial a hand, that whatever I may *think*,

M 2

I will

I will sooner say nothing, than confess myself charmed, except with that part of it, which compares the ridge of rocks, in the *Shannon*, dividing and enfeebling its current, to the perplexing intervention of *rhyme*, interrupting and weakening the sense of expression*. The ingenious complaint is too just, (as our verse is most commonly managed) for what *page* in what *poet* will not give, in clear evidence, that rhyme is as sweet a misleader, as love? And yet, pray please to ask your good lady, and Miss *M*— (whose judgments, I am sure, you have undeniable cause to confide in) whether it is not the fault, or neglect, of mens reason, when they follow beauty, divided from merit?

I AM glad your designer falls to work on the *bundles*; because there is something too intensely reflective in the passions, at the

* When noble thoughts with language pure unite,
To give to kindred excellence its right,
Though unencumber'd with the clogs of rhyme,
Where tinkling sounds, for want of meaning, chime,
Which, like the rock, in Shannon's midway course,
Divide the sense, and interrupt its force:
Well may we judge so strong and clear a rill,
Flows higher, from the muses sacred HILL.

pond,

pond, that would make such significant calls for expression and attitude, as not to allow the due pardon, for those negligent *shadows of form*, which we commonly find; in a frontispiece. Nay, I am so jealous, in behalf of our inward idea of *Pamela's* person, that I dread *any* figur'd pretence to resemblance. For it will be pity, to look at an *air*, and imagine it *hers*, that does not carry some such elegant perfection of amiableness, as will be sure to find place, in the fancy.

I HAVE a commission to thank you, *again and again*, for my daughters; what a terrible condition would you be in, if you were bound to *read* half what they say of you! 'Tis a comfort (you will answer) when a man has to do with such menacing baggages, that women won't find their tongues, in a letter! — In the mean time, I am afraid, there are ladies in your house, who are not like to come off half so swimmingly. For it stands decreed, beyond hope of redemption, that the very next day, these bold threateners set their faces for *London*, whatever quarter in it may escape their invasion, *Salisbury Square* is the first place, against which they will form their approaches.

Nay, and, that *all may be out*, (as you say) they have press'd *me* along with them, as an *escorte* in the march. But I shall discharge this my trust, like a true modern guide, and give notice, when we dislodge, to the *enemy*.

BUT for shame, let me now make an end, lest you should think, there is no measure of conscience in,

Dear Sir,

Your more prattling humble Servant,

Than Pamela,

A. HILL.

YOU

July 29, 1741.

YOU are ever equally yourself, my dear and amiable Mr. R——! and all you think, and all you do, is *beautiful*.

I will not wound your apprehensive mind, with the particulars of what my days and nights have suffered, since the happy afternoon we pass'd in *Salisbury Square*; it was the last and liveliest of our pleasures; and it seemed, as if the chequer-work of human instability condemned us to this long vexation, because no short or common one could be considered as a balance for it. 'Tis not possible to tell you, with how charm'd a sensibility, my daughters and myself, returned from that delightful visit, and what schemes were formed between us, for renewing and extending the felicity.

I HAVE been long accustomed to prepare and arm my mind, against all impressions of calamity; but whether frequent exercise of this too necessary virtue may now, at last, have deadened its due power to make resistance, or what other weakness I should

M 4 charge

charge it on, I know not ; but I find myself less able than I ought to be, to shake off these successions of fresh evils, and support a frame of temper, answerable to the shocks they give me.

BUT I will turn aside myself, and be no part of my own prospect. Let me look at, and delight in you, through all your brightness of increasing fame ;—a fame, that never was so well deserved before, and never can be hurt by envy. Yet, what a monstrous breadth of her coarse clouds have you drawn up, by shining on them, with too strong a lustre !— Sometimes, I pity, and am sometimes very angry, at the persisting dullness of their malice. Hitherto, however, it is innocent of *consequence*. It must depend on *you*, not *them*, to give ability to their bad purpose. — Should they prevail so far, as to deprive the world of any part of what your public promise has now made a debt of honour, then, indeed, their influence would be felt, and (no doubt) cursed, sufficiently, by late posterity.

BUT this, dear Sir, you must not, cannot suffer. — And yet, I almost dread to *ask*, what I long ardently to *bear* — How far
have

have you gone on, in that bold, dangerous, glorious, *second* part, which no man breathing, but the author of the *first*, is equal to! Deliver *Pamela* from these cold *murderers*, who assume a merit in destroying her.

My girls, all charm'd, and fill'd with the idea of that happy afternoon, will not, though they are yet incapable of writing their own sentiments, allow me to say any thing about them, because (as soon as they are well enough) they reserve themselves the pleasure of avowing, what they feel, and wish, and pray, for every one of the three joint engagers. — And, as for me, I never shall be able to express how truly I shall live and die,

Dear Mr. R——

Most humble, and

Affectionate Servant,

A. HILL.

Oct. 15, 1741.

DEAR SIR,

NOTHING but the thorough knowledge, that I have, both of your apprehension and humanity, could have allowed me to be silent so long ; though I had no news to tell you, which I could have told you, with pleasure.

A THOUSAND thanks were due to you, for the two delightful sheets of *Pamela*, Part the 2d, — Where will your wonders end ? or how could I be able to express the joy it gives me, to discern your genius rising, not like a pyramid, still lessening, as it labours upward — but enlarging its proportion, with the grace, and boldness of a *pillar*, that, however high its shaft is lifted, still looks largest at its capital ! Go on, dear Sir, (I see you will and must) to charm and captivate the world ; and force a scribbling race to learn and practice one new virtue — to be pleased with what disgraces them. My daughters are in *Surrey*, preaching *Pamela*,

mela, and *Pamela*'s inimitable author, with true apostolical attachment : and they, and I, are, every where, and every way, both his, and his dear family's,

Most faithful, and

Affectionate humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. MALLETT.

Dec. 21, 1741.

YOU have given me, dear Sir, a new pleasure, by that noble one, you so kindly acknowledge, (and which only a great genius could have been capable so to acknowledge) upon receipt of that little remark or two, which your appeal to my sentiments, and the regard I must have for your wishes, threw me under a necessity of submitting to your candor.

GIVE me leave, (notwithstanding) just to hint at a truth, which it will be needless to dwell

dwell upon to *you*, who conceive it with a more lively apprehension than I do, — that one of the most irksome injunctions on friendship is *advice*, — because it is, for the most part, mis-contrued, as either *disregard*, or *conceitedness*. You, who have as little reason, as any great *thinker* alive, to apprehend mortification from too much presumption that way, are also one of the *last*, from whose self-approbation, any candid remarker would fall into the hazard of *disobliging* — even by an unauthorized and too busy frankness of heart, in an obtruded sincerity of opinion. And yet, I don't know how, but there is (I have felt it too often myself, and I confess it, with shame and repentance) a weak and flattering reluctance in our nature, that impresses most of us with too shrinking a sense, upon occasions of so searching a tendency.

WHAT is it then, we must do, when sometimes, the too obliging idea, which our friends may have formed of our judgment, and, sometimes their desire to be confirm'd in an *esteem*, they know *due* to their *own* — calls our *truth*, or our *honour* in question? must we, on one side, *deceive*, by the affectation

tation of too implicit a *courtlinefs*? — or must we *offend*, on the other, by an over-officious *sincerity*?

THERE is, I think, but *one* honest and masculine *medium*; and that is, to look for, to love, and be charmed with every beauty, which the work is enriched by, and confess it, with all the force and delight it can justify; and, at the same time, to take *pains without pleasure*, to detect every excess, or omission, that may do hurt to the *man* we wish *honoured*, and point them out to him, with a respectful integrity. Whoever acts in this manner, may be sure of contenting *two* persons. He will be satisfied with *himself*, for the present — and his *friend* will be pleased with him hereafter.

I do not, and, indeed, I cannot observe this, with any eye toward the gentleman, to whom I direct it. But, as it is a rule, I have followed, with sometimes the same success, which the freedom of your spirit has allowed it, at present, and sometimes, to the change of much seeming attachment, into future *reserve*, and great *coldness*, I have, therefore, given you the true state of my
I thoughts,

thoughts, on so trying a touchstone of friendships; because, next to the imputation of wanting the courage to correct my *own* errors, I should be most, of all things, ashamed, to stand suspected, as *one*, who takes *delight*, in discovering the *escapes* of another.

AND now, Sir, I will obey your command, and proceed to the remainder of what I broke short in my *last*.

I KNOW nothing, at this time, in *England*, (*public spiritedness* perhaps only excepted) that seems *less* understood, and *more* charged with the *reverse* of its meaning, than CRITICISM. This is taken ridiculously enough, to intend only *carping*; whereas, to give it a *name*, that would but honestly comprehend its *true qualities*, it ought to be called, *The art of praising with pleasure and reason*.

ONE might reduce, I believe, all the *ass-loads* of paper which have been pompously wasted upon this subject, into a contraction, like the nut-shell of *Homer*. For after *subliming* away the volatile nothings, and throwing out upon the dunghill, it deserves, the almost unliftable *caput mortuum*, that lies
heavy

heavy and big, at the bottom, there will little more be found sticking to the sides of the retort, than what our *Twickenham* friend, the poetical *chemist*, who draws the aromatic souls of flowers, would be able to express, in a couplet.

WHAT, for example, can a finished poem contain at the most, but these *seven* distinctions, *purpose*, *invention*, *disposition*, *propriety*, *force*, *grace*, and *expression*? — I think, we may venture to be positive, that, whatever good genius were to print a new piece, if he has first had the patience, to try all his thoughts, by this no very difficult *scale of gradation*, must contain the *whole*, that a critic dares call for ; and, indeed, the *whole*, that a poet can want, even for the warmest demands of his fancy.

BUT, if you find yourself inclined, to pull open my *nut-shell*, and examine its contents more at large, they can *need*, I think, but this short explication :

PURPOSE does not, by choice, but necessity, demand the *first* rank of the *seven*, because no man can execute any work of instruction, or reason, which he has not previously

viously conceived, in some scheme for attempting.

INVENTION has as manifest a right to the *second*, because, by the *plot*, we embody some story, that gives action and life to our *instruction*; and, if we attract not the *imagination*, by the beautiful plan of the *conduct*, our readers can never be *instructed* at all, because we never engage their *attention*.

DISPOSITION must stand *third*, because neglect in the *order* would confound *apprehension*; and so the stairs, which should support one another, 'till they reach the *top story*, being broke into separate flights, rather *prevent* us from finding our way, than *direct* us to the rooms, in due order.

AND the *fourth* step will, of course, be PROPRIETY, because nothing can *move* us, but *nature*; and every thing that is improper, is *unnatural*.

FORCE must follow *Propriety*, — because absence of *energy* leaves objects (however natural) too faint to be *striking*; and, therefore, *strong* sentiments are necessary to de-
tain

tain busy minds, 'till the conclusive *event* of the action.

GRACE, though next to, must come after *Force*, because a faint and *unstriking* conception can have little effect from its ornament; since prettiness (how poetically soever bespangled) may be slept over, if unaffecting, or too languidly void of animation. But, where our mind has been already alarmed by a power, in the play of the passions, — there, add but this *grace* to that *energy*, and the *charm* becomes full and resistless.

IT is needless to tell you, why EXPRESSION must bring up the *rear*; for who can know, better than yourself, that is the *colouring*, by which the pictures must glow. — It is the *glass*, that reflects all the images.

AND so, Sir, you have my short half-inch scale, for the measure of *criticism*. If you please to do it so much honour, as to apply it to the piece you obliged me with the sight of, it will faithfully find these *dimensions*: — that your *purpose* was one of the noblest, and most important, in *nature* — that your *invention* was indulged, by a little too

VOL. II. N sparing

sparing a *haste*, and will be thought not quite up to your *story*—that your *disposition* was rather *impracticable*, than imperfect, from the too narrow *scope*, you allowed to the *model*, which left too short room for the *incidents*—that your *propriety* can be only sometimes complained of, in places, where there is not intirely an agreement preserved, between *thoughts*, (always noble or tender) and the *characters*, under which they are uttered—that your *force*, tho' uncommonly great, in the sentiments, appears *least*, where it ought to have been *most*, that is, not in your conception, but your conceiver, from the hero's too sinking and sedentary complainings—that, as to *grace*, she is so lovely and so dutiful a *child of your own*, that it is pity you consented to bestow her, beneath the just claim of her *beauty*—and that, lastly, for your *expression*,—it is BODY, MIND, MOTION.

BUT, to enlarge on what relates to your *language*, if there is a *possibility* to touch speeches to their advantage (upon which you pour out your beauties, like a *river-god*, in old *sculpture*, from an inclined and inexhaustible *urn*)—it must be owing, I am sure,

sure, to *subtraction*; for to *add* greater *embellishment*, than you give your *expression*, would be both a vain and impracticable labour. I speak here, with restriction to *Tragedy*, where the *passions* being inflamed into intense expectation of events, are sometimes too impatient to *taste* those descriptive retardments, which, in poems of the narrative species, make the richest and most pleasing embroidery.

It was not, 'till about the time of acting of *Atbelwold*, that I came to reflect at all, upon the *necessity*, I am about to explain, of regarding (almost to the exclusion of drefs) *closeness* in the diction of *Tragedy*; and I will tell you the particular *accident*, that first threw me upon the *means* of discovering it. — Among several friendly strictures, which Mr. *Pope* was so kind as to mark with *black lead*, before he returned me my manuscript, the following was one, in a passage, which as it stood, when I sent it him, *was thus*:

— Tho' time has chang'd my love,
'Tis chang'd but like the *diamond*, that
grows brighter,
By loss of dust, in polishing. —

THIS *by loss of dust* was too languid and spiritless an out-crawling, for a sense that was lively enough of itself; — and in place of it, or rather, indeed, shining *over it*, I saw this beautiful change for the better — *and lost BUT DUST*, in polishing.

AN alteration so very small, in its figure, and yet, of so significant an effect, in the new *force*, it bestowed on the sentence, struck *conviction* into the heart of my *vanity*, and I was taught, from that time, to be sensible, that it is from the *turn*, which we give to an *expression*, that we ought to expect its chief *influence*. But, as when impressed by *prophetic* contagion, SAUL *himself* became also a *prophet*, I went on, kept in a series, of reflection succeeding reflection, 'till, at length, I produced to myself this conclusion, to the cost of my former diffuse way of wasting much *paint* in my tragedies. That (for the most part) when, in *dramatical* speeches, no strength is wanting, with regard to their *sentiments*, and yet the *effect* is found *less* active, than we hoped it, (tho' upon an *audience* that listens attentively) that *deficient effect* has been owing to a distention
of

of *figure* and *phrase*, from an indulgence of *poetical imagery*. For this mistaken ambition, over-expanding the *sense* into gradations of unnecessary *ornament*, though its view was but to enliven description, serves but to divide, to mislead, and to puzzle attention, that would else have immediately been caught, and held down, by the plain *force* of greatness in *thought*. For *thick painting* cools *passion*, and effaces its natural *energy*; while a *poet*, who pushes his sentiments (like compressed air) a great deal closer together, than in the gentler agitations of his heart might be necessary, derives a new *strength*, from his diction, that, with a kind of *elastic discharge* of the *spirit*, strikes both *ear* and *apprehension* more smartly.

IF I would recommend to some new writer, whom I loved, a complete *pattern* for his *language*, in Tragedy, I would borrow it from such speeches as CORIN's (page 9) and the HERMIT's (page 18) in your *Alfred*.

AND, if you had not been deprived of opportunity, by the *Masque's* being so near its *appearance*, I would have begg'd you to revise that fine solemn *invocation* (page 12)

and to tell me, whether the business, where-upon those *great spirits* are invited to return into *life*, would not better have agreed with the generosity of the *Prince*, who invokes them, if it had received some such turn as the following :

————— Sacred shade

Of my lov'd *father* ! — All ye parted
spirits

Of my fam'd *ancestors* ! — Arise from
death !

Be men, once more ! — NOT to know pangs,
like mine,

But start at ENGLAND's shame, — and AID
her vengeance.

THERE is one more observation, (which I began first to make, about eight years ago) and which, if I communicate to so rising a genius for the stage, as your own, it may produce you many a loud triumph, long after I shall myself be out of the hearing of all sounds, but *one*, and *that a dreadfully solemn one* !

You must have remarked, how much the *claps* in a *Tragedy* can contribute to its
success

success on the Stage — as well by raising the *spirits* of the *actors*, as by awakening the *hopes* of an *audience*. But it may not, perhaps, have occurred to you, that, though it is *sentiment* chiefly, that produces these *claps*, there are seldom any *number* of them, even in *Plays*, that are full of fine *thoughts*, because those *thoughts* are not (as they ought to be) drawn short, into a strong and sententious *expressiveness*, and pointed out to the *apprehension*, by a closing *rest*, and full *pause*, upon the sense; for *that* both gives *time* for more perfect *conception* of the *beauty* expressed, and for the *applause*, that approves and rewards it. — Whereas, most *actors* indiscreetly *run on*, when they do not *foresee* such *applause*, and *lose* it, by not stopping on a *thought*, that invites it, unless the sense is cut short, so as, in a manner, to *constrain* them to allow it the *weight*, that is proper to it. The want of this art appears visibly: but the practice of it will always enable a writer of a skill, to prepare, in all his *strong*, or his *passionate* speeches, as many *Clap-traps*, for the most part, as *couplets*.

I WILL shew you my *meaning* more clearly, by dividing into such barriers and

breaks (as the use I speak of) *two* of your speeches, in *Alfred*, so abounding in excellent *thoughts*, that one could not wish them more strong, than you have made them already, — and yet, you shall see how *that strength* may appear with double the impressiveness. For the *actor*, at every mark of a *star*, being compelled by the sense, to pause full — (I suppose him, however, an *actor* of genius) as many *claps* would infallibly follow, and throw the *house* into an *uproar of pleasure*.

———— High heaven forbid,
One, *English born*, should ever count, as
gain,

What villainy procur'd him * — Are we
poor?

Be honesty our *riches*! * — Are we *low*?

Let an ennobled scorn of baseness *raise* us! *

'Tis the try'd *heart* alone, that stamps *dis-*
inction.

Hands, that dare *toil* for peace — despise *pol-*
lution. *

Our daily *labour* is our daily *wealth*,

And never *wishing* what we never *want*,

Bribes are disgrace, *beneath* us. *

———— As

As to the change of *British* into *English*, I am far from being so little acquainted with the *right* and *merit* of the *north* part of our *island*, as to have substituted, for the sake of an impertinent *partiality*, a word less just, in our days, no doubt, than your own was; but *Corin*, I conclude to have been a *Saxon*, and so the *Britons*, who were his countrymen's *enemies*, could have no claim to a *share* in his compliments. I proceed now to the second speech, and divide it for *claps*, like the former.

Hear me, thou *aweful power*, that see'st
my *soul* !

If, to disgrace a crown my genius tends,
Ne'er let my feeble deeds defame a *people*? *
Teach me to *rule* them, with a *father's* heart,
And love my subjects into sense of duty. *
Let only bad men *fear*, and false ones *hate*
me. *

Teach me to *raise* dejected *England's* name,
And swell th' *insulted* sound with *warlike*
terror. *

Guardian of virtue, industry, and law,
Let every good man's *wrongs* reproach my
tamenefs ! *

Teach me to plant new knowledge, tempt
new arts,

Protect

186 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

Protect lov'd *liberty*, and fix her *steady*, *
 Teach me to scorn mean *avarice*, shun
 proud *rage*,
 And, 'twixt the *roar* of factions, *steer un-*
 driven ! *
 Or, if *unfit* for these great ends, thou find'st
 me,
 Ne'er let me lend a sullied name, kind
 heaven!
 To *eke*, the humble lists, that *stain'd* a
 throne. *

HERE you see, Sir, that, without changing a *thought* --- only by dividing the road into *turnpikes*, for *claps*, to *pay toll* at, there could not fail to arise, at least, the *eight* I have marked, (I am positive and sure of it, from my attentive experience, in a long observation of the taste and the practice of audiences) whereas the turn that has connected your speech, into that beautifully continued chain of dependencies, could not possibly (and so you will find) excite more than *one single clap*, and that, not 'till the end of the *last line*, before which, expectation being held in suspense, such an interruption would make the audience afraid of losing the thread of the meaning.

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ORIGINAL LETTERS. 187

I HAVE done, dear Sir, at last; and I am not without some fear, you will hear *that* with pleasure, so I dare not detain you any longer, than while I adorn my name with a distinction it delights [to appear in, which is that of

Your most faithfully affectionate,

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

P. S. I may appeal to the *length* of this letter, that it cannot be out of *laziness*, I intreat your permission to decline *Prologues* or *Epilogues*, for one, who is so much richer than his friends, whom he begs from, that I wonder he is not ashamed of his *avarice*!

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The

The following Letter was sent, by AARON HILL, Esq; to a certain Lord, who was, at that time, one of the Lords of the Admiralty.

July 26, 1742.

MY LORD,

WHEN I consider your known genius, so adapted to *marine* improvements, and, in consequence, to the important *duties of a Lord of the Admiralty*, I can no longer resist my impulse, to present you with a naval scheme; and I will do it in *defiance* of that almost *sure neglect*, which men, who *know* the world, expect to meet with, when, in a *private* situation of life, they take upon them to reflect for the *publick*. But your Lordship's *spirit*, if I know it rightly, is, at the same time, both *apt* and *enterprizing*; so that he, who can bring *reasons*, to convince your *understanding*, will find no dull cold *rubs*, to stop him, in your *flegm*, or your *aversion* to new notions: and this, as *tastes* go now, is a *good fortune* not to be too boldly trusted to.

THERE is something, so impolitically *little*, something, so provokingly *disgraceful*! (to a nation,

a nation, that presumes and boasts in itself the mistress of the ocean) in those *insults*, which we suffer ourselves to be exposed to, by the *capture* of such numbers of our *trading* vessels, in our very *channel*, at the very *opening* of our best defended *harbours*, under the *noses* (as one may say) of our *guardships* and *cruizers*, that it cannot be reflected on, by a *disinterested Englishman*, without blushes and horror: nor by *thinking*, and impartial *foreigners*, but with such conclusions from it, as must represent both *us* and our *pretensions*, empty, vain, weak, powerless, or ridiculous: and all this with double and more just impression, as the *enemy* we are so shockingly insulted by, is known, and universally considered, as the most *contemptible*, for sea affairs, perhaps, in *Christendom*.

IF it were *doubtful*, whether we could *check* these depredations, we might learn content, from a supposed necessity of suffering them with tameness. But far from it — 'twere the most easy, and most certain thing in nature, not to repel them only in their insolent attempts, but absolutely to restrain and bridle their *capacity*, of sending out a *privateer* against us. — And this, methinks, is what would best become the spirit of the
English

English nation. For, to spread our *cruisers* up and down the seas, in chase of every petty rover, that, depending on his *oars* and canvas, shuns an *enemy*, if found too *strong*, and *preys*, with safety, on a *weaker*, — is a scene, that might provoke a *cynic* to compare us to *boys*, running up and down, to throw their *bats* at single *bees*, that rob their mother's *honeysuckles*, when the *good old woman* knows a trick worth twenty of it; and can *pen* whole hives of the light rogues together, and then *choak* them, with the smell of brimstone.

IF your Lordship pleases but to reflect, how short the sea line is, from *Guernsey*, round by *Ushant*, on to *Cape Finnisterrè*, and that almost all the damage we sustain, is from the *Spanish ports*, along the *Bay of Biscay*, there will need but little argument, to manifest the *benefits* we might receive, by blocking up, not their ports singly, but that whole offensive bay, at once, — by a strong, tripple line of ships, extending from about our isles of *Guernsey* and *Jersey*, to *Cape Finistierre* abovementioned; because were the line stretched over to the *Cornish coast*, the *Spanish capers* might, by keeping the
French

French shore aboard, steal round into our channel.

To do this, with *sure* and terrible effect, there need not be employed more vessels, than, as things now stand, are ordered out, on random cruizes. — For example, the degrees are 8, from 43, the latitude of the cape, to 51, or thereabouts; that of our coast of *Cornwall*, and the distance much the same, by rounding the line *east*, to *Guernsey*. — Suppose then, that there were employed, upon this station, eight or nine fourth, eight fifth, and eight of the best sixth-rate vessels: the whole number being 24, or 25, would form three lines, at about ten leagues distance, each *side* line from the *middle* one; so as to possess a *breadth* of threescore miles, for the whole *length* of near upon five hundred.

I MENTION three lines, because, in case of one line only, where the ships that form it, keep the too great distance of a whole degree from one another, it would be impossible to hinder *privateers*, from passing safe, through any of the *openings*; and, tho' this might be somewhat helped, by station-
ing

ing the four or five and twenty, in one line, at distances of only fifteen miles asunder, yet, it would still be found impracticable, in such a disposition, to prevent a nimble pilferer from breaking out, or in, by favour of a dark and stormy night, at any of the *intervals*, and getting out of fight, by day-break.

UPON which consideration, it should seem the surest method, to assign the *middle* line to eight, or nine, fourth rates, each distant one degree ; and then to form two *side* lines, east and west, each thirty miles wide of that *middle* one, placing *eight* sixth rates, for the *inner*, or the *eastward* line, ranged right against the *center* of the openings of the *middle* one. And *eight* fifth rates for the *outer* line of all, to lie right opposite, against the openings to the *West* of the same *middle* range, (as I have marked in the sketch inclosed) — In such an order, any vessel, that attempts to pass this tripple line, must come within five leagues of some, or other, of these station ships, surrounding her, which, if she dares attempt *by day*, she must infallibly be *crossed*, and intercepted — and, should she take advantage of the *night*, yet, as the
breadth

breadth of the three lines extends to sixty miles, she could not possibly have run that distance, before *day-light* would discover her, to that part of one of the out-lines, which happens to lie best for crossing her.

IF ships, so stationed, had instructions to preserve their *latitudes*, to what exactness they find possible, *easting* and *westing* only, when they move, and that, to no great distances, (except when *chasing*) and were once in six weeks, or two months, to be all relieved together, by a new, clean, squadron, and called home, to guard our coasts, and then re-victualled and refreshed, in our own harbours, there could be little difference between the readiness (in any sudden and emergent use) of ships so posted, within call, on service, and a squadron fitted out for channel observation.

I SAY nothing, here, as to the *Bay of Cadiz*, and places thereabouts, because a little squadron, at *Gibraltar*, might be enjoined to keep a watch upon that quarter, and, in concert with the *Port-Makon* ships, manage matters so, as, at the same time, to prevent all danger, from the other *Spanish*

harbours, within the *Streights*, along the *Med.terranean*.

BUT I confine myself, at present, to their *ports* upon the *ocean* ; from which, in such a disposition on our part, I don't see, how a single ship of *theirs* could put to *sea*, with any prospect of escaping us, at going *out*, or coming *back* again, whether with *booty*, or without it. Nor need I, to an apprehension like your Lordship's, hint the ease, where-with a squadron, so distributed, might draw together, on a sudden, when occasion call'd, to intercept their ships of *war*, or *trade*, bound to or from *America*.—Nor will I dwell upon the little need of *convoys*, such a scheme would leave us under the necessity of *pressing* for, compared with that demand, as things now stand ; nor will I touch upon the dreadful reputation, which our maritime superiority would draw, from such a visible *sea-chain*, thrown over the presumption of our enemies, and their abettors, who could never fail to see, and feel, the share, their situation gives them, in the same restraint, that humbles their proud neighbour.

ALL

ALL these, and many other natural consequences, branching out, from this new disposition, will, I know, at once, be present to so active an imagination as your Lordship's. — So submitting the idea to your disregard, or your improvement, I subscribe not my true name, because I have in view no interest, but that of my *country*; and for that cause only, take the liberty to write myself.

Your Lordship's

Unknown humble Servant,

ANGLICUS.

To Mr. POPPLE.

Aug. 12, 1742.

DEAR SIR,

I AM very much obliged to you for your bottle of *Bermudas* rum, which came inclosed under so mathematical and well-woven a cover, that I was loth to unravel the basket.

You have pleased me not a little, by your intelligence, that the *Bermudians* turn their thoughts upon *rum*, from the cane juice, without boiling up into *sugar*. This will come out to much better account, than a *sugar manufacture*, in that island, where, considering the thin *stratum* of earth on their surface, they can hardly expect to make above three hogheads of *muscovado*, at most, from an *acre*; and that at a very great charge too, of *coppers*, and other expences, which will be saved in the *rum* trade. And yet, from the same quantity of *cane-juice*, that would yield but those three hogheads of *sugar*, they will distil, if they go rightly to work, about double that quantity of *rum*, without any of the bustle of evaporating and graining, as for the other.

THIS first fruit of their purpose, which has been sent you over, by your brother, the *governor*, is a genuine and excellent rum; and so much too high drawn, that my bottle bore the addition of near half a pint of water, and remained still of good proof, with a taste more agreeable, and only the softer for reducing.

THERE

THERE is one, and but one, defect, that will need to be remedied ; and it may be helped, by an easy change in their manner of working. This, like most rum, has an *empyreuma* ; forgive me the cant of a technical term, I might as well, in plain *English*, have called it, a *twang of the fire* ; a burnt taste and smell, caused by a too clammy consistence in the *wash*, when put into the *still*, where it adheres to, and coats the sides of the metal, and coming into contact with the fire, *incrustates* (like *burnt-to milk*) in the boiling, and communicates that disagreeable smatch to the *spirit*, for which the rum of the *Leeward islands* has long been remarkable ; and so has *too much* even of that from *Jamaica* and *Barbadoes*.

I AM afraid, the *Bermudians* contribute some unnecessary super-addition of thickness to the juice, by boiling up into a grosser consistence, before they ferment it ; whereas, it *naturally* comes out of the *cane* a great deal too *syrupy*, to ferment with the requisite freedom. They should rather have made it thinner, by mixing with it a third part, or more, of pure water, before they

set it to *work*. It would then have fermented to perfection, because the *diluter* the liquid, the more freely will the *saline* particles dissolve in it, and expand themselves with a better effect, for attenuating, dividing, and rarifying the *oleaginous* cohesion of the fluid. And thereby not only increase the spirit in quantity: but (what is of infinitely more desirable advantage) completely acidulate and sharpen the liquor; which, in that condition, goes into the *still*, with a smell, almost as acrid as *vinegar*, and quite deprived of its fulsome and *treachy* tenacity. — The certain good consequence of such an entire rarification of the gross, stinking, vegetable *oils* of the subject, is, that the *spirit* comes down with a keen pleasant picquancy, like *arrack*, in place of that nauseous, coarse, rummy flavour, so distasteful to palates, that have not been used to it. And now, I will tell you a secret — which is so truly and importantly such, that there is hardly any body, I think, but yourself, to whom I would tell it.

THIS is not only *like* arrack — it actually *is* arrack, and the true way that they make the best sort of it in *India*, where they have
three

three very different kinds; (the word in the *Indostan* tongue, signifying no more than a *spirit*); they have *Goa* arrack, *Batavia* arrack, and *Pariarr* arrack.

GOA arrack is a distillation from *toddy* (the juice of the *palm* tree) — *Batavia* arrack, from the juice of their *sugar cane*, fermented to sowerness, and kept some time to grow fine, in close vessels, before *distillation*; and *Pariarr* arrack, the least valued of the three, is *rice-wort* distilled into brandy. But this is, as it were, the *gin* of the *Indies*, in no esteem but among the *vulgar*, and borrowing its name from the *porters*, and lowest dregs of the people. So that, since the arrack of *Batavia*, which, you know, is most valued here, in *Europe*, is a product from only this juice, that your friends in *Bermudas* begin to be stored with, I leave it to your own reflection, and theirs, what use may be drawn from the discovery, after having added, that, what I tell you, concerning it, is no guess or imagination of my own, but an absolute and positive fact, which I have known to be so many years; and of which, when it can do you any service,

vice, to be more fully and minutely informed, I will give you undeniable evidence.

IN the mean time, if the good people of *Bermudas*, without troubling themselves to distil a completely perfect and elegant *ar-rack*, should only practice so much of the process directed above, as to clean, improve, and enliven the taste of their *rum*, into a reputation beyond that of *Jamaica*, (which it is an impossibility for them to miss of immediately) they will remember, with no short-liv'd gratitude, the æra of your brother's government, from whom, and his family, they receive the advantage.——Conclude me always, with a faithful affection,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient,

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. JOHN ATKINS.

O~~ct~~. 26, 1742.

S I R,

I HAVE read your *Navy Surgeon*, with the pleasure and improvement you have, every where, enriched it with a power of communicating. It is a present I shall always place the highest value on, and am exceedingly obliged to you, for the frequent opportunities I shall draw from it, to remember its instructive author, with the gratitude, and the esteem, so due to his good-nature and capacity,

THE satire, in your introduction, is severely sharp and stinging, But then, it is so justly founded, and so visibly deserved, that every man of honour, truth, and reason, must approve and be delighted with it. So too, they must, with many new and strong reflections, you have scatter'd, with a liberal hand, throughout the treatise; Nor can I help remarking, with how bold and fine a touch, you venture to dissect the *minds* of men, as freely, as you would their *bodies*! I am, with many thanks,

Sir, Yours, &c.

A. HILL.

To Mr. RICH.

Nov. 4, 1742.

SIR,

EVER since *Friday* was sen'night, I have lengthened my stay, in this malignant situation, on my brother's informing me, that I might daily hope the favour of a letter from you, which now having receiv'd, I dare stand the danger no longer; but have given orders for the coach to morrow morning, to carry me back, into the dry upland air of *Hertfordshire*, where, if it pleases God, that I recover, I design to pass some middle months of the *winter* in *London*, and shall often hope the pleasure of seeing you: If, on the contrary, my last sands are running, may *you* long live on, and prosper in all your designs and determinations, to the equal increase of your fortune and your reputation.

As to the Play, I don't know what I should reply to the remarks you have sent me upon it; there being several *expressions* which forbid me to think, they can be *yours*; and indeed, I am half drawn to suspect

pect, that you good-nature, unwilling to read a friend's Tragedy, with a view to observe but what to *censure*, and yet not inclining, perhaps, (for some private reason) to *act* it, you put in into the hands of a namesake of *Cæsar's* in *Egypt*, whose opinion it was easier to foresee, than he would find it to vindicate.

HOWEVER this may have been, I will send you a few remarks on those observations, and consider 'em without the least *acrimony*, because your have done 'em the favour of allowing them to come to *me*, in *your* name. And wherever I find the smallest unmistaken objection, I will alter the place it relates to, with pleasure: but let me venture to assure you, before hand, that you will acknowledge most of them, to have been *rash*, *unweigh'd*, and *ill-founded*.

IF you wish, dear Sir, to decline the *acting* of *Cæsar*, return it me, frankly without putting yourself to the trouble of assigning *any cause*, but your *will* or *convenience*. I shall be far from taking it ill, for, I am naturally, and disinterestedly, your well-wisher, independent on what sentiments you may have conceived, either of
me

me, or my *understanding*. But, if you will be so good to bring it on, do it with that *spirit* and *generosity*, which you have, in this letter, encourag'd me to hope for, when you tell me, in very kind, and obliging expressions, that you will do any thing in your power, that may (in any shape) tend to my service.

YOUR acting this Play will tend greatly to my service ; and as this is an affair, that is and must lie at nobody's decision, but yours, I am loth to increase my present pain, by the mortifying suspicion, of your wanting so much regard for me, as that comes to, and especially, as I have told you, that you should be indemnified, against any possible loss, by,

Sir,

Your most faithfully affectionate,

And obedient humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. MALLET.

May 9, 1743.

DEAR SIR,

IT is best to be *silent*, where what must be said would give *pain* to our friends. I have, therefore, writ nothing, in answer to the kindness express'd in your last : because I could only have told you, that my daughter's relapse had made me despair of her recovery. The *Surry* air, however, and advance of the spring, have almost encouraged me to hope, she is now out of danger. Twenty times, while at the worst, she repeated the reflection, how closely our disappointments succeed, to the prospects of our pleasures ! For the last day she was able to hold up her head, she had the honour of thanking your Lady, for an obligation, always uppermost in her memory.

As to myself, I have never *since* seen *London*, but in passing through a part of it, the remotest, in all lights, from that which your choice has distinguish'd. I don't know, whether you are still there, or no ; but send
out

out this letter on discovery : a writer, polish'd into the modern embellishments, would have taken this opportunity to shew his erudition in *French*, by the word *reconnoitre* — Horrible affectation of jargon ! such abominable insertions, as this phrase, and *tapis* and *ecclaircissement*, and all the frightful *et cætera*, most in fashion, into a language, they rather stick to, than unite with, seem to me as ridiculous [an endeavour, as an *act for naturalization of blackamoors* ! — The inherent opposition of colour makes a jest of, and repulses authority.

I SICKEN'D into the occasion of this remark upon reading a few late pamphlets, which were sent to me as *English* ones. I don't know whether it may not be straining the point a little too far, but I can't forbear considering this subordinate disposition, to receive *French words* and *French fashions*, as a kind of *national* dependency, that resembles a *conquest*.

IN the mean time, I recollect (while I am touching this subject, to a *master* of our language, who knows *what reasons* we have for despising the *slavery*) I recollect I say,
a little

a little *poetical stream*, that I drew from a *French fountain*; and design'd to have let it *creep* towards your *ocean*, upon my first meeting with a paragraph, in the *News-papers*, that mention'd your *marriage*. But, I don't know how I laid it bye and forgot it, which I mention, with some *wonder*: not because I writ it myself — but because the *subject* call'd for lasting impressiion.

I HAD been looking into *father Boubours*, (whom Mr. *Addison* calls the *best* of the *French critics*) and had met with the following verses; which are highly in that author's favour, for a simplicity not inferior, he says, to *Ovid* or *Catullus*.

*Elevé dans la vertue,
Et malheureux, avec elle,
Je disois, a quoi sers tu,
Pauvre, et sterile, Vertu?
Ta Droiture, et tout ton Zele,
Tout compté, tout rabatu,
Ne valent pas un festu.*

*Mais voyant qua l'on couronne,
Aujourd 'huy, le grand Pomponne,
Aussitôt, je me suis teû;
A quelque chose, elle est bonne.*

THE *simplicity* I saw ; and liked very well. But there was something, which I did not see, that ought, in my opinion, to have been there. Something of a conception, not less plain, yet fuller — with a livelier cast of humour, in the turn ; and somewhat, too of delicacy, methought, seem'd wanting.

I WAS full of an idea, more inspiring, than a dozen of his *Pomponnes* ; so took a diamond pen out of my pocket, and committed the inscription following to the trust of a *glass* monument ; not perhaps too brittle for the *fancy*.

Taste, said I, and deep discerning,
 Grace and virtue too thrown in ;
 Air-like ease, and fun-like learning,
 All are claims not worth a pin.
 No, said Truth, and frown'd her nod to't,
Fortune lives with none of these ;
Fools -- and there she swore by G—d to't,
 Fools are those, she works to please.
How, cry'd Wit ! -- behold ! a MALLET,
 In our ELSTOB's bosom blest'd :
 Once, said Truth, I'm out ! — recal it :
Miracles must stand confess'd.

I AM

I AM sure, there is *reason* enough, here :
 As for *wit*, I don't know, what to say to
 that part of my version : All I can assert,
 with any positive evidence, is, that whatever
 the quantity of wit may have been, a Go-
 thic rogue of a *cat* has thrown it out of
 the *window*. The mischief of his heart was
 levell'd at a poor *bird*, but that escap'd,
 and a less tuneful composition suffer'd. So
 that it is owing to the scribbling industry
 of a busy little compiler in the family,
 that I have now the opportunity of sending
 you this truly *petite piece* of,

Dear Sir,

Your most humble,

And affectionate Servant,

A. HILL.

P

To

To Mr. MALLET.

May 24, 1743.

DEAR SIR,

MY daughter, who has been learning to milk Cows, in north *Surry*, at a *true* country-cottage, will have a good deal of difficulty to allow the propriety of that name, to so courtly a situation, as yours, at *Strand-Green*, is ; but she will tell you her own thoughts of the matter, when she has the pleasure to wait on your Lady : and I hope, from the daily increase of her spirits, it will not be long, before I may venture to take her with me, in a voyage, which she thinks of so chearfully.

IN return for the good news you tell me, of *Socrates*, and his resurrection into life everlasting, you call me to a stricter account of the use, I am making of leisure, than I have enabled myself, on a sudden, to give you : I am very *busy* ; but it is, like the *Gnats*, when they people a *sun-beam* : My excursions are various, but short : one pursuit meets and crosses another : I begin many starts, but end nothing : Imagination
is

is a kind of *wife* to the judgment; she attracts, and delights by her beauties; but then she quite spoils all relish of a coarser society, however solid or dirtily useful.

I AM proceeding by fits, in my *Essay on expressing the passions*: I am preparing heads, too, for a task of *your* setting me, on the subject of criticism. I am finishing the last four books of my *Gideon*; I am collecting, or rather selecting a thousand trifles, printed and unprinted, with, intention to raise an army of volumes, and break out, in full *form*, upon the public. And now I talk in the strain of a *soldier*, let me add, that I am far gone in a *new* art of *war*.
 —In short, I can no more tell you, how many amusements I am engag'd in, than *when* I shall be able to get to the end of them. — Pray have you yet met with this new-publish'd poem, I send you?

BUT you were asking what I think of the story of *Socrates*, for a Tragedy? — In *your* hand, I believe, he may shine in a *dramatical* light; as he must if he would charm on the Theatre. For the *philosophical* ray is too faint for the clash of *passions*:

this objection, that lay against *Cato*, will bear equally bad against *Socrates*: And yet, I really think, that, with a view to the reigning malignance of *party*, and its destructive opposition to *virtue*, some great and striking good use might be made of the story.

TERROR, for example, may be powerfully mov'd by the factious agitations, and vigilant activity of *malice*, in the friends of the *accusing* side, oppos'd to, and *preventing* the generous contrivances of *Crito*, and the favourers of *Socrates*, to procure his *escape*, (first) which the *prisoner's* own heroic firmness, and contempt of his sentence, disappointing all possible hope of; the *next* attempt might be, to *rescue* him by force of arms; and this by some beautiful invention, being absolutely brought to effect, and *Socrates* at full liberty, triumphant over his enemies, and invited by the popular cry with the power of *Archon*, how strikingly great, and dramatically terrible, would it be, to convene friends, and enemies, in one general assembly; and therein, after expressing in the strongest lights, the injustice, and villainy, of his sentence; and

and the danger arising to the public administration, by such permission of private oppression, proceed, instead of *accepting* the government irregularly offer'd him, to show the *yet greater* danger, of contributing the plea of a philosopher's example, toward encouraging a tumultuous resistance, in violation of establish'd laws, and their authority; in confirmation of which, he may be suppos'd to have procur'd the *poisonous* draught beforehand from the keeper, and taking it out of his bosom, drink it, resolutely, and calmly, to the bottom, in the *face*, and to the *astonishment* of the assembly: — The fury, which would be naturally excited by so calamitous and provoking an event, might immediately produce the violent deaths of *Anytus* and *Melitus*: (which, you know, was afterwards the real consequence) and certainly, from the preparation, maturation, and turn, of all these strongly agitative, and tragical incidents, the *terror* would be produc'd sufficiently.

AFTER which, follows such vast room, for *compassion*, in the manner, and pathetic and instructive *sublimity of his death*, that

I don't know, as the idea grows, under this short, and hasty examination, of the subject, whether you may not work up, as *active* a Tragedy, upon a story, which would generally be fear'd too tame, too passively declamatory, as on any other ground-work, from the *Greek* or *Roman* history.

IF you would have fuller hints, and a more weigh'd, and perfect scheme, I will think more deliberately, how the subject might be animated, by most warmth of *action*, under such a *pen*, as yours is.

THERE occurs, this moment, a new difficulty; and that is, what the criticks call *poetical justice*. This (with Mr. *Addison's* good leave) is no such silly notion, as he strove, in his partiality to his own Tragedy, to make it be reputed: He would have found it a much easier task, to represent the *obstinacy* and persisting *pride* of *Cato*, and his *distrust* of the Gods future help, as CRIMES that *justified* his fate, (too insolent, and voluntary,) than to persuade men to look *pleas'd*, upon the miseries of a *faultless* sufferer; and thereby, leave a blot upon the equity

equity of *providence*, to take it off from the example in his Tragedy.

THE remedy, which Mr. *Addison* discern'd not, will fit *Socrates*, as well as *Cato* : For, what *pride* of wilfulness, what arrogance of obstinate, invincible, *self-humouring* perverseness, was ever more remarkable, than his refusing to submit to pay the *fine*, his judges first condemn'd him in ; or even to suffer *Crito*, and his other *friends* (who *press'd* him, both by words and tears) to collect, and pay it for him ?
 — *Crito* might, with a friendly plainness of reproach, tenderly expose the *weakness* of this *pride of heart* ; and *Socrates* might *answer* in his own defence, with all the ablest *Salvo's* of philosophy ; this would have *two* effects, both *good* : The contrast of opinions, so disputed, would be actively *dramatical* ; and the exposure of such faults, as evils capable of making *heaven* displeas'd, with one, so amiable, and so virtuously adorn'd as *Socrates*, must touch the *hearts* of a like *guilty*, yet *not like virtuous*, audience, with a double force of *pity* ; from the conscious feelings of their own infirmity.

I WISH now, I were half so sure, that you will like these off-hand sentiments of mine, as that you will not fail to think the letter that conveys them, at least, *long* enough from,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate

And most obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. MALLET.

June 2, 1743.

THE temptation of some hours in Mr. *Mallet's* company is even too great to be resisted by the *tooth-ach*; strong, at once, and silly intervention! which now (for the first time in my life) has found its way to plague me, and condemns me to a close-shut mouth; no mighty misery, indeed, as talking goes, in general, but a misfortune worth lamenting, upon rare occasions, such as your obliging kind letter now presents me with.

BUT,

BUT, as the post has brought it me, (again) three whole days later than the date it carries, and I cannot hope, that *mine* will reach you soon enough (to-morrow being the last of the two days you mention) I dare not venture to propose a shorter time, than *Tuesday*; before which, in all events, my letter might be brought you, even though you should not call at your town-house, and find it.

ON *Tuesday*, therefore, if it is a day, you are to be in town on, I will wait on you, by one o' clock, at *St. Paul's Coffee-house*, by *Doctors Commons* gate, from whence we may go dine together at the tavern, next door, (which was *Truby's*) — It is central, with regard to situation, and has *elegance*, detach'd from *bustle*. — Or, in case you do not come to town that day, I am to be, the next, at *Point Pleasant*, in the neighbourhood of *Putney*, and, from thence, at the same hour, on *Thursday* will be at any place of your appointing me, on either side the river, between *Strand-Green* and *Wandsworth*. I do not name your own house now, because you will be liable to *visits*, that may interrupt us.

IF

IF the bearer finds you, please to let him bring me two short lines, to signify your choice of *Tuesday* or *Thursday*. If he misses you, oblige me with a letter by the *penny-post*, which, if put in at *London*, never fails to be delivered here, the next day after.

As to the *Fanciad*, you guess right. — It was with the late *Earl of Peterborough*, the conversation pass'd, which I have mention'd in the preface. He told me, at the same time, he doubted whether the *Duke of Marlborough* had kept so many of the original letters and papers, as might serve to ground a history upon; but, I hope, he was mistaken, in that point, because I have been credibly assured, that *Lord Cadogan*, who had served so long, most near the Duke, declared, as from his certain knowledge, there were notes and heads enough collected, to give scope to one of the completest histories, that could be written.

WHAT fact there is in this, I know not; but I should be greatly pleased, if you could learn the certainty, from my Lady Dutchess Dowager, to whom I have not the honour
to

to be known ; nor has she, I believe, so much as heard yet of the *Fanciad*, for I never sent it to her, nor, indeed, to any hand at all, but *yours*, to whom it came, in part of a *reply* to your *enquiry*, how I spent my *leisure*.

IN the interim, don't imagine me so vain, to think myself half qualified for such a *task* as the Duke's *history*. I did but wish to see some willing undertaker equal to it. There is immensity of difference, between observing the too visible defects, in all the histories, published hitherto, of that great conqueror's actions, and presuming it within my power, to do his wonders justice ! — Even in the best hand on earth, it were a labour, for some length of years : but it is what, I hope, the dutchess's late amiable regard for future fame, will find some happy mind or other, properly accomplished for. It will be hard to say, which different nobleness of soul will most delight posterity ; the *Duke's* in his astonishing neglect of glory, which he used such almost more than human virtues to *deserve* ; or his surviving *consort's* generous application, for continuing to a world the *memory* (I mean the *clear* idea)

idea) of his *greatness*; which, by so saving, from the dusk of mis-conception, she will make herself, as it were, the actor of it.

I FORBORE to send the *poem*, from abhorrence of the *motives*, commonly supposed to influence addressees of *that nature*, though I am secure, I think, where known, from all suspicions that way tending, since my retreat from *noise*, or almost *notice*, and the long reciprocal contempt, by *fortune*, shewn to *me*, and by *me* shewn to *fortune*, should prevent my being, at this time of day, mistaken for a *flatterer*. To say truth, I was loth to hazard looking *like* one, having no design, in publishing this poem, but the prospect of a *national* honour, from such a history as I wished, of such an *English* conqueror.

IN case, indeed, I found no likelihood of animating some more qualified assumer, I believe, I had it in my *will*, to venture on an essay of one year only, of the war, myself (suppose it that of *Blenheim*) as the last, and least to be desir'd means, whereby to make it evident, at worst, that nothing has been yet performed, that, either in the *matter*,

ter, or the *manner*, shews the *Duke of Marlborough*, in the *thinking*, the *foreseeing*, and the *active* — the *Marcellian*, and the *Fabian* lights, *conjoin'd*, wherein he ought to *shine*, to all the *readers* of his history.

I KNOW, that such a specimen, as *mine*, must still be infinitely *too defective*: But then, the *family* would draw, at least, this conclusion from it, — if, in *one year's* history only so much *injury* has been sustained, from the old representations, such a *number* of illustrious actions and events *obscured*, by a dark way of telling them; such a series of wise councils, both preparatory and preventive, all pass'd over in *dead silence*, what endless room must there remain, for vindicating this *great man's* true character, from all the *wrongs* it suffers, by the *ignorance* or *want* of genius, in his *writers*, during the whole bright *succession* of his triumphs? drawn too, by some happier hand than mine, and aided by the many notes the *family memoirs* might furnish him.

THIS being my whole purpose, (and not even this, unless my *Fanciad* has not the good luck to animate some *abler* undertaker)

ker) it would give me, (as I said just now) much pleasure, to be well informed, whether there are, or are not, *such memoirs* in being. But, whether it is so, or no, there is enough, in the *French, Dutch, and German* histories, compared with *ours* to give a man, of any *military* penetration, all the ends of those intangled *clues*, which want but his *unwinding* and *new-ranging*, to lead *future* ages thro' the *labyrinth*.

I COULD not forbear saying this, from the occasion your kind paragraph has given me for it. — As to your doubt, concerning *Socrates*, and all the other subjects of your last, I will say nothing, 'till I have the pleasure of a personal conversation with you, but make haste to shut up this *long* letter — for, by this time, you begin to fear, you never are to have a *short* one, from,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate,

And obedient humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. MALLEY.

Oct. 9, 1743.

I HAD my thoughts, dear Sir, bent earnestly upon you, when the penny-post man brought me a new picture of your mind, in miniature.

“ Where moral *meaning*, and where *taste*
“ *presides*,
“ And *wit* enlivens, but what *reason* guides!”

IF you know the author of the generous piece, from which I stole that couplet, tell him, that, in spite of his aversion against *verbal* criticism, he ought to be reproached, when he so far indulges the licentiousness laid claim to, by the celebrated, as to grow too careless, in the choice of *rhyme*, because secure upon the side of *reason*. — Shone, unknown — toil, pile — fly, fight — assert, part. — These are dangerous examples, in the practice of a writer, who was *born* to be *imitated*; and, if he would believe plain truth, upon so doubtful an opinion as mine is, he may be told, by a much better authority,

thority, why it is expected from him, that he should always,

“ To his own fair beginnings strictly true,
“ Think, what the *world* may claim, and
“ *he* must do.
“ The honours, that already grace his name,
“ Have fix’d his choice, and *force* him into
“ fame.”

GOD grant now, that he mayn’t think, I have piddled out this little heedlessness, with purpose to be even with him, in behalf of the poor *verbalists*. I hate the mothly insignificance of that phrase-fribbling race of insects. Yet, I don’t know, whether *verbal* criticism might not have been changed, for something better suited to the purpose of a *censure*, which I dare be positive, was never meant to recommend a carelessness in *choice of words* (a *choice*, which the most able writer of antiquity assured us, was the *origin of eloquence*). For, since the *poet* paints *but* by his *words*, he must select them heedfully, or not give a natural likeness to his picture. And may not *verbal*, in the sense you have applied it to, mislead a *superficialist*, to fancy elegance condemned for

for stiffness; and if so, his next mistake would be, that negligence is *easiness*. I know your meaning had a nobler tendency: You levell'd your just satire at the dust-dividing peepers into *particles* of argument, without an eye, that can stretch wide enough, to take in an intire conception, or, that can, (as you have beautifully noted of *Lord Chancellor Bacon's*) "*Place itself in a point of view, so advantageous and elevated, that it can, from thence, discover the whole country round it.*"

LET me descend from *you*, to say a little word or two, of *self*: To *sink* surprizingly, may claim the honour to be called *The Age's Character*.

I HAVE, since my last letter, been confined, in such a sick and melancholy family, as to remain almost the only one, not dangerously down, of this autumnal fever. That graver care has hindered me, from learning any thing, of late, about the men of farce, and their revolvers: but, 'tis no great loss, that—to be *ignorant* of what they *think*, and what they *do*, deserves, perhaps, to be considered, as *exemption* from the

stings of discontented knowledge, such as can awaken only an unquiet and enraged reflection.

WHAT a different kind of science would that be, which always could bestow the pleasure of assurance, that our friends are well and happy, and that now, if you and Mrs *Mallet* but enjoy your healths, can mitigate the pains of a whole family of

Your sincere,

And faithful Servants,

A. HILL, &c.

MY DEAR,

Oct. 11, 1743.

*J*ACK brought us most unwelcome and surprizing news!—Who cou'd have thought when I left *Watling-street* so lately, that I never more shou'd see your, and my, poor philosopher?

THESE

THESE are severe and sudden trials, for so young and kind a mother: And we all feel true concern from such an unexpected accident, that mortified us with a Proof how useless our precaution was, who wou'd not hint a wish to see you here upon this day, for fear of re-awakening your affliction for your little late deserter, who laid claim to the same birth-day.

ALL I will say to you to temper your concern is, that it ought to borrow moderation, from your reason: For you shou'd call to memory, that these are your first losses, of this touching kind. — Whereas most people feel 'em sooner; and much larger, in proportion. — My mother for example, had three elder, before me; who, yet, became her eldest. — And your own lost three, before she found a hope to fix *you*, in a likelihood of living to her wish, in any steadiness, of health and constitution.

I WILL have done with this sad subject; and I hope *you*, too, will think no farther of it, than you must.

GOD means, perhaps, some blessing for you, in amends. There is, you know, a restless course of change, in every natural race of fortune; and, since prosperity in life is commonly cut short by death, 'tis now, I hope, your turn (who have begun your settlement with death) to have it follow'd, by prosperity.

Your most heartily affectionate,

Of every denomination,

A. HILL.

To Mr. MALLET.

Oct. 20, 1743.

HOW was it possible, dear Sir, that *you* could fancy any meaning, but the plain one, in my use of the word *generous*, applied to a performance of your own, that glows with demonstration of your title to the virtue! nay, whose noble purpose was the vindication of a *friend*, attacked unjustly! I must tell you, in revenge of this
bad

bad usage, that if *Homer* and *Shakespear* could be brought to question any right of yours to judge, or act, concerning them, they would make it be woe to you, for your ranking in their company, a name, they will scarce hear of yet these hundred years.

YET, let me not forget to thank you, for that paragraph in yours, that gave me new occasion, to look back upon your fragment. 'Tis a stately, and a lovely building! and whoever has your leave to live there, will have reason to think proudly of his habitation.

BUT, that *London* heartily deserves my pity, I should feel no inclination, to condemn your purpose, to renown *Strand-green*, by turning it into a better and more reverenc'd *hermitage*, than one of that name, in the same neighbourhood. Indeed, what is there, in a *city*, or a *court*, that men, who think like *you* and *Mrs. Mallet*, can support, except in course of exercise, to give exertion to their patience?—If the *musés* chance to wake, *Melpomene* knows where to find you; and it pleases me to hear her *Alfred* call'd for, against Winter.

BUT

BUT I will not tell you, whether I can trust my memory, or no, about the groundwork of that piece ; because the penny-post brings larger parcels hither, and I would not miss the pleasure of reviewing it.

I HAVE one fault to find with your letters, in spite of all their beauties, and their being *yours*; for there dwells some unmarked *evil spirit* in them, as slow-footed, and as enviously disposed as *vengeance*, and keeps back every letter, that you send to *Plaislow*, 'till at least five days beyond its date. — Else, this had sooner told you, how impatiently I long to know, what unexpected new engagement you are going upon ; and also, that you have, and always shall have, right to look upon, not only my advice, but every more effectual service I am capable of, as *dues* you may *command*, as freely as your own intentions.

IF it is a matter proper to explain in writing, I hope you know, that *friend's letters* are deposites, sacred, safe, and silent, in my custody ; and I shall have the pleasure of a speedier information that way, than the
other,

other, as it will be yet a week or two, before I pass a day in town, unless you name one to me; for, in that case, I will never fail to come, at any time, to any place you pitch upon.

ADIEU, and possess every joy and good-fortune, shall I say, which Mrs. Mallet would wish *you*, or *you* Mrs. Mallet? No — let it only be such, as is wished for you *both*, by,
Dear Sir,

Your most truly affectionate,

And faithful Servant,

A. HILL.

*To Lord CARTERET; sent with a Poem,
called The IMPARTIAL.*

April 19, 1744.

MY LORD,

THE writer of this little piece is one, who, both in poetry and prose, dares tell the world, he loves you; and has been so stimulated and provoked to do it, by some too licentious sallies, from the merce-

nary, or ungrateful, that he scarce could have declined the vanity to print his *name* before his *sentiments*, but from a consciousness, that men of little fortunes should expect as little influence; and that the base, in their own motives, must judge other's motives basely.

BUT, to such a daring, penetrative, and unbounded spirit, as your Lordship's, *God* has certainly decreed events, which cannot leave your glorious purposes much longer, in the smallest need of any pen's explanatory application. — Mine (however too unequal to my heart's conception of your greatness!) would else be running loose, in language less removed, than verse, from common understandings, to proclaim what happiness we now possess, without due sensibility, and leave to be considered by posterity, with almost equal wonder at our dulness, whom it could impress so languidly. A guilt, from any share in which, may heaven acquit his soul, who is, without a name,

My Lord, &c.

To

To Mr. MALLET.

April 20, 1744.

DEAR SIR,

IF any thing, in the inclosed, deserves a second reading, lay it in some spare corner of your little back room, at *Strand-Green*, and let it wait your leisure:

I SAY *leisure*, from a full persuasion, that you have not passed a winter on so bleak a situation, without being very busy in it.

ONE day, last week, I was at *Macbeth*, and saw, for the first time, your *favourite*, Mr. *Garrick*:—He is natural, impressed, and easy; has a voice articulate, and placid: his gesture never turbulent, and often well adapted; is untouched by affectation. His peculiar talent lies in pensively preparatory attitudes; whereby, awakening expectation in the audience, he secures and holds fast their attention.

SUCH I saw, and heard, he is.—Shall I proceed to tell you, what I know not whether he yet is, or no? He gave me no occasion to discern, what *strength* he has in
the

the more agitated passions ; — what power of compass, in indignation, extasy, love, scorn, joy, or furious and unbridled anger. If his voice can reach the *swells* peculiar to those sharper transports, with the same propriety and gracefulness, wherewith he touches the soft *falls* of sorrow, terror, and compassion ; and, if his motions, in such risings, are as nervous and majestic, as the mien requires, in active changes, from the pensive, or the mournful, into the indignant and elastic — I shall then take great pleasure, in pronouncing him, an amiable and accomplished Actor.

I intend to see him quite through *Richard* — where, I have been told, he is thought strongest. I design to see, too, Mr. *Quin*, who has they say, gone new and noble lengths, in the same character. — And, when I have observed them both, you shall have my opinion, very frankly. All health to you and yours, from every body here, and, in particular, from,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate,

And faithful humble Servant,

A. HILL.

tant feelings. No, dear Sir, — I thank you very kindly ; but I would, by no means, have you do it ; let them enjoy the great man's little privilege, of being in the wrong, without disturbance : I resign them, very cheerfully, to their contempt of praise and poetry.

I now proceed to a more weighty part of yours, which I have longer paused on, than I should have done, that I might give the matter all its due regard, in a deliberate and slow reply ; and my transition will be very natural, from my present subject to a better, since what drew you into the design, just mentioned, was, my touching, with some air of indignation, on the coldness shewn the *Fanciad*, of an unknown writer, as my reason, for foretelling disregard to that *dramatic scheme*, you wished me to address to men, I either do not know at all, or not at all to their advantage. — And, indeed, I can't resist this diffidence of any likely patronage, for strong and serious purposes in poetry, from such a sneering insipidity of emptiness, as constitutes the modes of minds at present.

AND

AND so you have, at once, my sole objection to the hope you would inspire me with, that I shall ever live to see a *Theatre*, where *sense* and *meaning* may be thought its *natural business*. There is, you know, in every age, some general characteristic cut, or ear-mark of distinction, which must carry down its likeness by the help of honest history. And I have either no discernment, when I judge of *times* and *genius*, or the present pride of bustle, that such puny dust is raised about, will be distinguished much alike, for fame of wit and victory. You seem to hope it probable, that some one of the ministers might be induced to favour an attempt to make the stage more useful ; but, in truth, I am afraid you over-rate the taste and disposition of those gentlemen. — I examine their pursuits and characters, with an attentive impartiality, and find no shadow of a reason to suspect their ears have ever felt the twitch of an *Apollo's* finger ; and I confess myself too proud a lover of those low-fortun'd mistresses, the Muses, to compel them to the feet of *men*, who would be apt to shake off dirt upon them

THE

THE only hope I had, for poetry, is *lost*. I thought, that the P---e might be awakened into more than passive inclination, to promote a scheme for stage improvement. — A new licence for us, by his procurement, had done every thing we wished, or stood in need of. But even there too we were disappointed.

IN an age, then, when a P—e of such a humane and amiable disposition, can find reasons to decline bestowing his intreated countenance on honest meanings, which he loves, and longs to cherish, what prospect can we have of other patronage, equivalent to our unseasonable purpose? For my part, I despair of any: but I shall both rejoice and wonder, to be found mistaken, in this notion; and, whenever you can call me to conviction, that I am too sullen a distruster of the times, you may command me to contribute all the little help that is within a power, so humble, and so limited, as mine is, who am

Your faithful, and

Affectionate humble Servant,

A. HILL.

July 24, 1744.

DEAR SIR,

I WILL not now begin to tell you, why I have been so long silent, while I ow'd you my best thanks. I should, however, not have said, I have been silent, though my pen was so; because my mind, the real, I, is always sure to be more conversant with *you*, than with whatever other pleasing object of reflection. But I had begun to say, I will not enter on a subject, that can give no pleasure, where I wish it all unmixed and exquisite.

To the author of the *Seasons*, will you be so good, as to return my thanks, for his remembring an old friend, who, though he had still been forgotten on, would, notwithstanding that, have yearly traced him round with new delight, from spring, quite down to winter.

AND, because I find myself obliged to another writer, for his present, through such a hand as yours, pray please to let him know, I thank him for the favour. But, indeed, the more I read of these blank
verse

verse eruptions, the more beautifully necessary I perceive the *yoke* of rhyming. 'Tis a kind of trammel, that compels close stepping. Whereas the wild luxuriant wantonness of those unfeathered launchers into liberty, throws down enclosure, on pretence of latitude ; and overtrampling all propriety, mark'd bound, or limitation, turns distinction into desert, and lays *dry* the muses districts.

O PAMELA !—what native charms were
thine !

Nervously soft, and modestly divine !

High, without straining, was thy matchless
flight,

And all unmix'd with pain, thou gav'st
delight !

No affectation warp'd thy theme astray,

No vague out-startings maz'd thy meaning
way.

No coldly languishing, nor madly fir'd,

Nor rage, nor length'ning, lean digression
fir'd.

No figurative fierceness there o'erflow'd.

No hot heap'd *questions* clogg'd the cumber'd road.

Nor

Nor bigness thine — nor stiffness — vain
pretence!

No curtail'd cramp of phrase obscur'd thy
sense.

Thine was the dulcid plainness, placid force,
The heart-form'd passion, wid'ning in its
course. —

All mov'd and moving, did thy periods roll,
And every rising word convey'd a *soul*!

Good night, my dear Mr. R——n, be
happy, and healthy — and continue to write
on, and charm on — and instruct the true
way — by example!

Yours ever,

Most affectionately,

A. HILL.

To H. JERNEGAN, *Esq*;

Decem. 29, 1744.

A THOUSAND thanks, dear Sir, for your kind wishes : I return 'em you a hundred fold, for you, and every part of you ; and every person, care, or prospect, you most love, or wish most joy to !

My daughter, in a slip, that brought me yours, desires I would say as much for her ; but she shall thank you for herself, when she sees *Russel-street*, in person, which, I know, she thinks of with much pleasure, as soon as she gets rid of a swell'd cheek, 'till which time, I suppose, she ha'nt the face to look at *London*.

As for my own part, I am to be in town the second day of the new year, and will not fail to wait on you, in some hour of it ; but for the *venison*, that you are so good to wish me a partaker of, I can't endure to think of *Christmas haunches* ever since one went *unseasonably*, some years ago, and found *affliction* at a dear friend's house of mine, who never ought to meet with any thing but happiness.

MAY

MAY your present *haunch* be saddened by no sense of grief or pain, — but entertain a thorough blest, and joyful table! — May it come as sweet as a new lover's first impressions! or, if it must be *changed*, let it but be a little! unless I had an *Ovid's* power to fix the *manner*, it should be transformed in. I would, in that case, mend your entertainment by it, though it disappointed a good dinner. For the lady's hand, that is to carve it, should not fail to find it stuffed with diamonds, all as large, as the possessor's heart, and all as brilliant, as his fancy for the setting them. I am, dear Sir, with all the zeal of truth and friendship,

Your most faithful,

And obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. MALLET.

July 13, 1745.

I MUST begin, dear Sir, with a congratulation of your safe arrival *here*, for till I had the favour of your letter I suppos'd you still in *Holland*, and compleating your preparatory choice of books, with view to that great work, you have undertaken.

As to the news, you tell me of your *Gout*, 'tis stranger, and less credible, than that an *English* army runs away, before a *French* one! I am even under a compulsion to suspect, you but mistook some muscular inflation, from obstructed pores, for a disease, you are too temperate, and active to pretend good title to: But if you really are and have been possess'd, by such a *devil*, as the *Gout*, God give you power to cast him out, and throw him into the *fingers* of VOLTAIRE. What a puny spume of frothiness has he fermented his poor mite of meaning into! The lowest depth of our late friend's *profund*, wants many a thousand fathom, to this very bottom of all bottoms, which the *Frenchman's Fontenoy*, has *plumb'd* him into. One might pronounce him fallen below contempt, but
that

that he aims to heave, in his reptility ; and has diffus'd, on others, such a barren waste of praise, as may insure himself extent of infamy. He had better title, than his *Louis* to the compliment, he lends his *master*.

Il prodigue l'éloge, & ne le reçoit pas.

YET, in truth, and sober pity, how benighted is our fame, in *Flanders* ! and how comfortless had that reflection been, but that such darkness shews *your* new star, *Lord George*, in a redoubled *brilliancy*. I have been doubly charm'd too, by the glory, he has gain'd, so seasonably, for I join'd *your* sense of his behaviour with my own, and feasted, with new taste, and appetite.

I LONG to have the pleasure, which you are so good as to offer me ; but dare not tempt you to this distance, from your *Lady*, at a time, when absence might be fill'd with apprehensions, painful to you *both* ; and therefore (as I often am in town) will take my chance, and hope to find you, at your lodgings, whence we may step out to any place, in your own neighbourhood. All

246 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

our united prayers, respects, and best good wishes, for your Lady's happy moment, are so much her due, and yours, that it was needless to subjoin 'em from,

Dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately,

A. HILL.

To Mr. C—,

Sept. 27, 1745,

S I R,

SINCE, notwithstanding such a handsome offer, as you make, I hear, some creditors persist, in holding you, where all the town has interest that you should be held no longer, I regret my little power, with double sensibility, because it corresponds not with my will, to serve you.

YET, one way there is, perhaps to do it, in some measure — And that is, by making you a present of the benefit nights,
of

of my *Ægisthus* — Mr. R—, when he perus'd the play (which is the better for his having seen it) told me 'twas his favourite story: and *Ægisthus* is the part I would propose your acting, in it --- because it is a very touching character, and, I perswade myself, that you will make it move, most seasonably, with respect to your own benefit.

IF it is got up, by the beginning of *November*, nobody could then prevent you from appearing in it --- And a third, sixth, and ninth day's profits (which I hope it may have influence to bring you) might, perhaps, remove all bars -- which, I am told, are now, but few, that have secluded you, from the applauses of the public.

As Mr. R— has been so kindly active in your favour, I conceiv'd this scheme might prove of some immediate use to you; it will at least demonstrate the good will of,

Sir,

Your most obedient,

Humble Servant.

R 4

A. HILL.

[The last inserted letter was sent to Mr. C—, with the Tragedy of ÆGISTHUS, (since acted under the name of MEROPE) when he was in the F---: He acknowledges the favour, in the following genteel manner, in his Apology, page 97, printed at the end of ROMEO and JULIET, as alter'd by him from SHAKESPEAR.]

“ **W**HILE I was under confine-
 “ ment, a gentleman, whose talents
 “ and genius, have justly gain’d the admi-
 “ ration of men of taste (and whose abi-
 “ lities can be exceeded only by his hu-
 “ manity and politeness) touch’d with com-
 “ passion of my misfortunes, most gene-
 “ rously made me a present of a new Tra-
 “ gedy he had wrote, not doubting but I
 “ could procure its being acted at a proper
 “ season — On Mrs C-----’s appearing a
 “ few nights as before-mention’d, this gen-
 “ tleman address’d her, in an epistle, with
 “ a delicacy peculiar to himself, and en-
 “ deavour’d to convince her, how much it
 “ would be for her reputation and inte-
 “ rest, to perform a principal part in that
 “ Play, on so particular an occasion; But
 “ this

"this was refus'd, tho' it was propos'd the
 "Manager should, on his part make it
 "worth her trouble, by assigning to her
 "an agreed proportion from the nightly
 "profits of its run; and she was farther
 "told, I would desire her to accept what
 "part of the profit she pleas'd from the
 "third nights, which the author had in
 "the gentlest manner assign'd to me.
 "This likewise was rejected."

AFTER this the Play was still propos'd
 to be acted, with Mrs. Pritchard, in the
 character of MEROPE. The success the
 Play had under THAT TITLE (*the name*
ÆGISTHUS being changed to *EUMENES*)
 and the applause Mrs. Pritchard deservedly
 met with in that part, are sufficient proofs
 of the merits of the author, and the actress;
 and the best reproach for the cold reception,
 this piece met with, from the manager of
 C---t-G---n T-----e.

[The delay of its being acted occasion'd the fol-
 lowing Epistle.]

To

To Mr. C-----.

Feb. 4, 1745-6

S I R,

EITHER *you* meet with, or the Play, I sent you, meets with treatment not, I think, becoming *either's* merit. — I know too much of the theatric managements to doubt, there is some *cause* for this, which I have no desire to hear, because I guess it would but little please me — But this one thing I find necessary to say, upon the subject, that the reputation of the Play, and value of the *copy*, (which I sent you word I had dispos'd of) will not suffer me to be content it should come on at all, in any season, or in any place, *not answerable* to the claim, I know it has to be consider'd with regard and decency.

IF, therefore, Mr. R— will not permit it to be, now, (this month) got up, I must protest against its being thought of, later — and will find some *other* way of doing you the utmost service in my power ----- whether 'tis resolv'd upon, or *not*, I must desire to have the copy, for a
day

day or two — having considerable alterations to insert, besides a quite new name, the Prologue, Epilogue, &c. --- My Son informs me, that he often tries, in vain, to have the pleasure of seeing you ---- wherefore please to give it Mr. *Johnson* for me --- who shall soon return it you with the additions ---- (if it can be got up this month, for the opening of that following) ---- I wish you ease, and happiness, and am,

Sir,

Your most humble,

And affectionate Servant,

A. HILL.

[*Some time after Mr. C---- mov'd to the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, when in his correspondence with Mr. Hill, he sent him an old manuscript Play call'd the GUILTLESS ADULTRESS; or the JUDGE in his OWN CAUSE: This piece he entreated Mr. Hill to peruse, and correct, as purposing to have it acted for his benefit, in the ensuing Summer season; but the amendments were so great, the alterations, and additions,*

additions, so considerable, that Mr. C--- reserv'd it for a better Season; it being almost become a new Play: and judg'd by him deserving of a more favourable opportunity of being acted. Both the manuscripts remain in the possession of Mr. C----. On this occasion Mr. Hill wrote the following letters.]

To Mr. C----.

April 19, 1746.

S I R,

I H A D your Play from Mr. Johnson, and you shall have it again in the beginning of the week, with your desire upon, it so effectually comply'd with, that, I think it will as fully answer your end for next month, as any new Play could have done; and the rather as you would not chuse to venture a very strong one so very much too late in the season.

THE story of this old piece you have found, might have been made very touching, had there been leisure sufficient.

I

As

As it is, you shall find the language a new one throughout, and the whole Play so far warm'd at least, as to give it more than a probability of being receiv'd very kindly by the audience, of which I send you this word or two of notice, that you may depend on it, and take your resolution accordingly.

BUT I don't like the *name*, for reasons you will find mark'd on the title-page --- and believe it would do better (as the maid's being corrupted by money is the chief cause of the mischief to her mistress and the rest) to call it,

A M E L I A,
OR THE
F A T A L B R I B E R Y.

I HEARTILY wish success to yourself, and the company, that you are now become a member of, and am,

Sir,

Your very affectionate,

And most obedient Servant.

A. HILL.

April 22, 1746.

S I R,

W H E N I propose to serve a friend, I can't endure to do it, to but half the purpose --- and as that must needs have been the case, by only touching up an error in the phrase, or numbers, here and there (as yours desir'd) I resolv'd to fit the Play to do your business, with as full effect, as you can wish, and Mr. *Lacey's* afterwards, --- as a *flock-piece* --- For I have made it *new* in plot, and conduct, and new-writ the diction, and from one end to the other, chang'd the sentiments, and heighten'd and preserv'd the characters, ----- and I dare promise you, that there is scarce a story on the *English* stage, that had a natural power to *move* more touchingly than this --- but that the author took not care enough to point its force judiciously.

I NEVER heard this piece's name, nor that it ever yet was acted --- pray, who was the author of it? --- you will find my reasons for a *new name*, I believe, well-grounded ones.

I NOW

I now send you four acts wholly finish'd, and, before you get these written into parts, the fifth shall follow--- This is the only way, whereby the master of a play-house can propose to draw a certain profit from revival of *old* plays. I know above a hundred, which have ground to build upon, with all the promise possible of a great run, exempt from malice--- and what still is better, free from any danger of being got up against the house, by rival opposition--- for the copies might be kept *unprinted*, as the manner was in *Shakespeare's* days, and in the times next after, and before him--- As for Mr. R—, I have but small inducement to expect attention, from that quarter, but if you believe, that Mr. *Lacey* is dispos'd, more vigorously, to improve the *Play-part*, of a manager, (as you inform me, he designs the strength'ning of his *company*) I could, and would with pleasure--- find means to get ready *two* for before, and *two* for after *Christmas*, against every season. And the terms on which it should be done, he should have no exception to--- because, for any piece, that fail'd
to

to do him the intended service, *no* consideration would be ask'd at all. And only *one* clear night's receipt, for each of those, that prov'd of the expected profit to him.

THERE are *other* ways too, whereby I could find out helps to strengthen the wish'd interest of a manager, not so dispos'd, as some, to PAUSE, upon the use, he has opportunity to make of a friend's *writings*.

IF you shew what is now done (in this old Play, for your own benefit) to Mr. *Lacey*, and he takes but pains to read it, in comparison with what it was before (the old lines being all left legible, and by a sad pale *ink*, made too distinguishable) he will fully comprehend the use, of such a manner of reviving. And, as I have *some relations*, in such circumstances as might find considerable ease, from what I should so take the pains to do in their behalf, I will think seriously upon the scheme --- if you but let me know it is agreeable to Mr. *Lacy's* inclination.

IF something of this kind had but been done (for Mr. *Rich*) upon that motley piece of poor mad *Lee's*, *The MASSACRE of PARIS* ---- what a well-tim'd run, from public heat and violence, might it not (then) have been push'd on with, and applauded by! --- But 'twas not worth the while of any man to hint it to him, if one had not a delight in taking pains for but lost labour,

“ For --- who so *deaf*, as he, that *will not*
“ hear ?

I am, *Sir*,

Very truly and affectionately,

Your obedient, and

Most humble Servant,

A. HILL.

April 24, 1746.

DEAR SIR,

I SEND you now the fifth act, which I was compell'd to take a little longer time in finishing — because it was impossible to use a single thought, or word, out of the old original act --- I assure you solemnly, I think this Play will do you all the service, you wish from it; and if it could do ten times more, I should be more pleas'd in the same proportion.

I DID not receive your letter with the Prologue, 'till my last was sent away ---- What you there say, about the *title*, is extremely right — unless you find, (as the plot now is manag'd) that there may arise an objection, from the lady's being really *no adultress*, either innocent, or guilty. But there will be no great weight in *that*, and she may well enough be call'd the *Guiltless Adultress*, as she was so long imagin'd one! Especially if preserving that part of the antient title, will exempt you from the licenser's inspection — otherwise *The FATAL BRIBERY* (alone) would want no, previous, or subsequent addition.

YOUR

YOUR thought about the *Tri-ologue* is new, and I believe, it could not fail of a good effect. But I am quite a stranger to the very person of Mrs. *Woffington*; and so many years have pass'd, since I saw Mrs. *Clive*, that I should stand in need of your own *hints*, to enable me to execute your scheme, with the vivacity, I should be glad to give it for you.

AGAIN, I wish you all the good success you can desire, in your new benefit: and when you let me hear from you next time, I should be glad to know, what was the author's name, who writ your old Play? and *when*, and at *which house*, it was originally acted? nothing about it having been ever read, or heard of, by

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient

And most humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. GARRICK.

June 30, 1746.

SIR,

YOUR letter said of Mr. *Johnson*, with a more significant propriety, than you intended the expression for, that he, *but just appear'd and vanish'd*. He had literally vanish'd, when you said so: and the visit, which he made *you*, was the *last* he made in *life*. He told his family, that to himself he had seem'd *dead* enough, in *Hamlet's* Ghost, to *be* the very thing, he acted. Among *your* many just admirers, you had never any, more sincerely such, than that poor, honest, friendly, plain, good meaner. He was in the highest rapture, when he heard of your return; but (like a very mortal as he was) had form'd long prospects of delight, he was to have the shortest share in.

THIS melancholy accident, impress'd still deeper, by the dangerous effect it has upon his widow, whom they brought down hither, in a *wildness*, bordering on *distracti*on, has for some short time, postpon'd a pleasure

sure, I should else have press'd with great impatience.

IN the interim, as I am loth to have the new plays, that I hinted my design about, pass for such Tragedies, as are too commonly, so call'd ; I send you the *first act* of one, together with the *reason*, why I chuse to *send* it.

THO' I have, too seldom, had the pleasure to be present, when you acted, I am far from being unacquainted with your power in acting : For (besides that I must have been very dull, not to have felt it right from what I saw myself) I have, so often, heard you *critically* consider'd, among *judges* of best *taste* and *rank*, that I thence know, upon a certainty, why CÆSAR in *the Roman revolution*, is the properest part, that any *friend of yours* could pitch upon, to do the only justice to your genius, which has yet been not sufficiently demanded from the public : while it is an oft-debated doubt in company, whether Mr. GARRICK, excelling in other walks, is not himself excell'd by one, in that particular point, call'd *weight*. They mean
S 3
by

by *weight*, a certain *art* of dignifying *natural ease*, without the smallest *stiffness* of it; and which depends, as I conceive it, on a kind of nervous sensibility, in *step* and *look*, that by rousing a prepar'd *attention*, gives effect to *emphasis* and *accent*, much beyond the common *justness*, where no more is requisite, than *faultless pronunciation*. Whereas what is here meant by *weight*, in actor's speaking, is their weigh'd significance, of an impressive utterance, majestically paus'd for, and fore-promis'd, by the meditative air, and previous-painting attitudes, peculiar to the grandeur of strong sentiment; such, for example, as should mark the dignity, in solemn characters, like *Cato's*. Many call it the *declamatory* manner: But that does not reach the image: I have given you my conception of it, in this little explanation.

CÆSAR had more, than all the *weight* of *Cato*, without *Cato's gloominess*; the last, in both his *History* and *Tragedy*, has always seem'd, to me, to cloud the *majesty*, that dignified his *mind*, with too much of the *sullenness*, that sower'd his *humour*. *Cæsar* unreserv'd, and open, drew his *grandeur*,
from

from his *heart*, whence therefore, it flow'd, mix'd with *pity*. *Cato* more close and diffident, deriv'd his *greatness*, but from *precept*; therefore, o'ercast it with *severity*.

IN this distinction of idea, when you weigh, what *Cæsar* says, you will discern, so perfectly, the *manner*, he should say it in, that I am sure, there is no character, whereby an *actor* can gain *more* or *stronger* thunders of *applause*, than you could draw from *Cæsar's* sentiments. In short it is the only *walk*, in which great numbers suspect, you have a *rival*; and it will be, therefore, nobly worth your while, to raise your fame, above all competition, this way also.

I HAVE been told, that you dislike the *Roman* shapes: but hardly credit the report; because I know, that those especially, which have *robes* added, and don't *lace* behind, but open at the breast, like our stage *Greek* and *Persian* dresses will add *grace* beyond expression; and much *height* and *fulness* to your figure — which in modern cloaths must, certainly, look shortest; and yet never did, nor can you

want sufficient *stature*, on the *Theatre*, where you are *measur'd* not by *inches*, but by *beauties*; and are used to fill men's eyes too copiously, to leave 'em room to see, or dream of such unreal and suppos'd deficiency.

UPON the whole, you cannot but have taken notice, that an audience never fails to give the *loudest* and most general *applause* to popular or generous *sentiments*, where-ever pointedly express'd and grac'd in the *delivery* by a judging *actor*. There are more than, thirty places, in this single act where, out of such a mouth as yours, I will insure that consequence, or ever more renounce all judgment of a Theatre; and in the same proportion, at least, in the four acts following, for each seperately: I need not note the places; — you will easily discern 'em, in your first perusal.

IF therefore, when by this first act, you have considered *Cæsar's* character, you find yourself dispos'd to make it shine; by your appearance in it, only please to name a day, when you will be so good to take a country

try dinner with me, by a line to me, at *Plaiſtow* in *Effex*, by the penny-poſt (two days beforehand, becauſe, often, they are too irregular in their delivery of letters) and we then, will read the other acts together, or decline to do ſo, if you do not think of acting it, and entertain ourſelves on other ſubjects, ſuited to the pleaſure, which your company is ſure to bring to,

Sir,

Your moſt obedient

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. M ALLET.

July 22, 1746.

DEAR SIR,

AS I am daily ſending my good wiſhes after you, I ſhould be very forry, if they loſt their way, or fell ſhort, like my letters; my laſt had an importance, that deſerv'd more haſte; for it inclos'd your own fine *Canto*; had that firſt been ſafe,
it

might have lost itself more civilly, like a *through-bridge boat*, that sinks quite empty, after setting down the *passengers*.

IF I now write *at* you (as *Dean Swift* says, *Queen Anne's* ministry were forc'd to do, at my *Lord Peterborough*) thank *yourself* who gave me no clue, to you. However, this will find its way. There are some, whom a *Tunbridge* wou'dnt *hide*, tho' it were *elbow'd out*, as far as *Canterbury*.

THE new acquaintance, you are making with the *rocks*, and the *trees*, are so much better company, than the best *Ball-rooms*, that on supposition you take *whole self* with you, when you go to visit 'em, I will maintain, in honour of their converse, they shall out charm *Ovid's* eccho; and since you tell me, you are the better for those conferences, not in *soul* alone but *body*, it must be the reasonablest inference in the world, that one, who loves, and adorns *both*, is your partaker in 'em.

As to the hour, you spent with the rough *Greenlander*, I could have wish'd to know, in downright terms, whether your She-
I
Bear

Bear was a *Lady*! — I am afraid, she was *but bear*, in metaphor: since it had been too horrid a disgrace, to *English beaux*, (and in the midst of war, too!) had any *she-beast*, but a *fashionable one*, kept such *bold men*, at distance. Hence, upon the foot of that clear reason, a man has for running from a *monster*, I perceive your honest *Quaker* was no *conjurer*; he must have known else how small need the *Hoydens* had of his good counsel; for no man, to whom they show themselves, unless he is himself a *bear*, but falls back, and, in good earnest, must preserve due distance.

IT is (to me) sufficient satisfaction, Mrs. Mallet has found benefit by *Tunbridge* waters, but the genius of the *Well* would wish her grateful, and expect her to appear, in honour of the place, till *Tunbridge* waters in return, may owe like benefit, to Mrs. Mallet.

'Twas an obliging *wish*, you sent me
—— *All the real pleasures of retirement*! ——
That actual happiness I once was on the
very *verge* of, in the neighbourhood of the
rocks and *trees*, you correspond with. There
was

was a place call'd *Eridge-park*, belonging to the Lord *Abergavenny*, and an open, old appropriated *forest*, of the name of *Waterdown*, that butted on the park enclosure: There was also near it then, a house call'd *Eridge-house*. The park was an assemblage of all *nature's* beauties ——— hills, vales, brooks, lawns, groves, thickets, rocks, and waterfalls, all wildly noble, and irregularly amiable. It was bordering on a little *village*, call'd *Fant Green*, within a quarter of a mile, from *Tunbridge-Wells*. The village had a little *Inn* (its sign I think the *Bull*) where if you walk that way, it would be something like amusement, to you, to seek information, whether the late Lord's death left things as they were us'd to be? — Whether *Eridge-house* is let into a *Romp Review-room*, alias, on assembly? (I am told 'twas so intended) whether *Waterdown forest* is still forest, or let out? and how much? — If it is? and to what Tenants? 'Twould give me pleasure to know all the answers, they will furnish you to all these questions, in some charming little outstart, for discovery of a neglected thing, call'd nature. It was my warmest purpose at the time, I speak of, (then *more* qualified by *fortune*,

and *less* qualified in way of balance, by the want of about 30 years experience, in still growing approbation of your country—taste for happiness) to have got a lease of that sweet park, and have consider'd it, as my *mind's* field for exercise, and the surrounding forest was to be my *body's*. I had join'd to avarice of profit, an ambition, nobler than *French Louis's*: I would have tam'd the native wildness of an aboriginal remnant vestige, of the world's old surface, and have seen the birth and education of a mighty vegetable progeny, arising, to defend and honour me.

It was so cheap a little *world* (I mean the *forest*) that its Lord had (then) let one thousand eight hundred acres of it, for so poor a consideration, as ten pounds a year; and yet the dunghill-diamond finder came, and beg'd to be releas'd from his *hard* bargain, for (having taken it for a *warren*) he complain'd the land lay open, and that all his hopes, at once, were run away from him, and gone to make new *burrows*, where the *devil*, he said, could never catch 'em. This poor *coney merchant's* case was, *mag-nis componere parvis*, not unlike her present
(I should

(I should rather say *late*) SPANISH MAJESTY'S.

THUS things stood there, so long ago ; what *time* has done since then, I know not : If it has chang'd that spot, as it has chang'd taste, dress, and manners, in the nation, it makes part of ; ——— it may, now, for ought, I know, be all degraded into *running horse-courses* and *cricket-quarters*.

THE *Spaniard's* death should be productive of a consequent *disease* to *French* ambition. But, to say the truth, I doubt, he is no *deader* now, than on the *eve* of his last *wedding* : Many make no scruple to report, that at that very time, his *evil genius* caught him by the ear, and whisper'd him — *Thou fool ! this night thy soul shall be requir'd of thee.*

I HAVE made my letter long enough, to stand in need of a white COVER, which was very ill contriv'd ; no blanks (except Blank Lottery Tickets) being worth the postage ; and no FRANKERS found at humble *Plaistow*. I should therefore frugally
have

have stopt short sooner, dear Sir, and have told you, that I am,

Your most affectionate,

And most obedient

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. MALLETT.

Sept. 5, 1746.

AT once, dear Sir, I thank you for two favours; for the good news, in your *first*, of your return in health to *Strand-green*; and for that polite reproach you make me, in your last, so full of genius and good-nature.

By its date, I should have had it two days sooner, than it reached me; if it had not, by some error of the messengers, been put into the *general*, instead of the *penny-post* office.

As for *the religion of reason*, conclude it none of mine, if it allows me to forget a
friend,

friend, or treat him with reserve enough to hide a purpose from him. The true motive, of my waiting your return from *Kent*, before I begg'd a place for this small piece, among your many better, was, from apprehension, that a former letter, I had writ at hazard, had not found you then at *Tunbridge*.

I SHALL shortly send you a *new* poem, on a subject, that is also *new*, and, I hope, generally *useful*. It is, therefore, written in the old *rhyme* road ; which though, by yours, you seem to have *deserted* finally, yet, take my word, you will resume your first attachment, and but quit it, now and then, in a short sally, to return with an increase of inclination. So, at least, does he, who is, with great regard,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient,

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mrs. MALLET.

Oct. 9, 1746.

MADAM,

AS the honour of a letter from you, gives me room to hope, your health received some benefit from your late *Tunbridge* journey, such a pleasure called for my more swift acknowledgment; and I but waited, 'till I could inclose this little (not yet published) piece, I promised Mr. *Mallet*, who is now, I hope, returned with all the satisfaction, which he went in search of, to that greater and more justly valued one, which, I am sure, he never leaves, without reluctance.

MAY you *both* grow old, in taste of this felicity, at home! It is its native place of growth, and you will most extensively enjoy the *world* in one another. I think, you have been twice a *mother*, since I saw you: God bless your pretty cares; and while they busy and divide your passions, may your fears serve only to give quickening to your transports! Mr. *Mallet* never told me whether boys or girls — or, whether equally divided,

as I hope they were, and think they ought to be. There is a pleasure in our knowing every little circumstance, that gives joy, where we wish it; and no happiness, in Mr. *Mallet's* family can ever be indifferent to *mine*, where *all* join with me heartily, when I declare myself, with great respect,

Madam,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

Oct. 11, 1746.

MY LORD,

[KNOW, it is a custom to ask *leave* to dedicate, but chuse much rather to ask pardon for omitting it, and can't help hoping, that the *Earl of Chesterfield's* opinion of that practice may be seen, in *Shakespear's*, on a different occasion,

— It is a custom,
More honouring, by the *breach*, than the
observance.

AT

AT worst, if my respect has err'd, in point of ceremony, I have room to hope the honour of indulgence for it, from a penetration, that discerns men's motives, and will know mine too sincere, to be considered, as a faulty one.

INDEED, my Lord, however *dear* the blessing we admire, in *liberty*, there would be little in it worth a *frank* heart's wishing for, if that, of *speaking* every honest *truth*, we *think*, were subject to restraint by licences. Let the wicked, or the narrow-hearted, borrow *cover*, from these cautionary decencies. In their case, I confess them salutary and protective requisites. But, minds, beloved by, and that love mankind, approve no forms of fetters, and would even disdain those most, which bound the spirit of their *enemies* — if such a mind, as I now contemplate, could possibly create an enemy.

I KNOW, and own, it would have been my duty, to have said this word or two, in person, and had waited on you, with the printed piece, had I not found myself prevented, from the honour of presenting it in-

to your *Excellency's* hand, by your now distance from the town, for such an end as I have never thought of, since I heard it first, without a silent prayer to that good angel, whom God used to send, to stir up virtue in *Bath-waters* : — for I should be very sorry, there were any man alive, who wish'd your health more ardently, than does,

My Lord,

Your Excellency's

Most respectful,

And disinterested Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. GARRICK.

Oct. 13, 1746.

S I R,

I AM extremely glad to hear of your return to town, and hope, 'tis to the *Theatre*, where no man's merit, be it what it may, will have the power to shake *your* reputation.

THAT letter, in the *Advertiser*, must have been maliciously designed against both you
and

and Mr. *Quin*; but it was judged impolitically, as well as cruelly, and would have better answered the intent, in *praise* of this new gentleman, without ungenerous insinuations to the *injury* of others. I abhor all malice, in all shapes: a *reasonable* criticism ought never to *offend*, even where its *censure* falls the *sharpest*; because all *just censure* will be founded upon general *truths*, and levell'd at the *benefit* of those, by whom its purpose is most apt to be *mistaken*. But the *criticism* in this letter, is so far *unreasonable*, as it strikes aside, to wound obliquely. Nor is it *just* at all, in its citation out of *Shakespear*. The *modesty* of FEARFUL duty was extremely ill applied, considering it regards a *soldier*, where a blunt, bold, *martial spirit* is required, in order, as *Othello* says, to his *delivering a round unvarnished tale*. That *round* delivery being plainly consistent with an humble and insinulative fearfulness, however pleased the writer of that letter seems to be, with the wrong manner, he imputes to Mr. *Barry*, whom I have never seen; for the last time I was in any Theatre, was, when I saw *you* in *Macbeth*, and that is now almost three years ago; and, I

believe, the next will hardly be before *you* call me thither.

IN the next edition, I shall print your name, and Mr. *Quin's*, though few, I hope, can, (as the passage now is) mis-conceive my meaning, in that little piece of justice done you *both*, in one place of the *dedication* to my *Art of Acting*. But the Poem having, for some weeks, been printed off, and lying by for a fit season, and Mr. *Barry* coming on, and finding such reception in the interim, the mistake is easy, that I had this gentleman in view, in that place, and so presumed a rather and more hasty limitation on the public judgment, than so short a trial (in one part) could justify.

IN what you mention of *delivering up your trust*, I hope, you do not hint your not appearing this next winter. And, if you *do* appear, I hope, there will be no occasion for delivering back the *Play* you have, but that you rather will incline, to call for one more to it: be so kind, to tell me frankly, whether you expect no opportunity, at least, for one of them, — and be assured, that every word, you write to me
in

in confidence, will be as *secret*, as your own untold *conceptions*; for I am, with great sincerity,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To my Lord CHESTERFIELD.

Nov. 23, 1746.

MY LORD,

I HAVE restrained my *hand*, in a respectful silence, 'till my *conscience* can no longer suffer it; and (notwithstanding the conviction, which, I own, I have of my impatience, in thus breaking it) must beg your pardon, for one moment, while I interrupt your new increase of noble cares, but just to thank a goodness, that, at such a time, could think *me* worth remembering.

IN my last, I had in view the rising prospect of a people, who almost at once, possessed and lost you; but congratulation and condolment often borders thus, upon one

T 4

another,

another, in the accidents of life ; and, I am sure, they do so here, with an uncommon closeness, when, in one country's right, I share the joy your Lordship's restoration gives us, yet partake the other's anguish, in her sense of sorrow, upon *losing* you.

How much more happy was *our* lot, in this great incident, who, for your own health's recovery, only recovered with it, health and spirit to the nation ; for, as long as we look up, and see your Lordship's happy hand at work for us, among the clouds, we know it will make way for light, and only wonder from what quarter !

AND here I would not check my *pen*, from obeying my *heart's* inclination ; but, there is one sense, and only one, in which I should be sorry, to be thought a *poet*. There will shortly come a time, when it will be more easy to discern, than now, upon what principle I love the praise of virtue, though *they* would do me no great wrong, who should suspect I love it, for my *own* sake, because, in truth, I draw a pleasure from it, almost equal to *deserving* praises. Fortune had cut short my pretensions to
this

this last — and I, so much too seldom, found excitements to the other, that I always felt it the sublimest blessing, such a powerless life, as mine, was fitted for, when after having read, heard, talked of, and reflected on, things *said* and *done*, by the few *Chesterfields* of my declining country, I could wish my charm'd heart joy, in loving them.

UNDER a long and chosen sequestration from the *world*, the only eminence, I wish to be distinguished by, is that, which you have condescended to indulge me in — the being *read* with pleasure, by such readers, as your *Lordship*. I shall be *buried*, yet not *die*, if I survive in *one* such estimation, after many a *popular* writer will be *dead*, without being *buried*, while above-ground sustained, too draggingly, by such readers, as themselves.

OF all the *living* dead, the most (and the most eligible) have been your Lordship's faithful servants. At present, the *dead* living croud about you, with vain purpose to *supplant* them. In this double call for your whole leisure, how unreasonable would it be, to think of *stealing in*, though but in *spirit*,

spirit, — for, in *body*, I will borrow patience, from my sense of such important application, and suspend all *personal* declaration of a *reverence*, which, in all the latitude of your most vacant intervals, I shall find no expressions capable of telling you. In the mean while, my Lord, should now and then a pensive shadow, many of which I am about to send into the world, attempt to haunt your closet, with the purpose common to its *fellow ghosts*, of hovering near the *object* it was most *inspired* by, be so good, to give it place, if it can find out a spare corner, and allow its sender, to profess himself, with inexpressible respect and truth, my *Lord of Chesterfield's*

Most humble and devoted Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

Sept. 29, 1747.

MY LORD,

BEFORE we had the happiness to see an Earl of Chesterfield, where God and Man combined to place him at this perilous juncture, I should have felt some *not unreasonable* restraint, from *fear* of being thought *impertinent*, for troubling a great man's repose, upon *no better* founded a pretension, than *benevolence*, to public service. But, as long as I can hope the honour of appealing to a *will*, and a *judgment*, like your Lordship's, upon any modest hint, it may become a *private lover of mankind*, to offer, I am loth to *lose* the pleasure of aspiring to your *pardon*, for it.

HAD the late bad *news* been true (as more than probably it was not, since 'twas told us, in the public papers) that our *army* suffered greatly, by the *bloody flux*, in *Flanders*: What pity was it, that a surer *remedy* for that disease, than can, perhaps, be found for any other, happened to lie out of the *physician's* track of thinking! and that, for
certain

certain narrow reasons, it could hardly hope good-fortune, were it recommended to their notice !

YOUR Lordship will remember it, where hinted first, (if I mistake not, in a piece of Mr. Boyle's) it met, however, but the common fate of every *cheap* and speedy regimen, to merit the neglect of shops, and *shop-supporters*, in proportion to the little, they could get, by countenancing it.

THE process, (should your memory, by chance, not recollect it) is no more, than to take *new-churn'd butter*, without *salt*, and skimming off the *curdy* part, when melted over a clear fire, to give two spoonfuls of the clarified remainder, twice or thrice, within the day. And this has never fail'd, to make an almost instant *cure*, in many (I am sure, at least, a hundred) cases, I have had myself the pleasure to relieve, officiously, by its effect—and who were persons, for the most part, at the point of *death*, and solemnly resigned to that last cure, of every malady, by their *physician's farewel sentences*.

A LONG time after Mr. Boyle had published his experience of this noble medicine,
from

from his frequent proofs of it, in *Ireland*, where *dysenteries* are too common accidents, there happened, at the siege of *Londonderry*, such a general *demonstration* of its efficacy, as leaves a subsequent *neglect* of it, no way to be accounted for, but from the *reason* I have just assigned it to. For when, by the *fatigues* and *wants* of that brave *garrison*, they found themselves in greater danger, from the havock of this terrible *disease*, than from the efforts of the *enemy*, we are informed, by the describers of that memorable siege, that the distemper stop'd at once, upon the *soldiers* finding a concealed reserve of casks of *tallow*, in a *merchant's* warehouse, and dividing it among the *companies*, to melt with, and to lengthen out their short remainder of bad oatmeal.

AN acquaintance of my own, a gentleman of the prescribing faculty, complained to me, some years ago, of the mortality of this *distemper*, then an epidemic one, in *London*. I advised him, to make trial of the mentioned help, to which he first objected, that he could not see, upon what *theory* to ground a likelihood of such success in using it. For answer, I referred him to a known
experiment,

experiment, in fermentation; where, on barely throwing in a little *melted grease* (or a small quantity of animal oil) upon the surface of a *working liquor*, when in highest *foam*, the curbed intestine motion sinks to *flatness*, in an instant; nor can it be recovered into a *new head*, by any art, our *brewers*, or *distillers*, are acquainted with. The added *oleaginous* particles obtunding the now check'd *saline* ones in a manner, little differing from the operation of the recommended process in the human stomach, where the vitiated hot *ferment* having had beginning, the incisive acrid *salts* are sheathed, and made inactive, by this opposite *balsamic* softener; and, thence, passing on corrected; through the gradual digestions, furnish a fit *chyle*, for blunting the too stimulative *acrimony*. And hence arises not a temporary, but a palliative relief — a compleat eradication of the peccant principle. For, when the salts, above-described, have lost their points, in the absorbing sheather, those united contraries (commixing *oily* with *lixivious* particles) compose, together, a *new*, soluble, and *saponaceous* body, which dissolving readily into the *serum*, and lymphatic humours, is prepared to *pass*, by *sweat*, or even perspire insensibly,

insensibly, through strainers, which (while separate) neither *oils*, nor *salts*, could have been small enough to have pervaded; and which must, therefore, (tho' the blood could have been helped, to throw them off upon the glands, or joints) have bred such obstinate concretion and obstruction there, as bring on *gout*, *sciatica*, or *rheumatism*. But (thus) unless in cases of vessels, too much lacerated already, the *cause* being radically *removed*, it is no wonder, the *effect* is answerable.

THE *doctor* after weighing this, and more, to the same purpose, smiled instructively, and gave me, for reply, a pleasant, short, and honest declaration — “That, if ever he
 “should have occasion to make trial of it,
 “on *himself*, or his *own* family, he would
 “not only do it, but expect good consequence. — But, with regard to his *out* patients, as long as he must *hang* his bills
 “upon *apothecary's* files, he might, as prudently be *hang'd* himself, as venture to
 “*prescribe* short remedies.”

I FEAR, there is but too much probability of these prudential sentiments, in *camp*,
 as

as well as in *town* doctors ; and if so, unless the *general* of an army, making first sufficient trial, to convince *himself*, would afterwards *compel* the practice, there seems little *prospect* of relieving such a *fleet*, or *field* calamity, as though it should not have been now so *fatal*, as pretended in the papers, may, too probably, become so, in a wet, and winter progress of *this* war ; or of some *future* one, when I, perhaps, shall be past feeling any of the consequences of it. I have, therefore, not let slip this opportunity, with view to give occasion, from his recollecting it, to the most likely hand, in *Europe*, to make generous use of its remembrance.

I DON'T know, whether I should add, (and yet it is not too remote from the immediate point in view, considering how liable an *army* is, especially, where long *entrench'd* in *marshy* situations, to *defluxions* on the eyes, or breast) that, in whatever other case, of salts too sharp and active, none of the trite remedies, however tedious *all* of them, and *some* extremely mortifying, will be found of any use, comparatively with this plain and pleasant one, which need be taken, in the last named intentions, only to half the quantity

tity, persisting night and morning for some length of time, uninterruptedly.

I COULD have told this little story with *more* brevity, where I had writ with *less* inducement: but it is natural to *love* our own delights; and I shall always be so sure to give great *pleasure* to myself, in any small attempts, within my power, toward giving it, in how moderate a degree ioever, to the humanity, curiosity, or bare amusement only, of a *mind*, like my Lord CHESTERFIELD's, that, if I could perswade myself, he would not think my letters troublesome, I would continue to address to him, at times (with caution not to break too often, in upon a leisure, now a scantied one, and always sure to be employed much better) a few differing reflections, out of the too trodden road, sometimes *commercial*, sometimes *military*, and sometimes too, not excluding mix'd amusements of a less severe attention. For, however *partially*, these last attract the *fancy* of such idle shrinkers from the world's solitudes, as *I* am, God forbid, we should not, in the midst of all our indolence, live conscious, that, wherever *thought* takes privilege to *hide* itself, from *public* converse,

converse, it owes doubly bent attachment to the *public interest*.

As I have never been so selfishly buried in retreat, as not to own and exercise this duty, I may venture to confide, to such a candid judgment, as your Lordship's, what I should be very *weak*, to say, too loudly, in the general ear; especially, among a people, who, at the same time, they *pride* themselves, as great adventurers, for improving *arts* and *manufactures*, are absurd enough, to *mal-treat* propositions of *invention*, as the *flights* and *fumes* of an *unsettled fancy*; but, with your Lordship's great extent of knowledge, I may safely trust this truth, (however devious from the line of general ideas) — That I have met with, in course of active and experimental application, toward enlargement of some useful arts, (the arts of *land* and naval *war*, particularly) *discoveries*, that would, if they were ever to be carried into *practice*, tend to *alter* very much the *present face of power*, by sea and land. In fact, they would do this, to a degree, which neither *mariner*, nor *soldier*, now thinks *possible*. And, that the very *heaviest* of these gentlemen would be the *briskest* laugher, at
but

but hearing any man *thought* differently, is an illiberal *certainty*, of which I am too sensibly apprized, to have so much as formed a dream, of offering an insinuation of this nature, to the *prepossessed* and *interested*. For I have, now and then, had opportunities to note, and never without an equal mixture of compassion, and resentment, (from the lame results of others disappointed hopes, of that kind) through what lengths of positive *contractedness*, in heart or head, such *novelties* must look to *pass*, in their *dry* pilgrimage, from *reference* to *reference*; — unless, where PRINCES (or PRIME MINISTERS, with all a prince's *power*) dispose their genius, to examine, and determine *personally*.

I HAD, therefore, once resolved to let my *own* reflections, on these subjects, die, and go to rest, when I do; and would still persist in that, perhaps, best choice, if not convinced, that some of them, will give your Lordship private pleasure and surprize. For, I am far enough from hoping, they have any likelihood of call, to travel farther, in a self-sufficing age, like this, wherein *you* are al-

most the sole exception to men's general contempt of *patriotism*.

UNDER this last conviction, I prepare, and shortly hope to put into your Lordship's hands, a written series of bold reasonings, sustained by *facts* and *demonstrations*, both *experimental* and *historical*, and which pretend to leave it *undeniable*, that all the sea-contesting nations, now supposed most formidable (and our *own* too lull'd and satisfy'd, among the number!) might be liable to see their *fleets* insulted, and made *useless* by an enemy, in exertion of *new* arts, in modelling, in arming, in a scarce credibly diminishing of the water draught, and adding infinite increase of *swiftness*, to their shipping. And that where *French*, or *Dutch*, or *English*, (now) repose most confidence, in their believed *perfection* of sea-service, they are, *there*, most dangerously *defective*, in the very *grounds* and *principles*, they go upon.

By this time, I suspect, your Lordship has acquitted me of any blame, for very cautiously communicating, what would seem to carry such a face of *arrogance*, if not
of

of *madness*, in the *supercilious* judgment of a set of *partial* reasoners, whose conceit, owes *rivets* to their interestedness; and who would never dare to *feel* a demonstration, that must *lessen* their repute for knowledge, in an *art*, they have received *distinction* from. And yet, *nature* has no truth more evident, than this unlikely one, which I prepare to send to your Lordship. For I humbly beg you, while I say all this, to be assured, I better know the *understanding* I am speaking to, than to presume the *folly* of amusing it, with any trifling, or *unsolved* speculations. And the only present *motive*, that propels my wish to vindicate, to so discerning a decider, the great ease and practicableness, of this enlargement of *marine* capacity, arose from my late mortifying sense of *public shame*, on seeing all the efforts of our squadron before *Genoa*, despised, and incapable to intercept the *little* embarkations of the *enemy*, merely from want of some unthought upon expedients, scarce more *new* than *natural*.

AND now, I should confess myself ashamed of my unmeasurable length of letter, if I did not know to whom I am addressing

it; for I have seen great men in power, upon whose heavier sense of cares, I could never have been impertinent enough, to press a moment's interruption. — But, however obstinately, a propensity toward search of happiness may study to *forget*, and *be forgotten* by, the *common* world, it never can be so far sunk in *dullness*, not to see how different a respect is due, to such an universally distinguished *excellence*, as YOURS, which, were I to resign my little life's remainder, to some *cottage* of remote *America*, would, even there, or any where, compel me to remember, and confess myself,

My Lord of Chesterfield's

Most faithfully devoted Servant,

A. HILL.

S I R,

S I R,

O^ct. 25, 1747.

I HAVE many things to thank you for, and while I own myself greatly your debtor, I am sorry to be an insolvent one ; you ascribe more to me, and less to yourself, than we both deserve ; your Poem of *Gideon* (so, I hope, you will call it) sets out in a very noble manner, and I observe with pleasure the new political turn, you propose to give it. — Monarchy is the best of governments, and liberty is the greatest of blessings ; if they go seldom together, if one rises by force, or slides imperceptibly into unmask'd, or mask'd tyranny, (for there is tyranny of both sorts, and the last, perhaps the worst) if the other degenerates into licence (for licence is liberty run mad, which tears, and mangles, and destroys her own form) let them appear *united* in your Poem, as they are in the reason of things, and as they are designed to be in fact, by the wise principles of the *British* constitution ; these have been often recall'd to the minds of men, and are sufficiently known ; but that spirit, which can alone render them active, has not

yet been rais'd, and he, who is a patriot in speculation, is the fool of a court, or the instrument of a faction in practice: let it be the muse's task to raise this spirit; to fan the dying embers of zeal for the publick, and to fire the minds of those, with the glorious ambition of patriots, to whom nature has given the talents and fortune the means, of being such:—Political, like religious missionaries, may teach us our duty in didactic discourses, but we feel, that oratory and poetry is much more necessary to animate in one case, like special grace, which, we believe, determines in the other; and thus the passions of the heart are set on the side of vertue, till vertue becomes the object of our predominate passion.

WHILE you express a *doubt*, you shew extremely well, how satire should be manag'd: *Horace* sneer'd vice into ridicule: *Juvenal* lash'd it: *Persius* might have done something of both kinds, if he had studied to be intelligible, instead of affecting obscurity; your present task is very different from *Theirs*; they considered men, as individuals; you are to consider them, as members of society: they punish'd, as civil laws punish,

parti-

particular men, and particular vices ; your satire must be directed, like the great sanction of the law of nature, by which whole societies are affected coercively ; every example of the necessary tendency, which national vice has to the misery, and national virtue to the happiness of society, is a lesson of the sublimest sort ; it sets nations, and heroes, as examples, in our view. The Epopæa stoops no lower, and if it could *make*, as well as *reward* heroes, and patriots, it would have full success ; a few of these would lead or drive, or constrain the many, and nations might be sav'd from beggary, oppression, and servitude, as it were, in spite of themselves.

THE difficulty, I have to write, hinders me from saying more, but I could not forbear saying thus much of the Poem, and the Poet ; no subject is more worthy to employ a generous mind, and no man is so likely to succeed in it, as you, sir, who join to the heroical genius of poetry, heroical sentiments of the heart. I am, sir, with much esteem,

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

H. S. L. BOLINGBROKE.

MADAM,

I HAD the usual lot of life, and pass'd from *good* to *execrable*, in three minutes time last *Monday* : rushing to penitence, with so precipitate a hastiness, as, barely not to escape the horror of a sixth place in the stage coach, which I found just departing, and was *wedg'd* into it, betwixt two *hoops*, that would have serv'd a *Tartar prince*, for half his *Hord's* encamping under.

AND not so common, I assure you, were some chances, and adventures, on the way, but that you should go near to laugh, at *reading* 'em, if I was half as sure, as I am willing to be *made so*, that Mr. *Mallet* rose as well *recover'd*, as you wish'd him :— It rather should have been, as I wish'd him, in a country, where *self* still floats uppermost ——— and for a *better* reason, than that *bad* one ——— for you are *plac'd* so pleasantly, and pleased so mutually, that an *increase* of health, for ought I see, is all the further *happiness*, you stand in need of. And so, Madam, in the phrase, most current, this, I think is, *all at present* ;
though

though I soon must send, again, by a particular messenger; for had I not been bound to thank you both, for *three whole happy days*, (no soon forgotten obligation, as men's days now run!) and to enquire, with some soltitude, how my *friend* found himself at waking, I should, here, have writ a letter with as insignificant a swell of something, that has nothing in it, as if *W——ll* had dignified the date of it; instead of which, poor humble *Plaiſtow*, on this first day of *September*, begs permission but to tell you, that there lives a scribler, much devoted to your service, call'd,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. R——N.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR recal of these three beauties found me in the middle of my third time of going over them — so far have you misconceiv'd my attention to whatever avocation, of business, when you supposed it could repel the pressure of that always just impatience, which I hasten with, to the regard of every thing, that has your seal upon it.

Go on! — You are a species in a single pen, and are not to be judg'd by any of the bold reducements of a criticism, drawn from other writer's practice or ideas. This I know by my own sure experience, that your stages may be judg'd too long, yet never be made long enough to tire the traveller.

I AM greatly sorry, you have no successors ready to place these gems in vellum. But be mindful, when you have, not only of your promise, but the pleasures its performance will bring with it to, Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

A. HILL.

To Mr. R——N.

DEAR SIR,

IT never is without regret I send you back your beauties. It is so natural to retain impressions we are charm'd by, that you could not be so reasonable as you always are, and must be, if you found it difficult to give me pardon, for a guilt you have compelled me into. Do not, however, punish it, by holding back temptation for the future. Rather than hazard such a mortification, I will promise to *reform*; — but, for *repentance*, I disclaim it utterly.

How immensely full of the most mark'd and exquisite paintings, covert satire, liveliest humour, glowing passion, strong reflection, and fine touches of instructive caution, is each stage of this new tour of genius, through a country, which you plant, and people, as you travel over it, and enrich, for our delight, who are to pass it after you! — But I forbear this subject, 'till your *Eden* is inclosed and limited.

B——e returns with this, and brings you back my hearty thanks for sending him, —
and

and all the heart, and soul, and prayers,
and zealous wishes of all mine, and of,

Dear Sir,

Your, (and all your)

Most faithful, humble,

And obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. R——N.

Plaistow, May 5, 1748.

DEAR SIR,

I FIND myself obliged and charmed, beyond expression, with your third and fourth *Clarissa*. She is full of varied and improving beauties, of such striking force, that they monopolize my thoughts, and every thought throughout my family. — They give a body, and material *tangibility*, to fancy! take possession of the sleep, and dwell, like birdlime, on the memory! — We
are

are acquainted with, and see, and know, with the compleatest intimacy, each *man, maid, woman, tree, house, field, step, incident, and place*, throughout this exquisite creation! — We agree, and every day, afresh, remark to one another, that we can find no difference at all, in the impresson of things really done, and past, and recollected by us — and the things we read of, in this *intellectual world*, which *you* have naturalized us into.

As for my daughters, they exert themselves to downright anger (which I find too honest and too amiable, to blame them for indulging) when they hear a *stupid* now and then, of their unlist'ning sex, speak coolly or ignobly, concerning such a treasure, as they rightly call these volumes. They say, that women of the *modish soil* are cursed with so detestable and manifest a *want* of such protective pilatage, that they should be restrained from carrying any *Jewels* in their ears, but *Pamela*, on one side, and *Clarissa*, on the ether, — and give up in due *exchange*, the diamond dead lights they are so fond of, to reward the *guardian*, who so kindly steers them.

ANO-

ANOTHER of their observations I am pleased with is, that low and almost general degree, to which our *English* women stand in need of such examples, were it only to supply their scandalous defect in *letter-writing*; — a defect, they are in every stage of life, so frequently exposed by, to the scorn of those they most desire to please, that even their *pride* should push on their attention, 'till, from *two* such charming patterns, as *you* have bestowed upon them, they have learnt to write, as if they thought, and lent their beauty a *new* province, to display its power in.

WHAT various kinds of obligation have you not conferred upon me! --- I dare almost hope, I never had a great excess of vanity; and even that little too much *you* force me to repent of. For I never open you, without new proof of what I have a thousand times asserted, that you are a species in your single self, that never had, nor will have, equal; such a glowing skill you have, to call out life, and paint the features of the soul, so speakingly! — to conjure up, into the compass of so small a circle, such innumerable specimens of every humour,

humour, every passion! — All the representative displays of nature!

INSTEAD of viewing you engrossed by a diurnal round of the same business, one would think you had been verifying the story of the wandering *Jew*, and gathering all the fruits of seventeen active ages, in all climates, and through all diversities of conversation. But you have peculiarly, a nameless strength, in locally impressive imagery, that goes beyond whatever was conceived, by a poetic fancy! A certain happy force, of starting life from some quick transient glance, that opens its whole likeness, at a flash, and stamps it, with a not to be resisted permanency. Your moral hints are sudden, like short lightning; and they strike with the same force and subtilty! — You sow benevolence in every soil you travel over; and it must be *rock*, indeed, that does not let it *spring* to a proportion'd harvest! — You are — in short, I cannot tell *what* you are. --- I only know, I feel it; and I could not do *that*, rightly, if I thought I could teach words to do it justice. --- The fabled *Circe* only turned men into beasts; you

VOL. II. X (truly)

(truly turn beasts into men. And could there be so vile a wretch, in nature, as to hate my dearest Mr. R——n, you would transform his four frame, if he did but read ten pages of your writings.

I DON'T know whether I have told you, that I had the *Universal Geography* again, together with the other volume. Both shall find their way home soon; but I shall never find the way to show myself as strongly as I wish to do, your gratefulest, most charmed, obliged, and

Most affectionate,

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. MALLET.

July 28, 1748.

YOUR silence has been very kind, and you but acted, with the generosity of a friend's judgment, in not sending me, the bad news of your *fall*, till you could add the comfort, of your having overcome the *danger* of it. I am glad you *have*, with all my heart; --- for your own sake, for Mrs Mallet's, and for the *Duke of Marlborough's*.

As for myself; I walk in shades, still gloomier, than those, you so obligingly lend honour to: --- Nor was your own *Aurelius* a more solitary *Hermit*. I have found him full of a consocial sense, that suits me but too naturally: And I could willingly give up, for the most barren crag of his *St. Kilda*, every passionate solicitude, that in proud, peopled wildernesses, has the impudence to call itself attraction: nor is it a mere selfish motive, that impresses me with this disrelish of the human hives, I turn my back upon! tho' such a narrowness might hope to justify

itself under resentment, due to a long train of broken trusts, and consequent uneasinesses; domestic little cares, that hold the heart in a continual struggle, betwixt fretfulness, and patience. But I suffer, at the same time, sharper tho' remoter, pangs: --- For who forbears to look abroad upon the public prospects! Your monster-lover of *Mark-lane* might there, have found variety of beasts *cas'd* more impenetrably, than his own *Rhinoceros*, and stupider, than his *Chaldæan Buffalo*.

IN a country, therefore, my dear erring friend, where *politicks* are turbulently shallow; whose whole sense of *fame*, is retrospect; where *art* is, choice in luxury; *trade* sunk to --- in gaming: *wit's* test, a knack at *bribery*: and *patriotism* the joke of pickpockets; what bold peculiarity was yours, that dar'd obtrude a work of *genius*, upon *English* taste, with such an *out of fashion* virtue, as to hope, it could be *felt*, before its author was past the power of feeling.

LET me tell you, 'tis no wonder, after such a strange mistake, as this, that you are grown ashamed to look your country
in

in the face, and lurk invifible, to church, or coffee-houfe. But, what a trifling ftart of *levity*: In ferious truth, it is a kind of wickednefs, however ludicrously play'd with, to look fmilingly on fcenes of mifery. Poor *England*! — Would I could go to *leep*, and wake, about the middle of next *century*! againft that time, perhaps, the muddieft ftream might clear its current — Mean while, a genius, fuch as yours, in fuch an age, as you are doom'd to live in, muft content itfelf to carry *fire*, like the imagin'd *central* one, — the dirty *earth* at once muft keep it down, and draw *fertility*, from what it covers.

PUTNEY and *Batterfea*, are fuch near *neighbours*, that I pleafe myfelf with hope, that you can tell me, what I long to hear, of the complete recovery of *Lord Bolinbroke*: I fhall be more than forry, if I ever *live*, to learn, that our few *great* minds, like *his*, are gone in fome fearch of *worlds*, more worthy them! — Where only two or three monopolifts hold virtues to attone a nation, what a *Sodom* will their abfence leave us!

You are, by this time, far advanc'd, in your *historic pregnancy*, let me send you the good woman's *wish*, a happy minute, and a safe delivery! — It was a dreadful task you had the courage to resolve upon: and sure, it has not been the least, among your thousand difficulties, to unwind that variously perplex'd entanglement of views, obstructing views; alliances, that can't adhere — and interests, that confound each other. These cross cuttings, in the modern systems, break a thread, that should be always obvious, and which we discern, and follow, with so much delight, in the deductive progress of *old warriors* histories. We have nothing in our military scramblings, of that sole, and separate point of view, that held determination *fix'd*; — and its pursuit, and graduation, *manifest*. Timid confederacies, disguis'd false semblances, with jealous, apprehensive nibbling avarice, *negociate* menace into smোক, and send out *motly armies* to the field, as the phrase goes, for *observation*; it being, it seems, the business of a *general* of the *new* impression, not to *attempt upon*, but wait the motion of *attempters*. Slow, languid
hesitating

hesitating consultations, *fluctuating* from expedient to expedient, hang prevention upon hope, till *energy* is starv'd to *death*, by the *thin diet* of *deliberation*; so wars *begin* and *end*, and give no *clue*, whereby to *track* their conduct.

I MUST confess, there was much less of this in *your* duke's plans than *other* dukes *before* and *after* him, could plentifully have supply'd you with. HE had that necessary knowledge of JOHN BULL's true temper, that he never thought of cool encampments, and long yawning times, for heads, so naturally made for pushing. Yet, even *that* enterprizing life you are *illustrating*, was not so much the *master* of its own *strong* purposes, but that you will have found him, upon every turn *oppress'd*, and push'd awry by interposing *change*, of orders, and disposition. If it was possible to any hand, it has been so to yours, to prune away, with a selecting frankness, all those dry, dull, dark, *out-startings*, and leave clear his leading path, concentrating, into one design, connected tendencies, where they can throw *lustre*, on his character; and softly touching what does not, with reverential brevity. I long to see a *Marl-*

borough's face in such a *glass*, as you are *silvering* for him. We are sure enough, he won't want *beauties*; and as sure he would have *likeness*, also, if among the *multa*, you have had the patience to turn over, in his *annalists*, you could have found the *multum* you must MAKE, not MEET WITH.

I AM glad at heart, you have exchange'd *Strand-Green* for *Putney*: The river ran too near you: and, though it gave you ornament, convenience, and large prospect, yet, it gave with 'em, a cold air, and turn'd good offices to *insults*: I would have Mrs. *Mallet* live exempt from *dangers*, of what kind soever, yet as long as *horse can stumble*, or *boat overset*, in carrying you, there will be *two*, which in defiance of the *noble soul*, you have told me she is *mistress of*, she will indulge, a *cowardice* in apprehending, and consider such a *fear*, as a *virtue*. I have a second reason of my own, for liking *Putney*: It is nearer than *Strand-Green* to *London*, and the use I mean to make of that advantage, I will shortly shew you, *personally*. See, what *selfish reasons* men can find, in preference of what their *wishes* tend to! As for so *strange* a pair as you, — you will
be

be *happy*, any where: The *Devil himself* has own'd *that* truth, however it came into *Milton's* head, to put it in the mouth of such a speaker.

The mind is its own place, and, in itself,
Can make a *Heaven* of *Hell*: what mat-
ters where,
If I be still the *same*, and all I *ought* !

ALL the kind, and friendly wishes, in the world, my daughters send your Lady, and yourself: Were their wishes half as *weighty*, as they are *sincere* and *reasonable*, they would give a *nobler* proof, than your old *niggard* D——s's, how justly your true worth is understood, throughout this family. I am, with most affectionate respect.

Dear Sir,

Your faithful, humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To

Aug. 9, 1748.

MADAM,

I HAVE received, with pain, the honour of a letter (though 'twas *yours*) and am alarmed, for my friend's sudden illness. Any attack, upon his health, will carry right to give alarms to those, who know him, as they ought; but from his *head* particularly, I must wish pain absent, for the *world's* sake; from his *heart* I do, for *your* sake; there being, I dare say, no atom in it, that your image could escape a wound in.

As soon as I enjoy the pleasure of his bidding me congratulate his ease, and yours, from this new apprehension, I will take my chance, for finding you without engagements. If I fail, in my first venture, it will guide me better, in a second; for not all the weight of so polite a will, as Mrs. *Mallet's*, shall prevail upon me, to assume such undeserved importance, as to dream of previous notices, for troubles meant you, by a man, who knows no title he can make, to your regard, but from a much more due respect, in, Madam,

Your most obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. MALLET.

Sept. 9, 1748.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR letter freed me from a pain, that was beginning to grow serious ; and I saw your hand, with a proportion'd pleasure, — But, too, (like a world, you did not use to be ambitious, of resembling) you mixt a dash of *bitter* with your *sweet*, in your *bad* news of Mrs. Mallet ; to whose hands, by *Monday* next, I shall direct a little bottle, or two, having been forc'd to wait for some of the ingredients.

SINCE you are well enough to look on pictures, cast your eye on the *inclos'd*, and tell me, whether it has *likeness* : It is one of a great number ; every one of which, before they visited the world, should court your *passport*, or *embargo*, if I could, in conscience, grow unmindful, what a store of *heavy* reading work you have before you, without added weight of my imposing. But you had peculiar claim to *this*, which would have made it an injustice, to have spar'd you the due trouble. It is the case,
too

too, of a noble neighbour of yours, to whom I send my only other copy, wherefore, be so good, at your best leisure, to return me this, by the same way it takes, in waiting on you.

As you told me, you had never seen the *Almahide*, I have cut its author out, to send him you, from a mix'd mass of *Curlicisms*, among which his *velvet* lay, unnaturally stitch'd to *dowlasses* — Pray note, he was but little turn'd of *Twenty*, when he dar'd this manly outstart, into so avow'd a trust in his own sense of other's excellence: Remark how he compells remote occasion, for those generous emanations of the heart, with which he praises Dr. *Garth* and Mr. *Granville*. I was, first, and always, charm'd by this fine quality, the *openness* of his humanity, which has, thro' all his life, been his distinguishing characteristic: The *Queen* might have, as fitly, tied a *Sky-Lark* to a *Bat*, as hop'd to strengthen a Lord *Bolingbroke's* administration, by the low, dark, back-beat doublings of his leather-wing'd associate. When one soar'd up to *light*, the other tugg'd toward *coverture*. God makes the world indeed, more right,
by

by opposite influences ; and therefore, I suspect, 'twill be infer'd, by a fair leveller, you wot of, that he left to the D——l's care the governments of states, — where the same cause produces different consequences.

CERTAINLY, the spirit of sublimest reach must naturally love its own resemblance: What men *love*, they can't help *praising*. Therefore, I believe, you never read our friend P—s mistaken, and too narrow comment upon *Horace's Nil admirari*: It is the never failing mark of a true genius, to disdain all reserves, and jealousies, and not *feel* only, but *proclaim* felt transports, with effusion of *benevolence*: No honest thinker sees, without due detestation, with what hair-breadth pinchings—out of praise, the creeping soul of a cold *liker* ekes his bit, upon a bit of paultry approbation, under silly supposition, as mean spirited, and false, as 'tis immoral, that wit *loses* what it *pays* another.

BUT I am running on, as if the duke of *Marlborough's* historian had as much spare

18 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

spare time, upon his hands, as a recorder of more recent glories: I will conclude, but not too hastily. Take first a wish almost as long, as my letter.

KEEP *health*, increase *wealth*, taste *joy*, draw *love*, do *good*, meet *gratitude*, live *long*, die *pleas'd*, and never be *forgotten*! If I could wish you a compleater string, you should have had it, or, because *men* do not wear *necklaces*, I would make fast a *diamond* to the end of it, and send it to Mrs. Mallet for a *fairing*, from

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate,

Obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. MALLET.

Sept. 29, 1748.

WHEN judges, of acknowledged skill, find *likeness* in a picture, they delight its *painter*, in proportion to his knowledge of their judgment; but I long'd to have supplied, to one portrait, (which you fain would find the least resemblance in) with many warmer distinguished strokes, than I have suffered, to proclaim its whole length, and compleat original, from some prudential cautions, which, quite alien to myself, imposed restraint, out of the weightier consequence, as having reference to another.

I AM doubtful, whether I so well remember'd the too close connection, *zeal* is apt to hold with *indiscretion*, in a very warm effusion of some heart-felt truths, that have inscribed my *epic poem*, to your noble neighbour at *Battersea*; and, therefore, I suspend the publication, 'till I can be sure, there is no room for apprehension, of some kind or other, which, in times so little worthy him, may lay strong claim to his friend's care.

I own'd this scruple to my Lord himself, when I first sent the papers, about two or three weeks since; so hope, it had no due foundation. But third hands interpose most properly, which if you think, pray be so good to see my Lord, and tell him, that I have entreated you to take the trouble of conveying back to me, those papers, when he shall have had the leisure to look over them; and that I would much rather burn the whole, than publish any single line, he may have reason to wish *paused upon*.

At the same time you would oblige me, still much farther, if you would be pleased to *think*, and beg the honour for me, that my Lord would, with you, think, whether *Gideon* ought to give the poem name? — or whether it had not better been, *The Patriot*? From the *first* name, might not CANT be apprehended? from the *second*, would not men conclude some quality, more despicable? Yet, it is not quite impossible, that there *may* rise an age, wherein *ideas* will be correspondent with the *words*, that should excite them; and from that good prospect, may not *Patriot* hope some present *pardon*.

I HOPE

I HOPE *yours*, mean while, for my delay, in sending back *Lord Chesterfield's French* pamphlet, upon *acting*; by the way, is it *propriety*, to call a book, that treats as well of *tragic*, as of *comic* action, *The Comedian*? It has many very *just* remarks, no *new* ones: they are only generals, and such as tend but to display, what should be *done*, without attempting to disclose the art of *doing* it. The author treats his subject, with a florid *leafiness*. He shews it, as *earth* shews us *trees*: we see the *branches*, and confess their *beauty*; but the *root* lies *underground*, and we walk but upon the *surface*.

I HAVE sent it now to Mr. *Millar's*, and you will receive, at the same time, my *MEROPE*, upon a plan, as near *Voltaire's*, as I could *wring* it, with safe conscience. Let me fairly own, what I am truly guilty of; I undertook this piece, upon a motive, more *malignant* than it should have been; for I but sought to *mend*, with the bad view, to *mortify* him. Indeed, I wou'dnt bear, with patience, his provokingly unreasonable vanity, that treats it as an act of downright impudence, when *Englishmen* presume on

genius for Tragedy! But we are *anvill'd* into such insensibility, to all *French insults*, that I question, whether a *court* audience would not *yawn* at this *affront*, which I am *fool enough* to dream, deserves *resentment*! There are tastes, the *French* could lend us, which, I fear, in truth, may be above our genius; but *such* tastes we shall hardly incline to *borrow*. They have other tastes, *below* our real character, and in *those*, we think it *fame*, to imitate them: yet, even from *such*, I would not wish our notice quite excluded; I only think, they should be used, as you can use *Voiture*, be built upon, to be raised higher.

You have fired me, with more than a poetic curiosity, to know, what strange employment *that* has been, to which you can have given a whole week's application, to deserve the thanks of *future ages*, and yet, left it possible to add, *they may know nothing of the matter*.

If you have recovered your *Fair Fugitive*, pray let her know, I am her humble Servant: Even thirty years ago, I might have hoped free leave, to make that declaration,
from

from the husbands of such ladies, as had run away from them. The present mischief of it is, that *yours*, I fear, has left you, but as *daylight* does, to rise upon you, with *new* lustre. Be that as it will, (to steal a *phrase*, for once, from the *Town Chronicles*) I don't see, why she should not let me know the *merit*, or *demerit*, of my *pigmy bottle*: If it boasted *virtues*, which it had not, it were pity, *good-for-nothings* should be propagated. But, if found deserving a *succession*, it shall have a very long one taken care for, by

The most obedient, and

Most faithful Servant,

Of you both,

A. HILL.

Nov. 2, 1748.

I REALLY thought, dear Sir, that neither my affection, admiration, or warm grateful sense of your inimitable virtues, (of both head and heart) could have admitted an increase. But he will always be deceived, who thinks he comprehends the measure of your noble qualities!—and the sincere, kind, friendly plainness of this last obliging letter, makes me a most charm'd example of the error.

THE simplicity the world makes so great a cry about, is what I love, as much as they pretend to love it; for, indeed, they talk of what they do not understand; nor can such creatures, as complain of poetry, because it puts them to the pain of thinking, merit any Poet's thinking of.—Obscurity, indeed (if they had penetration to mean that) is burying sense alive, and some of my rash, early, too affected, puerile scribblings must, and should, have pleaded guilty, to so just an accusation. But the case, thank God, is very different now; and these implicit mules, that carry malice for their owners, might, perhaps, have modesty enough to think

think it so, if they could see, with what unpardoning severity I do, and shall, revise my copies.

BUT I am sure, that when my dear friend told me, that the world has changed its taste, he gives that word the same restrained sense I have used it in, above ; for no judge better knows, that, with due exception to deaf ears, the world was never more disposed, than now, to *English* thought, and *English* feeling. Nor shall we, (if our period, as a people, is as distant as I hope in heaven it is) in any part of the now current century want sufficient numbers of learned men, and persons of exalted genius, to preserve all writings, worth their notice ; such, I mean, as carry figure to attract it. For small pamphlet pieces, I suspect, too seldom reach good hands, or run a hazard to be lost, among the rubbish, that sinks round them.

I CAN'T help saying something more, about *simplicity* ; because, as, Mr. *Dryden* told some fools of his own days, that, when they praised an *easy* way of writing, they meant that, which men could write *most easily*, so their successors, of the modern stamp, are far from meaning, when they cry up

what they call *simplicity*, that natural and delightfully instructive elegance of unaffected passion, which your touch'd and thinking readers see, and suffer under, and grow better by, in the distresses or reflections of a *Pamela*, or a *Clarissa*. All that these dim, humble wretches mean, by their abuse of it, to a benumbing sense, is the unjogging slide of something, but they cannot tell what, that paces their lame understanding smoothly on, and does not shake it out of a composure, necessary to its weakness. If such simplicity as theirs, is any simplicity at all, it is the *creeping* simplicity of a louse. Not but there is a brisker kind, that has a share in their esteem, which is the *skipping* simplicity of a flea. — Beyond *their* knowledge, (which is limited to these, and one sort more, the *stubborn* simplicity of the ass) there runs a long gradation of simplicities, not one of whose distinctions they concern themselves to note. There is the *innocent* simplicity of the sheep; the *strong* one of the ox; the *martial*, of the horse; and, to go higher up, there is the *terrible* simplicity of the panther; the *majestic*, of the lion; and the *fearing* simplicity of the eagle. Set a critic tool, of the new taste, to work, and we should

should see him lend his lion the poor louse's legs, to keep him from too rampant a magnificence. His eagle would hop short, in emulation of his flea. His panther must be shaved, for the simplicity of wool-gathering. — And nothing but his ass, and his ownself, would show their natural qualities.

SIMPLICITY, (you know it best of all men breathing) is a weaker word for the same thing, *propriety*. Whatever is conceived with, and expressed with *that*, wants nothing — It has every ornament becoming its demands, not one beyond it. — If it had none, it would be *nak'd*; if too few, *defective*; if too many, *tawdry*. This, my dear friend, is simplicity; and this is *your* simplicity. Whether we take the word from *simplex*, (*sine plica*) or from *simp'lus*, (*sine and plus*) --- its true sense must be found in its reverse to *duplex*; so that every thing is simple, that has nothing added contrary to its own quality, — and every thing unsimple, that has foreign and unnatural annexions. If a camel were to be described, it might be done with all the requisite simplicity, however *loftily* the poet should express the beast's raised neck, majestic pace,

and venerable countenance. But from the moment he began to mention claws and courage, as the camel's attributes, his deviation from the rules of true simplicity, would justly call for the reproach of too *magnificently adorned*. Not because camels ought not to be spoken magnificently — but because there should not be assigned them a magnificence, repugnant to their nature.

ALL themes have their peculiar requisites; and I dare trust even some of the most prejudiced mistakers of simplicity, in many a piece, which they will see among my poems, when made public altogether. Where only social and domestic virtues give the subject, the heroic seems too strong, and may be thought *affected* (for 'tis that, they mean in truth, by their *magnificently adorn'd*). I will venture to be sure, they will exempt from such a censure, one, they will find there, “Epistles from a *Clarissa*, to her *Pamela*; and from *Pamela* to her *Clarissa*,” adorned, they will confess, *below the subject*; whether as regarding the two ladies, or their mental father. One asserts the solitary, one the social peace of life. What more, they both assert, I leave it to themselves to tell you.

LONG

LONG as this letter is already, I have something still to add, relating to a prose piece, I informed you I should want your judgment on. It is my tract of new improvements in the art of war, by sea and land. This piece is very full of novelty, and possibly will have much future consequence. And yet, the supercilious narrowness in vogue may make it be supposed, that nothing of this nature can be worth regard, not authorized by a commission to think rationally. To such heads, it were of little influence to say, how much I saw and learned, in armies of three different nations, at the outset of my life, (too *soon* engaged in foreign ramblings)—A still less effect would follow, if I went about to make them sensible, how preferable to whole lives of mill-horse-rounds in practical contractions, an extended theory may be, when exercising a not unadapted genius, long and obstinately bent, on all examinations, proper to that study.

WHAT can I say, to your *black* paragraph! — I call it not so only from your loss, (for which I heartily condole with you) of a
relation

relation so emphatically *near* ; but from the melancholy track of thought it led you into with regard to your own life (which God preserve but 'till your *Pamela* and *Clarissa* die). Are you to hope no end, to this long, long, long, nervous persecution?— But it is the tax you pay your genius ! and I rather wonder you have spirits to support such mixture of prodigious weights ! Such an effusion of the soul, with such confinement of the body ! than that it has overstrained your nerves to bear your spirits agitation !— Dear Sir, God Almighty bless you ! I should never end at all, if I writ on, 'till I had nothing left, that I still wish to tell you, — from

Your (beyond his power of telling)

Most obliged, and

Grateful humble Servant,

A. HILL.

Nov. 12, 1748.

WITH how much justice, dear Sir, do you tell me, your *Clarissa* is a work of *tragic* species! — Every branch of my attentive family can prove it true, by an experienced demonstration! I am *moved* more strongly, almost every where, throughout this series of enchantments, than in any part of any Tragedy, I ever met with.

I DESIGN'D to have said nothing on this charming subject, 'till I should have seen the part, wherewith you mean to close it. But I wanted power to hold that purpose, and have been compelled, by my own heart, to throw out a short specimen of what you fill it with, in the few lines inclosed, to which I will, at present, only add my hearty thanks for these sweet volumes, and my promise, that no eye, beyond our walls, shall look upon a page of either.

I TREMBLE, while I move my pen, not only from sensation of the cold itself, but under the worse apprehension of its menace to your nerves -- who are in expectation of attacks in these sharp seasons.

I PRAY

I PRAY God, to disappoint this expectation --- though 'tis *your's*, and grant you, in amends for that one disappointment, twenty better things, you never looked for.

I am (boursly more and more)

Dear Sir,

Your true Admirer, and

Obliged obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

P. S. My girls are both as much your own, as your two deathless ones.

To Mr. R——N.

Nov. 29, 1748.

TO what increafe of *more* than human power, to mould the soul, have you inflamed this *closing* scene of your angelic *prodigy*! It is not to be born! why does your postscript waste a word about poetic justice? you *move* through every not to be described *enchantment* of this amiably killing

ing progress, *more forcibly*, than all the *Tragedies* of all the nations in the world, from *Athens* down to *Otway*! — I buried the dear girl by three o'clock this morning, and I now can hardly see the pen where-with I tell you, that you put my eyes out — and you do it, in so many places, and by such successive, unaccountably astonishing, and not to be resisted strokes of nature, that that I really think, in this one single night, your heavenly sweet *Clarissa*, and her fate, have cost me tears enough to swim the volumes that excited them.

Good God! how did your hardly to be pardoned *modesty* find power, so long, so cruelly, and continently long! to *hold in* all the conscious mastery of such a genius, as was never equall'd! I *despise myself*, and all *dramatic strainers* at *pathetic* touchingness, when I am taught, in almost every period of this *comprehensive model* of mankind, in all paths of their passion, that *he* who *made us all* has given to *you alone* (by heaven I speak the least of what I *feel*) a *key*, as powerful as *St. Peter's* — for you *beautify* and *torture*, with impressive *sovereignty*; and, with a single turn of hand, unlock the *heart's* recesses,
lead

lead *surveyors* into what has been supposed *inscrutable*, and lay man *open* to his *own discovery*, even where he shocks his *pride*, and mortifies his *vanity* the most by such compelled *inspection*.

How do I long, that you would turn your next inimitable flow of life, into the *scenic* chanel, and do everlasting honour to your *country*, by some triumph of its stage, that would teach century after century, to weep diversion into virtue ! All the difficulty you can meet with there, would be, (a painful one to think of !) that, where you create a power of feeling, for *readers*, the unhappier *bearers* might go near to lose the noblest half your *Pathos*, in the *actor's* unconceptive, indolent, theatrical knack at *chilling* it.

As soon as you allow these three last volumes to break out upon the public, I shall *force* affection for my *country*, to let me very justly *blame* her *present* race, if your *Clarissa* does not shine in every *eye*, and dwell upon almost as many thousand *tongues*, as she has *faculties* of charming.

Oh !

Oh ! *Nature's* boast ! oh ! *God's* own
breath, in *man* !
To paint *thy* worth, is more than *language*
can :
Even to *conceive* thee, *shakes* th' extended
heart ;
But, to *express* thee, asks thy *MAKER's* art.

DEAR, dear, transporting friend ! how
little have I *said* ! how little *can* I say, of
what I *glow* with an *inspiring* sense of ! well
may you suffer under *tremors*, who fill all
you reach with tremblings ! — Be tenderer
of such nerves, as nature never gave before !
for, what *immensity* of *pangs* must you
yourself have suffered under, in producing
this *divine* capacity of *paining* others, into
pity, grief and wonder ! — This is all
short, poorly short, of what is *felt* and
meant by,

Dearest Sir,

Your charm'd Admirer,

And with Love and Veneration,

Your most faithful Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. MALLET.

Jan. 12, 1749.

I LOST you, dear Sir, as we lose in dreams, some friendly *spirit*, that but just appears, to *guide* us to some *good*, or guard us from some *evil*, and then vanishes away, without admitting our acknowledgments.

SOON after you was gone, I went to Mr. *Garrick's*, but he was abroad ; the moment I can see him, I will write you word, what place and time, he chuses for the reading of *Merope* ; I suppose, 'twill be as usual in the *Green-room* ; and, with such a number of the *actors*, as must all be present, with their parts, the scheme of fixing it in *Salisbury-Court*, had been improper, as it would have over-crowded Mr. *R——n*, and made a breach in play-house practice.

I HAD a thousand things to say to you, and could say none of them. A friend can only be *beheld*, in public places : note *there*, one new, and noble preference, of *solitude*, to agitation , when alone, I can, and often do, converse with you, uninterruptedly ; —
and

and I could do it, were your *Putney* as remote, as Mr. *Dobb's* north-west passage. Neither *absence*, nor its next relation, *death*, can separate the *soul* from those it loves; and we less touchingly possess immediate *presence*, among crowds, than we embrace *ideas* through the widest distances, in nature. Does not *society* assume a name, by no means proper to it, when it dissipates attention, by surrounding it too noisily? Distraction, in such cases, seems to me, to rob reflection of its noble property; and *coffee-houses*, *routs*, and *drawing-rooms*, are only *hospitals of cure*, for such *sick* minds, as wanting friendships, thoughts, and innocence, are charitably comforted, from *within*, by a relief indulged them from *without*, because they see the *devil*, as often as they look *inward*.

WITH yourself, dear Sir, and Mr. *R—n* (who is a very worthy man, and adds, to many other of his merits, that of honouring you sincerely) — your honest Mr. *Millar*, and I, shall make up (any evening, when you come next to town) one figure, short of *Charles* the 2d's company. Yet could there never be deficiency, where only *one* of these

four (whom I won't name to you, and yourself will be the last at finding) favoured any man alive, with but *his* single presence.

HAVING enquired particularly, I find, it was upon the *Thursday* before *Christmas*, that the packet, you received but *Thursday last*, was carried to the Watermens Arms, at *Hungerford-stairs*. I am cautioned, by this accident, against all future trusting parcels *there*, if *Fisher* can't be met with. When I know what day will be assigned, by Mr. *Garrick*, for the reading *Merope*, I shall entreat the favour of your copy, when you come to town, that the two other may be altered by it, for, in writing out, I made corrections, in some places. This, already, is too long a letter; yet, I cannot end it, without adding a warm wish, and prayer, for Mrs. *Mallet's* health, and for the little all-souls of her prattling family. Would to God, the dates, and colours, of their life, were in *your* will, or *his*, who is, with every ardor of respect, and gratitude,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged, affectionate Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. GARRICK.

Jan. 14, 1749.

S I R,

AS I have never lost you out of sight, and hearing, since last *Thursday* night, so have I never ceas'd reflecting, what a pity 'tis, that your unbounded power, to charm, in every shape, should often rob your audience, of their noblest transport, that of seeing you, in soft, genteel, brave, generous characters! It is too humble an ambition, when you condescend to show your *mastery*, in little ones. None ever doubted, that the Eagle *could* fly low : — but, being made for *soaring*, he leaves stooping to the *didappers*.

SUCH heart-thrilling changes, as you touch, in the display of manly passions, such mark'd action, painted purpose, eloquence of look, and agitated force of attitude, are rare, and noble qualities; but of too wide a compass for a *letter*, or a *conversation*. I will endeavour to convince you, in a fitter place, how little I say of you

to yourself, compar'd with what you make me *feel*, upon the *subject*. Accept, at present, a small off-hand *picture* drawn, this morning, for a proper place in a large volume, now just ready for the publick. If it has deficiencies, I can't *find out*. It has one *strange* one, which I *see*, but won't *correct* — It *wants* flattery.

I ADD a sketch, upon the doubt, you started t'other day, about the dress, *Eumenes* should appear in. Some such choice as this, would carry with it, a gay, striking-mixture, of the *shepherd*, and the *hero*, and, without offending your, so rightly wish'd propriety, by ornaments, unsuited to his pastoral circumstances, have a chance to *please*, beyond the jewels, which contrast it; and attract the eye, more forcibly.

I SEE your time engross'd, by such diversity of cares, and company, that I hardly know how to think it reasonable to hope, (tho' I will, sometimes, take my chance, in trying for it) that I can find you in a vacant hour. When I do, I have a word, or two, to say, upon a *hint*, I long to mention to you, for increase, if
it

it were possible, of your peculiar power to move in those fine *falls* of voice, you so inimitably *practice*: You will comprehend it, in a moment. I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. R——N.

Jan. 16, 1749.

WHAT a letter was my dear Friend's *last*! and how, above all power to tell you, what you make hearts feel, are you, for ever rising, more and more, after the warmest *lovers of your soul*, and you suppose, they have, already, seen in *both*, the highest elevations, minds can stretch to! But I shall know better what to *do*, than what to *say*, and so refer to *action*, the effect of *sentiments* I really want the power to speak, or write; and if I had it, could not *ease* a quarter of

the *painful* pleasures, you, so daily fill me with, by such a poor, and *passive* way of owning 'em.

I WAS in town, on *Saturday*, but only for an hour, or two; nor could Mr. *M—t* out-stay one o' clock, and left us: Honest Mr. *M—r* could scarce talk of any thing, but Mr. *R—n*; he even wanted to have had a meeting at your house, for reading *Meropé* to Mr. *G—k*, Mrs. *C—r*, and God knows how many more: Nay seem'd so warmly bent, on this improper and tumultuary invasion of a place and person, (I shall chuse, and seek a more serene, and less diffus'd enjoyment with, some evening of the current week,) that I was loth to say much, then, in opposition to it, tho' it must have held me on the *rack*, after not having seen you for so long an age past! to *but* see you, in a crowd, where such a pleasure, must have been divided into interruptions, that would more than half have lost it to me: I will only beg one happy hour or two alone, and afterwards, engage the company of Mr. *M—t* and of Mr. *M—r*, for some other evening, you can spare us, altogether, with most leisure. But acquit you
I from

from all danger of the scheme of inroad about reading *Meropé*; (which Mr. M—r grounded, I perceiv'd, upon the great esteem, he told me, Mr. G——k has for you and your opinions) as it, doubtless, is expected by the Managers, as usual, that the *reading* should be in the *Green-Room*, at the house, to all the Actors with their *parts*, as cast, *then* given 'em.

IF it were possible, that one, who loves you, and admires you, as I do, could taste a *nobler* pleasure, than in *reading* you, and *thinking of* you, I am always sure to meet with it, in every place, I go to, from the almost only *subject*, I hear any companies agree upon, and that is, when they talk about *Clarissa*, and *Clarissa's author*! --- To excel all --- yet be lov'd by all, is one of your peculiar, and most wonderful *prerogatives*! Adieu, dear Sir, for I am entering on a *theme*, I shall be lost in, if I don't abruptly end, with

Your most charm'd oblig'd,

Affectionate and faithful Servant,

A. HILL.

Z 4

To

To Mr. GARRICK.

Jan. 20, 1749.

S I R,

I WAS in town last *Saturday*, and left my name, in *King-street*, where I wish'd the pleasure, to have thank'd you *personally*, for the kind regard, which Mr. *Mallet* tells me, you have been so good to shew my *Meropé*. I shall in a few days, come up again, and wait on you, to beg the favour of your ordering a time for reading it, hoping, you have been pleas'd to give direction, for its being written into *parts*, that it may be in readiness, for coming on, as, I am told, you are so kind to mean it shall, after the run is over of *Irene*; to whose *author* I wish all success for two strong reasons, one, because I hear he *merits* it; and one, because *you* are desirous, he should meet with it.

SINCE you consent to lend your animation to *Eumenes*, I dare venture, to *foretell* him fortunate: Mrs. *Cibber*, once, inform'd me, she shed tears for *Meropé*: --- When Mrs. *Cibber weeps*, who won't weep
with

with her? Mr. *Barry* I never yet saw, but I presume, he will be for *Polyphontes*. Cast the whole, I beg you, Sir, to your own will, and judgment: I am sure the Play will be the better for it.

I ADD only this desire, (and beg your pardon for my pressing it) that as the winter *wanes* apace, your goodness will indulge this piece, with such seasonable care to put it forward, that it may come on, as soon as you can possibly admit it; and I shall feel myself oblig'd, and always gratefully acknowledge it, on every opportunity, that falls within the power of,

Sir,

Your most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. MALLET.

Feb. 15, 1749.

HOW does my dear friend? How does his excellent Lady? How does the budding springlets of his lovely family?

I WAS in town, at the *Anamolous* Mr. *Johnson's* benefit, and found the Play his proper representative, strong sense, ungrac'd by sweetness, or decorum: Mr. *Garrick* made the *most*, of a detach'd, and almost independent character. He was elegantly dress'd, and charm'd me infinitely, by an unexampled silent force of painted action; and by a peculiar *touchingness*, in cadency of voice, from exclamation, sinking into penfive lownesses, that both surpriz'd, and interested! Mrs. *Cibber*, too, was beautifully dressed, and did the utmost justice to her part. But I was sorry to see *Mahomet* (in Mr. B——y) lose the influence of an attractive *figure* and degrade the awfulness of an imperious *Sultan*, the impressivè menace of a martial *conqueror*, and the beseeching *tenderneesses* of an amorous *solicitor*, by an
unpointed

unpointed *restlessness* of leaping *levity*, that neither carried *weight* to suit his *dignity*, nor struck out *purpose*, to express his *passions*.

I HAVE given Mr. *Garrick* the ideas, he desir'd, upon the *passions*, in *Eumenes*, and I hope, too, have satisfied his doubts about the *dress*. He has, again renew'd his promise, to let *Meropé* come on, as soon as possible in *April*: And informed me, Mrs. *Cibber* was a little startled at the lateness of that season for it, but consented, and will get it up; and now, as Mr. *Garrick* has the reputation of good-nature, and sincerity, I hope, there is no room for apprehending disappointment.

I TROUBLE you, dear Sir, so often, that I *sin* against *conviction*, when I venture to renew my hope, that now, as soon as your conveniency permits, *Meropé* will have the honour of your reading, to a few such *auditors*, as would best lend her *weight*, in the reports of their *opinion*, should they give it favourably; ——— This is *seeming*, strangely, to *forget*, that you want *leisure*:
But,

But, in truth, it is remembring, you abound with *goodness*. Were you but possessed, as eminently, of all other *rights*, you could lay *claim* to, nothing would be more impertinent, than some warm wishes, now, at heart, in those, who know, and love you like,

Dear Sir,

Your most sensibly oblig'd,

And faithful Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. GARRICK.

March 29, 1749.

SIR,

I HOPE I may, about this time, congratulate your safe return to town, but am oblig'd to do it by a letter, under torture of a pain, in the left side, that I can hardly fit to write. I suppose you heard, that Mr. *Barry* had declined the part of *Narbas*, as well as that of *Polyphontes*. Mr. *Berry*, if you please, should have it, and the *High Priest* may be acted by any body, who can speak articulately.

I AM but little mortified, at all these disappointments; for, it is on *you* alone, that the Tragedy depends, for its reception from the public: You will inspire, too, Mrs. *Pritchard*, and give *animation* to the rest, by reading the Play to 'em, which, again, I beg most earnestly, I may depend on: For it is a wish I have at heart, to shun the *pain* of doing it *myself*, to a capricious set of people, who because they *must*, will have regard, for what *you* bid 'em think, and understand, to the Play's advantage. You will even give me the sincerest pleasure, by excusing

I me,

me, at the *rehearsals* : I shall be of no use, there, at all ; or, if there should be, possibly, some little point, wherein I might be thought so, let me settle it, with *you*, Sir, and not *them*, I beg it of you.

PLEASE to tear out the old *Prologue*, and the *Epilogue*, and let these alter'd ones be put, in place of 'em. A friend of mine was advising me, to give the last, a *lighter* turn, which would not, perhaps, have been wrong, had Mrs. *Cibber* been the *Meropé*, because, from a soft-looking, maiden-like, slim *figure*, (such as *hers*) the point of joke, in *double entendres*, catches spirit from *surprize*, and makes the *wantonness* attractive ; but those turns, from a *look*, and *form*, of different appearance, make but cold impression ; though in all things, but the *look*, and *shape*, their merit may be equal. I dare venture to insure Mrs. *Pritchard* as great *applause* in this *grave* address, as she could have expected, from a fat high one, *season'd* to the full *relish* of the *fashion*.

PRAY, let me run no hazard, of your charging it to a *remissness*, that I beg to be excused from *stage attendances*, on this occasion. The truth is, I see, united there, such
force

force of vanity, with such a feebleness of genius, that I shun to mortify myself, by mortifying others, to no purpose ; you are legion in yourself ; the sure and single hope of our theatric world ; and far from meaning this, as compliment, I am so solidly convinced, that it is plain, and honest truth, and that there is no promise of a likelihood, that I shall ever live to see another actor rise, with your capacity, to taste, improve, or even to comprehend, the use of such a system, as I had designed to publish, that I am, now, determined against printing it at all, but will abstract the essence of it, in a course of private letters, for your own inspection singly ; and they shall be sent you, as I can have leisure to select, and to abridge their subjects. — You will find things useful, and not common, in 'em ; and whatever you think proper to illustrate, by your practice, will be better understood and propagated, by effect of your example, than from all the theory of a dead reasoning.

I LATELY saw, how sure a consequence this will be found when, you repeated a strong speech, or two from *Lear* and *Tancred* : I observ'd, with great delight, how, paintedly,
you

you brought the *passions*, first, into your *eye*, before you *spoke* a syllable ; and, thence with what adapted, and *pathetic force*, your voice receiv'd and threw out, the *sensation*. By this single mastery, you have, at once, conceiv'd, and executed *nature's* noblest scheme of *excellence* in *acting* ; and you are the *only actor*, who has ever felt, or understood it, rightly. Even your own *Shakespeare*, who came nearest to the apprehension, mis'd it, when within an inch of making it his *own* : See this, apparently, in one of many places, I will shew you, in his writings.

Stiffen the *sinews*, summon up the *blood*,
Lend fierce, and dreadful aspect, to the *eye* ;
Set the *teeth* close, and stretch the *nostril*
wide.

Hold hard the breath, and bend up every
spirit,
To its *full* height —

NEVER was rule laid down, with more mechanical exactness, than this is, for representing *anger* : But the error was, he plac'd the *cart* before the *horse* ; for let but the *first* line exchange *position*, with the *second*, and the speech begin with — *Lend fierce, and dreadful aspect to the eye*, and he had laid the
system

system *open*, at a stroke, in all the clearest *light of nature*. For the *look*, as the lines now stand, which is rang'd as an *effect*, will then appear the *cause*, as it should be, and all the noble pictures following be no other, than its natural consequences.

WOULD to God, you had no share in the patent! I am sure you have none in your merit's claim to it) a genius, such as *yours*, will always hold possession of the public favour, and there never was a time, wherein so great, and sure a fortune could be made, by playhouse management, as in the years now rising: I will, shortly, give you many reasons for it; — one, not the smallest, is from a new practice, that has spread but very lately throughout all the *schools of England* to accustom *youths* to acting *plays*, at breaking up, and other seasons, before great *assemblies* of their friends; and this inures them to *theatric* taste, which sticks fast to 'em, for their *whole lives after*. May all accidents concur with this to widen your good prospects; it is very earnestly the wish of,

Sir,

Your most obedient,

And affectionate Servant,

A. HILL.

VOL. II.

A a

S I R

April 7, 1749.

S I R,

I HAD not opportunity to tell you, at rehearsal, half the pleasure, I now write to thank you for, and which you made me feel, in *Poliphontes*.

I MEANT to paint him brave, fierce, haughty, bloody, deep-designing, subtle, and attractive. All his *bravery* and *fierce spirit*, I observed, you finely hit, and so you often did his *subtlety*, and very aptly, and genteely, varied into *softened* and *attractive* tones (where fit) to *Merope*. Such *natural* changes do not only make a *voice* more *musical*, but, at the same time, *ease* it, and *extend*, and guard its compass.

THERE arises too this happier consequence, from an adroitness this way, that the *stops*, before such changes, must be *fill'd out* by intense and meditative apposition of the *eyebrow* (as if *thinking* to the coming purpose). — This will give both *tone* and *manner*; all the *likeness* they *intend* to show; and add that face of NATURE to the showing

ing it, which is the single *cause* of a hard lesson to be hit, called WEIGHT, in acting.

For example, when (though in the middle of a speech) you find some *baughty* starts in *Poliphontes*, if you then, before you spoke a word, in that new walk, would take a *breathing* time, and, therein, draw your *breast* a little back, stretch up the *neck*, and *string the nerves* quite through your body, and (in that *new* attitude) pronounce the *baughty* words, your *voice* will carry most expressive dignity, in a *proud stately swell*, and you will find, such *brace* upon your joints *restrains*, as will your arms from all levity of *unmarked* motion, and give the noblest *grandeur* of a *figured majesty*. And the same good end will always follow, (only substituting *quicker* and more *active* springs upon the *nerves*) in *anger*, *menace*, and all places, where the *terrible* is necessary.

In all *Poliphontes*'s entrances and exits, only be mindful, to brace nervously, and bend your *eye-brow* into the idea of *suspicion*, mixed with *baughtiness*; and, by that single artifice, your *look*, *tone*, *step*, and *mien*, will catch the right *impression*, in a moment.

THERE remains to be considered but that kind of manner, which expresses best the *bloody, meditative, and designing*. And all this will follow, almost of necessity, from one perpetual caution, not to slide, without a *pensive* attitude, out of a period of different turn, into a passage of *this* nature ; but, *before* you *speak*, in the new sense, to bend your *eye-brow* into a short *pause*, for *thought*, and stand a moment in that *thinking* posture. And then, while you keep your brow so bent, begin, and carry on the *change*. And so, in every other case, by either *raising* or *depressing* thus, your *brow*, answerable to the *gay* or *gloomy* variations in the passions, you will make the audience *feel* you an *accomplished* actor.

POLIPHONTES is a character, that will afford great *compass* ; and *your* genius penetrates the utmost of his meanings. — Please to give yourself a little private trouble, in applying these few *hints* to all such places, as you see them *proper* in, and I dare promise you, that good *effects* will follow your so doing. I am,

Sir, Yours, &c.

A. HILL.

April 8, 1749.

S I R,

I KEPT one last remark for a new letter, not to make my first too long. *That* but related to what *Poliphontes* speaks, himself: *This* intimates the part he ought to take, in *Other's* speaking; during all which time, it would be strikingly *characteristic*, if you let your *eye* and *action* paint that *jealous apprehensiveness*, —that *doubtful vigilance*, —that *penetrative* and *attentive heedfulness*, wherewith a wise and long experienced *tyrant* would examine, as it were, the very *souls* of those he acts with, and *dive* through their *looks* and *words*, to fathom their *suspected purposes*. The same adaptions, therefore, of his busy *eyebrow*, the same shown strong, or slacker braces of his *nerves*, as occasion calls, should hold him always fixed, upon the *answers* he *receives*, as well as on the *declarations* he *impresses*. Very different this, from the too common *dissipation* of the actor's person, where, as soon as he has done his *speech*, he let's loose his *attention*; and, of course, acquits the auditors from any obligation or inducement, to consider him as what he came upon the stage to pass for.

THIS

This little note, with those my other letter brought you, will be all that can be needful, and produce not *comprehension* only, but *improvement* and *extension*, from an understanding, such as yours, in whom the *poet* happily uniting with the *actor*, gives you great and personal advantages; and, as I wish and hope to see you at the height those ought to place you, let me add this seasonable remark, that all the *popular Players*, I have ever known, have owed *that popularity* to some particular *new character*, wherein the envy of mankind, finding no room to charge their merit upon *imitation*, was compelled to grant the beauties, they struck out, were of their *own* production, and so rated their possessors, in proportion to that forced concession. I am,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. GARRICK.

SIR,

AS *Meropé*, dear Sir, was forc'd to struggle with so bad a season, will you be so good, to give a better to *one* other piece of mine. Perhaps you are not pre-engaged for *January* or *February*? -- If you are, may I depend upon the third week in *November*? When the parliament sits early, this methinks should be a period, fit enough for bringing on new pieces, and the rather, as not usual, since it would be taken, as one instance, among many, of your abler management.

DON'T think me, now, regarding my *own* interest; that is but subsequently, in my view: for I annex it to a *nobler* motive --- the extension of your *Tragic* conquests. You have now but *one* walk left *untrodden*, and in *that* there are, among your most profess'd *admirers*, some who *give you up* or *doubt* you; nor have you a *right* to wonder *they* should do so, while you really seem to *doubt yourself*, in that *particular*. The *walk*, I mean, is the sublimely solemn one --- the walk of *weight*, and *dignity*; but not

the *cold, declamatory, and sonoriſerous*: our unpaſſion'd *Cato's* and half-paſſion'd *Tamerlanes* were left too little animated by their *authors*, but were never *written*, with ſo froſtily congeal'd a *chillneſs*, as their *aſtors* have been pleas'd to lend 'em: Mr. *Booth*, at *Cato's* firſt appearance, always raiſed from forty-eight to fifty thund'ring claps on *ſentiments* which HE made felt; but which are ſo compoſedly ſhed upon our preſent audiences, that *Cato's* claps, I think, ſtretch, now and then, to almoſt *half a dozen*. I could point out, if you thought it worth your curioſity, the changes which have *cauſ'd* this loſs of influence, in a character, for many years, ſo *popular*, and which at this day, I am ſure from ſuch a *mouth*, as I could name, together with ſuch *eyes*, and *attitudes*, has more than *ſeventy* places, where *ſtrong claps* would riſe, infallibly.

BELIEVE me, Sir, 'tis only *ſentiment*, that ſtrikes the *heart*: (paſſion itſelf is but *unmoving* noiſe, without it) therefore, characters, full charg'd with *ſentiments*, which riſe from *interreſting* paſſions, and from *moving* Incidents, and which are uttered by an *aſtor* who prepares his *audience* by ſuch *ſpeaking*
looks

looks, and *thought-inflated* pauses, as your never equall'd ones, in *Lear* and in *Eumenes*, and can *mark* 'em so distinctly, throughout all their windings by adapted variations in his *voice* and *action*; such, and so acted characters, I say, must always, unavoidably, *compel* the strongest tempests of applause, the infinitely largest share of which is the *great Actors*, not the *writers* triumph; for whatever force, the *sentiment* may carry, is all lost in an *ill* speaker's mouth; and in a *good* one's, but consider'd, as a beauty of the speaker's giving.

I AM altering the whole character of CÆSAR, in *the Roman revolution*, so as to comply with the mistaken public notion, of his aiming to be *king*, in violation of his *country's* liberty; but he shall still preserve a *soul* and *dignity*, most unexceptionably his, above all mortals, in his weight of *sentiments*, (not stoical, sour, preaching sentences, but warm and generous irruptions from his heart) and I will forfeit all pretence to any thing like judgment, of a stage, or *you* should hold the house, throughout that part, in one continued uproar

roar of applause — renew'd in more than in one hundred places.

WHY won't you, dear Sir, be persuaded to this trial by an ardent *lover* of your *fame*? and one, who on a subject, he so long has studied, does not speak at random? By about the middle of winter, I design to publish my *comparison*, &c. wherein, how would it charm me, to compleat *your* picture, throughout the *whole dramatic* compass, by strong referential *proofs* of a superiority, which *friends*, and *foes* (if you have any of the *last*) must then have been compell'd to own unbounded: as surpassing Mr. *Booth* himself, in his most strikingly distinguish'd walk: — for as to any others, who (since him) have been assumers of it, a flat, slow, articulate, blank, sullen, equal out-spread of the voice, where it demands to be diversified, adaptive, and inflective, is the whole extent of their pretension to *Catonicks*.

I WILL, here insert the pensivest, (and longest, too) of this *Cæsar's* speeches, that you may observe, how actively remote he is from the *declamatory*. In every other place,

place, he is, beyond comparison, *more* spirited ; if such a speech, as this, were roll'd out, to an audience, after our round trundling manner of delivery, the insurer of *one single* clap would be a *bold* adventurer ; whereas, felt, shown, and utter'd with those agitated picturings of heart, a touch'd thoughtfulness, which you, and *only you*, could lend it, your *applauses* would be almost, as *numerous*, as your *couplets*.

A C T I.

S C E N E II.

CÆSAR *alone*.

W H Y, when I would be happy ----
am I *great* ?

Men who desert their *peace*, to serve their
glory,

Toil -- for the *malice* ! of oblig'd mankind !

Who *think* me tyrant, ought to *find* me
such,

Such to *suspect* me, proves --- *themselves* had
been,

What they conclude, I *am*. ---- Let me re-
flect ----

Why

him by his *action*. He would often wonder ; and, in truth, I do so too, that in their way of dressing *Shakespear's Cæsar*, they contriv'd to make his very laurel look ridiculous ; whereas there might, and doubtless, should be something, as superior to the rest of mankind, in the *modus* of this hero's *dress*, as in the greatness of his soul, and character. I throw out all, relating to his *Parthian* expedition, and contract the plan into a *touching* and *distressful* story, as was ever brought upon a Theatre ; yet hope to do this, without robbing it of any of its *grandeur*. — If you will but resolve to *conquer*, in the name of *Cæsar*, as resistlessly as *Cæsar* did himself, bid me go on, and try, if I can make him not unworthy your adorning, against winter ; and lay every blame on *me*, if you repent the *credit*, you afford my *prophecy*.

THERE is, (I was about to say in *nature*, but in *custom* I am sure, there is) so cruel a propensity toward mortifying a too frequent *writer*, that I dare not wish to trust the *publsc* favour, for above *one new Play more*. But it will always give me the sincerest pleasure, when you use the *power*,
you

you may command me with : -- where-ever you would clear ill-mark'd, or cover'd passions, from the gross obscurity, which they lie buried under, in some fine *old* parts, — or bid me, at your pleasure, modernize their faint and obsolete expreffion ; — or if you turn your eye, occasionally, on the *flamina*, you spoke of, in *old* pieces, capable of being alter'd into striking Plays, I could do this, without appearing a too general undertaker. For, in cases of that nature, you alone need know, what hand the pieces pass'd through.

As I find it but too probable, that, for one other year at least, I shall be master of more leisure, than I like; in any way wherein you think I can have power to be of use, *command* the thoughts of,

Dear Sir,

Your most faithful,

And affectionate humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. MALLET.

April 22, 1749.

I HAD design'd, dear Sir, that Mrs. Mallet's *Meropé*, and yours, should have been better dressed, when I beseech'd the honour for her, of a little corner, within reach of eyes, which had considered and befriended her, with such a partial goodness. But the hurry of our *honest Bookseller*, (who has, I find, prevented me, in sending you a copy, and who tells me, too, he judged it proper to send one, *himself*, to my Lord B——) denied him time (he says) to get *fine paper ready*.

I HAVE been so ill these ten days past, that I was never once in town, since they brought on the *Tragedy*: But know, it owes you many a favour, that you have not, yet, vouchsafed, to let me thank you for: They will break out, however, and but charm the sweetlier, like *your* virtues, for the veil, you hold before 'em. I am, dear Sir, more sensibly, than you would have me be,

Yours, &c.

A. HILL.

To Mr. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR,

TILL the provokingly delay'd conclusion of my chancery affair, I am compelled to patience, under many inconveniences; and of late, to some prudential cautions, mortifyingly inconsistent with the joy, I feel, in seeing, and in *hearing* you. 'Tis well, 'tis but a transient cloud, that will blow over in a term or two! and in the interim to make myself the *best* amends, I can, I purpose to invade you as a written visiter; but beg, before you go to *France*, you'll let me hope, at least, one happy day, at *Plaiſtow*, where you shall be entertained, with a plain *pastoral* simplicity, as if you were among your shades in ELIS.

I AM obliged, and charmed, beyond my power to say how much, by the attraction, *Meropé* derived from your inimitable force of genius! It had left me more than satisfied, if you could, possibly, have given me the advantage of a better season. — As it is, I am contented, being very sure, you did not, without difficulty, find it practicable

practicable to assign it, even the interval, wherein you made way for it. Will you, dear Sir, be so good, as to send me your office abstracts for my three nights, with a receipt, such as I ought to sign; and it shall be returned you the day after I receive it, by my daughter *Johnson*, for whose coming you will please to have the balance ready, in a *Bank note*, and excuse the trouble. — I am quite a *novice*, in this *benefit road*; and quite a stranger to the *rate*, you fix your *nightly charge* at; but I know, I may depend on every act of *kindness*, and of *moderation*, where it is to Mr. *Garrick*, I must owe its *regulating*. And, dear Sir, believe me, ever, with the most sincere affection,

Your most faithful oblig'd,

And obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. MALLET.

May 5, 1749.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE not been in town, since I had last the honour, to address a line to you, in *Arlington-street*; nor will I tell you more particularly *why*, than that, in spite of my endeavours to prevent public notice of an *author's nights* from *Meropé*, there spread some general, over-rated expectations from it, that I found a paultry kind of caution, *not unnecessary*, till my circumstances lift me out of this new mortifying situation, which I hope, will be the consequence of one *term*, longer.

I HAD, yesterday the office abstracts of my three nights benefits: All the balance, after their deducted charges, came but to one hundred and forty eight pounds. The rehearsal of the foolish firework musick hurt my sixth night, very much: This profit is not what, I hoped it might have been; but 'tis so welcome, and well-timed a one, that I am *satisfied* — I shall receive it, in a day or two, when the first thing I do, shall be, to send your honest Mr. M—'s balance
to

to him. And permit me, dear Sir, once again to tell you, and forever to remember, and acknowledge my warm sense of your great goodness to me, throughout all the stages of this troublesome transaction.

SAY, for me, to your Lady, every thing you know, I ought to think, in justice to her excellence; and bless your *little prattlers*, with a warmth, if possible, more tender, than your usual one, by *adding* to it, that of,

Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

A. HILL.

B b 2

Plaistow,

Plaiſtow, July 10, 1749.

I HAVE been extremely ill, dear Sir, and only once in town, for ten weeks paſt, on *Saturday* ſe'nnight ; being forced to fret away my ſpirits, in a vain regret, at having all my power moſt unaccountably withheld, from long ſince doing juſtice to a friend ſo lov'd, and worthy to be lov'd, as you are ! whom I am not, cannot be, one ſingle hour unmindful of ; and of whoſe matchleſs merit I wear deep impreſſions on my heart, above all forms, and not within the compaſs of a compliment. — But I will ſay no more of this, juſt now.--The time is coming -- too, too ſlow, indeed, it comes--but ſtill 'tis coming--when I will be known, even to the ſoul be known—as I would wiſh my friend to know me.

I SHOULD have thanked you ſooner, for your accurate *index*. What a deal of pains muſt it have coſt you ! — yet, methinks, it cannot have been neceſſary ; nay, probably, was dangerous ; for are there not ſome mean book-poachers, whom it will content too much, by over-cheaply ſatiſfying a ſuperficial curioſity, which but for that, the
ſame

fame of your *Clarissa* had compelled to buy the volumes: Whether I am right, in this, I know not, but I tell you how it struck my apprehension.

You are a thousand times too condescending, when you treat the objector to a certain scene, * as a critic worth correcting! What luckless censurer was this! to fall upon the strongest and most guarded eloquence, that ever writer yet attained, and mis-conclude it an indecency! It is the place, of all *Clarissa*, which such sensible and modest women, as both think and speak with reason, take delight to own, they were the most deceived in. For, beginning it with apprehensions natural to the situation, they escaped the menace, with surprize and pleasure; and enjoyed the triumph of *Clarissa*, without any of her pain-confessing delicacy, which the objector was too gross to feel, where a rake's amorous excess of warmth and libertinism is sublimely checked into restraint, by reverence, where passion stands corrected by distress! and license falls a sacrifice to virtue! God guard *Clarissa* from the pens of such absurd presumers!

B b 3

mers!

* The fire scene, in *Clarissa*.

mers! She can never stand in need of commentators, but will tempt some juster than this hallowed violator.

I ALMOST fear'd to ask you, how the public has received the outset of *Gideon*. I can't forbear to say, that if a work, like that, meets with general neglect, I will resign all vanity of publishing my writings.—In such an age, I can renounce desire of praise, without one sigh, and shall rest satisfied, beyond this life, with the obscurity I loved, while in it.

BUT I can never give up my wish, of holding the affection, you have honoured me with such obliging proofs of, 'till I fail to hold that *breath*, wherewith I shall, at quitting it, pray heaven to love you, as does,
Dear Sir,

Your most faithful,

Humble Servant,

And avowed Admirer,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. GARRICK.

July 11, 1749.

BELIEVE me, dear Sir, I possess a pleasure, of the noblest kind, in hearing, you avow the *joy*, which every honest heart, that knows, how much you *merit* it, must take a large, and voluntary, *part* in. May its continuance be measured to you, by the length of your two lives! — That is to say, may *both* live on, increasing in *affection*, as your *years* increase, and then, at last, about the middle of next century, drop, arm in arm, together.

As to the last act of *Meropé*, I rather chuse to *break* the scene, than *lose* an added beauty, of such striking force, as that will carry, which you hinted to me. The chief *difficulty* will be found your *painter's*: For, considering, how crowded a confusion has, before, been represented to the *audience*, in the speech of *Euricles*, 'twill call for all the *pencil's* art, to fill the temple (through

side openings, seen twixt columns, standing separate from the slanted scenes, which are to be set back, as far as possible) with such significantly busied groupes of interested people, as were spoken of in the description, and to lessen off their view, in gradual depth of *keeping*, so as to extend the prospect with scarce a sensible distinction, from the *real* life, before, and near the *altar*; such, as the *kneeling queen* and *prostrate* guards, together with the *priests*, and *virgins*—while the bleeding bodies of the *tyrant*, and of *Erox*, should be seen above their *heads*, as fallen, in different *attitudes*, upon the footsteps of the altar, that *Eumenes* stands on.

You was born with genius, for *dramatic* beauties; and this scene, as you conceive it, may be made the most *magnificent*, that ever closed a *Tragedy*. I will not fail to send you, very soon, the alterations, which the written part requires; and indeed, shall never please myself so well, as when I execute your notions; for I see, they will be drawn from *nature*,
and

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and made *active*, as all *tragic* meanings ought to be, and full of *soul*, and *sentiment*, and *passion*. Would to God, (I can't help wishing it, again) the stage were *yours alone*! 'Twill grow a rich, and *noble* province under your *direction*: and 'tis pity, *all the spirit* should be *yours*, and any of the gain *another's*.
I am,

Dear Sir,

Most faithfully, and most

Affectionately, Yours

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. GARRICK.

Aug. 3, 1749.

DEAR SIR,

I WAS not well, when I writ to you last, nor for some months before ; nor am I, yet, half freed from a strong nervous *cholic*, that grew greatly heightened by a *cold*, I got in *your* dominions ; *inly* warm'd, by a participation of LEAR's rendingly inimitable *feelings* ! which permitted me, to take no notice of an *outward* heat, the house was *sweating* in, nor of an *open window*, at my neck, in an *odd* corner, I had *wedg'd* myself into, for shunning *interruption* of the promised *pleasure*, I climbed thither to *enjoy* ; and which I did, *in truth*, enjoy, beyond all wonder, and example ! This small circumstance, of *self*, I tell you, to account for my late letter's being too far distant from its sequel.

You may please to recollect, we, once, were speaking of the *use*, some *writers* would have *Actors* make, of *looking glasses* : 'Tis a stiff *constraint*, upon both *mien*, and *memory*, and never, but at *one* time, necessary, to an actor of *true genius* : and that time is only,
till

till he has attain'd the *habit*, by *ten* great *changes* in his *brow* and *muscles*, to call out upon a moment's warning, any *picture* of the *passions*.

If, indeed, without that readiness; from previous practice, he expects his *glass* should regulate his *action*, he begins at the wrong end, and will perplex and overcharge his *memory*. For, what a multitude of *errors*, in his *look*, and *gesture*, must he, first, discover, *there*, and tediously waste time, in studying how to *remedy*, before he can go on, to add the *ornaments*, where the main building is not perfected! Imagine, he would paint *joy*, naturally, and that he has not yet *conceived* the summary method, he should strike it out by: In this case, perhaps, his *glass* reflects a *brow* loose bent, or *cloudy* — his *neck* pendently relapsed — his *breast* not gracefully thrown backward, and elate — perhaps an arm swings languid, or hangs motionless — his *backbone*, probably, is unerect, or springless — and his *joints* not braced, nor swelling out their *sinews*, to a full extent — His *glass* may shew him *these*, and many other *spiritless* deficiencies, which will instruct his *eye*, that he has none of *joy's* impressions.

pressions. Nay, his very *ear*, without a *glass's* help, would tell him *that*, still more effectually; for, let him go about to *speak* under such slack propension, he would find that, tho' his *voice* was raised, it could not carry with it any sound of *joy*; — not tho' the *sense* of what he spoke, were *rapture*. In defiance of *strained lungs*, his *tone* would be a *mournful* one, and not express *one note* of *sprightliness*. And thro' how *dark*, and intricate a *labyrinth*, must he shift *looks* and *tones*, and *postures*, till his *eyes*, and *ears*, are satisfied!

WHEREAS, had he attain'd (before) a general readiness, at marking passions, as particulariz'd in the *compendium*, what an *easy*, momentary *habit*, had delivered him, from all this *labour*! he had only *smiled*, with an *exalted* eyebrow, *nerving* at the same time, all his *joints*, — and he had, in an instant, hit the *picture*, and the *sound*, at once, peculiar to the *passion*, he designed to *imitate*. His *forehead* had been smooth and *open*; — his *eye* pleased, and *sparkling* — his *neck* raised, yet turning *easily*, without the smallest *stiffness*, tho' so stretched, as if it *added* to his *stature*. His *breast*, too, had been inflated, and *majestically* backened — His *back-*
bone

bone erect — and all his *joints*, of arms, wrists, fingers, hips, knees, ancles, high-strung, and *braced*, boldly — Had he made a *step*, in this position, it had been, as if he trod on *air* ; had he, so, tried to *speak*, true joy, in all its *musick*, would have lent a *melody*, to every accent. It is not possible, indeed, it should be otherwise ; for, having copied the propriety of *nature's* own impressions, *nature*, when *art imitates* her, rightly makes such art *seem natural* ; to the infamy of *actors*, whom you have the *pain of hearing*, but too often : *Men*, who, with a glib, round, rolling, *emptiness*——a lesson-like, unfeeling *volubility* of circulation without *cadence*, troll away (self-satisfied) from one o'erleaped distinction to another ; comprehending no *properties*, of thought, or look, or muscle ; and so *vociferating* only, where they think they *speak*, are never *moved*, themselves, and, consequently, can never *touch* others. But they fancy, they acquit themselves, beyond exception, if they *hurry* out a literal, cold, unanimated, *sense alone* ; and leave, behind, all *spirit*, in a writer.

BUT exclusive of the *few* day's practice, during which (at first) the *habit*, once for all, is gained compleatly, of adapting *brow*,
and

and *muscle* in a moment, *glasses* have no further *use*, to skilful actors ; For in natural consequence of an impression, muscular and mental, every attitude, that offers, cannot fail to be a proper one ; and those, that best become the passion, aim'd at, will arise spontaneously ; as fast as they are wanted ; just as *words* invest *ideas* ; more, or less, indeed, expressively, as the conception of their *utterer*, is a clear, or a confused one.

BUT the only certain advantageous use of the *compendium*, for an art of *picturing* the passions, to so supreme a *master* of that art, as you already are, is in a way, to *ease* your *study* ; by a course of *memorandum figures*, referential to a *note book*, proper to each part, of consequence. And *marked* with all its *passions*, and apt hints, of striking *opportunities*, for attitude.

THE misfortune of it is, that *celebrated* actors, whom the public *eagerness* allows small *leisure* to, will find themselves (as *plays*, in general, go) much more put to it, to *meet* passions, than to represent 'em : For in many *writers*, there are, really *none* at all ; and *few* (even where they *are*) except your
Shake-

Shakespear, mark 'em, so as to be simple, and *distinguishable*: Nay sometimes, in *him*, too, they change rapidly, and lie close-pressed together; and sometimes again, *divided* by unactive lengths of *topical* reflection, and *declamatory* musings; which (though most of 'em inimitably fine) are not to be expressed by, or included within, any of the *passions*, marked in the *compendium*. Yet, require to be *struck out*, upon both eye and ear, by certain apt, and animated *paintings*, elegant and graceful, tho' not *passionate*. So that, to *separate*, and *note down*, this variety of *changes*, where they are, or substitute some *seemings*, to supply their absence, where they are not, lays great *weight* upon the *study* of an *able actor*; who disdains, as you do, to skim surfaces.

THERE are *other* passions, of a *complex* kind; which cannot be reckoned as *dramatic* ones, and yet are to be represented, by *subtracting* from 'em. As, when you are painting *hope*, you borrow *half* your colouring, from *joy*; but take the other half, from *grief*, because *hope* is not *certainty*; 'tis mixed with *doubt*, and therefore, tho' it asks a *smiling* face, and *elevation* of the *eyebrow*, yet it leaves a kind of *languid* tone
upon

upon the *muscles*. There are twelve, or fifteen of these *complex* passions, which I will *distinguish* in another letter.

So that it would discharge your *memory* of a needless load, if, when you go about to study a *new* part, you make on purpose for it, a little *separate* note book: Then, as fast, as you *discern* the passions, on *examining* the part, draw, under those, you so discern, *black lines*, and *red*, alternatively, to preserve each difference *distinct* (whether *dramatic* passion, *complex* passion, *topic*, or *reflection*) and, in the same *ink*, mark the *margin*, with a *single* figure, one, two, three, four, and so on, in successive order. Each such *figure* but referring to its *explanation*, in the *note book*; where, at the same *mark*, insert *what* passion, grace, or elegance it is; and *add* all proper *memorandum's* on the attitudes, rests, breaks of *voice*, and other *beauties*, which concern the *force* you propose to *express* it with; and which you would make *easy* to recur to, against any *future* call, for the same *representation*.

WHENEVER, too excessively *fatigued*, you can't allow yourself the necessary time, for
such

such a *poring* application, always please to recollect, that I am *idler*; and command me, with the absolute *power*, that *love*, and *admiration* have made YOURS. For, I shall never think myself more *pleasingly* employed, than when I execute your orders.

LET me now, lest I forget it, add a note, which our late *peace* with *France*, has made a timely one.

IF ever any *painter*, *statuary* or *engraver*, in the world, had such *creative* power, as one *life-painter* has, whom *nature* lodged in Mr. GARRICK's *fancy*, 'tis in *France*, he must be looked for. They have their innumerable *prints*; all filled in masterly perfection, with whatever is, or was, most celebrated, in the *history-pieces*, and *fine statues*, of antiquity. And a well-chosen *collection*, from the *best* of these, would furnish infinite *supply* of *hints*, to so compleat a *judge* of *attitudes*, as I here, wish 'em *viewed* by. I say *hints*, because, in many of the very *finest* of 'em all, there are *defects*, which *you* could rectify. For you will see, with pleasure, they grew chiefly (as I every where observed, in *Italy*) from some *unnerved* remissness, in the *joints*, that lamed

the purposed *animation*, in the *posture*; and you cannot fail to draw a *proof* from that remark, how much the *painters* may improve, by copying Mr. *Garrick*, and what little room there is, for his improving, by the *painters*.

My *head*, and *fingers*, at this instant, have too much of such a *languor*, as those *painters* lamed their purpose by; or, I had made this letter a still *longer* one. You'll *smile*, perhaps, at the sense of your *escape*, and cry, 'tis *long enough* already. — Take it as it *is*, dear Sir, — 'tis from the *heart* of,

Your most faithful Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. MALLET.

Aug. 25, 1749.

DEAR SIR,

FOR a long time, I have been incapable of thanking you, for your kind invitation to *Putney*, where, (if I get spirits) I am now aspiring to enjoy a few days of next week. In truth, if I had been a *papist*, I could claim beatitude, in right of having passed through *purgatory*. I only wish, it had been as *ideal*, as the *Roman* one. My days and nights have been consumed, in un-remitting *torture*, during which, having, to very little purpose, trod, and re-trod, all the maze of physical impertinence, I passed my time in practice of a *new* kind of *dumb* poetry, which had only *measure*, without *meaning*, and yet moved the *passions*, beyond any thing in *Shakespear*. For either on the bed, or in it, I had no employment, but to turn myself half round, and then roll back again, like the cadence of a verse, in the *French* Tragedies.

I AM glad to hear, that you have Mr. *Garrick*, for your neighbour, and that you

C c 2

are

are both so charmed with his late choice : I was convinced, though I have never seen the lady, she deserved what you so warmly have ascribed to her ; for Mr. *Garrick's* genius is too searching, to have aimed at such a mark, as happiness, in matrimony, and not hit nearly. Yet, of all the parts, wherein he shines, I own, that this was one, I did not think, he had been studying ; but dare answer for him, now he has got it by heart, he will go through it, with the amiableness, so natural to him.

I wish I could find any words of force enough, to show your lover, and her most beloved, with how sincere, and ardent a respect, I am,

Their most obliged,

And faithful Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. GARRICK.

Aug. 28, 1749.

I THINK, dear Sir, my *last* was near a month ago, ever since which, my *cruel pains* have been so violent, and unremitting, as to rob me of the power of passing a few days, at *Putney*, tho' provoked by my dear friend Mr. *Mallet's* information, that *you* are his neighbour, and had been so good to purpose dining with us, there, some day when he could tell you, I was with him. Against this week, I had begun to hope for spirits, to have got that length, but am prevented now, till Mr. *Mallet's* return from a short journey into *Hampshire*.

LET me boast it as a *proof*, that *your idea* can give *pleasure*, that surmounts the sense of *pain*, that *never* man was under *sharper*, than I suffered, while I wrote the *new scene* for *Eumenes*. I was forced to fill *your speech* upon the *altar*, with as great a weight of *sentiment*, as I had *power* to reach, because the spirit, the surprise,

and dignity of *attitude*, wherewith you will be seen, so suddenly, and in the instant of so strong an act of *triumph*, must alarm an *expectation* in the audience, that will *swallow* every word, you utter, in so promising a posture.

It is a *writer's* happiness, to *think* for one, who *speaks*, as you do! If his words have *meaning*, you enforce, and make it *pierce*: and, if they *want* it, you supply its *seeming*. Dear Sir, live long! and every day more *blessed* (I need not say more *loved*) than other! I am,

Your most faithful,

And affectionate humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To

PLAN, *for an OPERA, to be call'd,*
HENGIST *and* Horsa.

O R,

The Origin of ENGLAND.

A C T I.

BACK SCENE.

The prospect of a rolling sea.

SIDE SCENE.

The gate of a castle, and part of the walls on the left, suppos'd to be Hengist's first station, in Kent; and, on the right, sea-cliffs, a mountainous coast, with a beacon on the highest part.

PRINCE Catigern, the brother of *Vortigern*, king of *Britain*, attended by a guard of *British* soldiers, orders a trumpet to summon the castle, and demands a conference, with *Vortigern*.

THE king comes out, and reproves his brother for not entering, like a friend, the

C c 4

castle

castle of their deliverer, *Hengist* : *Catigern* orders his soldiers to retire, and desires the king to do the same ; that he may communicate a private intelligence, of the utmost consequence, to the kingdom.

WHEN the guards are retir'd, *Catigern* reproaches the king, with the blindness of his attachment to foreigners ; represents the *Saxons* as men, designing the conquest of *Britain*, under shadow of defending it from the invasions of the *Picts*, and urges the king to put himself at the head of his troops, and assert the honour and interest of his country.

THE king expresses indignation at his brother's proposal, who wou'd reward with so base an ingratitude the high merit, and courage of *Hengist*, who came over, invited, to lend his assistance, against those *Picts*, whom the *Britons* had hardly been able to resist, even under protection of the unconquerable *Romans* : But after their departure, the miraculous wall, that divided the kingdom, from sea to sea, had been too weak to prevent the incursions and devastations of this insolent enemy ! whom, yet, the noble *Hengist*, at the head of his auxiliary

liary *Saxons*, had overthrown, and driven back, at the first encounter. — And shall a king, so fav'd ! so oblig'd ! so protected ! repay his redeemer, just return'd from the triumph, with desertion and treachery ?

CATIGERN accuses the king, of other less generous motives, for his partiality to the *Saxons* ; and instances his love for *Martilda*, the daughter of *Hengist*. — For this, he forsakes the camp of his subjects ; for this, he shuts his eyes against their intended encroachments ; for this, he broke his vow of marriage to *Godiva*, the daughter of *Merlin*, whose magical power was stronger than a thousand confederate armies ; for this, he remains insensible of his country's danger, even at this moment, when the seas are darken'd with the appearance of a new fleet of these mercenaries ; who not coming with the knowledge, or at the desire of the *Britons*, it is evident, they have no other intention, than to conquer and enslave them.

THE king, shook by these arguments, appears inclin'd to change measures, but objects the *Saxon* superiority, in arms, and
the

the danger, that must attend their resentment, shou'd they find themselves suspected, and forsaken.

CATIGERN, in answer, informs him, that the powerful *Merlin*, provok'd by the disgrace of his daughter, had forsaken his enchanted retirement, at *Caermarden*; and was come to the *British* camp, to inflame their revenge, and excite among them a spirit of rebellion: Adding, that it was, yet, in the king's choice, to preserve in his own interest, this magician's irresistible aid, by doing but bare justice to the injur'd *Godiva*, whose tenderness, love, despair, and retreat from the world, for *Vortigern's* sake, he describes with all the art and address, proper to the occasion.

THE king, touch'd by a grateful reflection, on the Lady's sufferings, feels a return of his former regard for her; and proposes an interview with her father.

Just then, there arises to soft musick, a stately triumphal arch, inscrib'd in letters of gold,

To

To the memory of immortal
VORTIGEN,
Who taught his Country the Courage,
At once, to conquer their Enemies,
And despise their false Friend's Assistance.

DURING their astonishment, at the sudden appearance of this arch, it vanishes, in opening, and leaves *Merlin* in its place; between whom, and the king, a resolution is taken for deserting the *Saxons*, and a marriage with *Godiva*.

THE king expresses his concern, that she is so remote, as the western shore of *Wales*: Upon which *Merlin* invokes assistance of his spirits, and she descends to them, in a chariot, supported by the four winds, and surrounded by *Cupids* with garlands.

AFTER a scene of amorous reproaches, and mutual reconciliation, between the two lovers, the king commands *Catigern* to march, at the head of the *Britons*, to the castle, and demand audience; at which time he promises to join them, and depart from *Hengist*, and the *Saxons*. — Then the
Britons

Britons return to their camp, and their king into the castle.

BUT, as he is about to enter, he is met by *Hengist*, coming, guarded, thro' the gate, to a triumphant flourish of trumpets. *Hengist* informs the king, that a fleet, with ten thousand auxiliary *Saxons*, all devoted to the service of *Britain*, is now come in sight : — And, during this declaration, the beacon flames out upon the hills ; and immediately, from the left, of the sea prospect, the *Saxon* fleet appears, and sails cross, to the right, behind the cliffs, continuing to do so, till the end of this first act.

VORTIGERN expressing his jealousy to *Hengist*, brings on a warm scene of expostulation, in which *Hengist* being charg'd with sending back his daughter, upon the king's discovery of his love, excuses it from the rumour of the contract with *Godiva* ; but, informs him, that having since receiv'd proofs of the sincerity of his attachment, she was returning, in this fleet, under guard of *Horfa* his brother ; dispos'd to hear, with due respect, the honour he propos'd her.

MEAN

MEAN while, the *Saxon* army is suppos'd to be landing behind the cliffs, and comes down from them, by two or three winding roads ; marching cross the stage, in form'd companies, headed, and brought up by their officers, with the white horse, in the ensigns of the several divisions : And entering the castle, under the arch of the gateway.

AFTER one or two companies have pass'd, Enter *Horfa*, leading *Matilda* — She is receiv'd with transport, by the king, who leads her into the castle, after a warm and amorous conference between them ; and so the first act closes : The ships sailing on, in their line, all this while ; and the troops continuing their march, without intermission.

End of the First Act.

A C T II.

SCENE. *A tower of the Saxon castle, with an oblique part of the wall on both sides; guarded by Saxon soldiers, behind the battlements.*

CATIGERN and MERLIN, below, at the head of the *Britons*, demand audience of their King.

VORTIGERN appears, over the tower, and commands them to return to their camp, and wait his further orders.

UPON their desiring to know the cause of this sudden change of his sentiments, he steps back, and leads *Matilda* up to the battlements, who insults *Merlin*, and expresses a disdainful desire to see *Godiva*, that she might judge of the power of those charms, which had render'd her so formidable a rival.

GODIVA appears, immediately, at her father's call; and treats the king with contempt,

tempt, and *Matilda* with anger; invoking the vengeance of *Merlin*, on so repeated a dishonour.

MATILDA, in scorn, joins her prayer, that the father's art may display itself, in aid of the daughter's influence: upon which *Merlin*, provok'd, waves his wand, and sings an air of incantation: At the end of which, both sides of the wall fall down, with a terrible noise, and dust; and the soldiers, from the battlements, tumble among the ruins: leaving the tower, only, standing, with the *King* and *Matilda*, upon it, cut off from the rest of the castle.

THE King, in great surprise, and terror, for *Matilda*; tries, in vain, the effects of threat'nings, and persuasion. *Merlin* will be pleas'd on no condition, but *Matilda's* renouncing the King; which she refuses, with great spirit, and renews her defiance.

MERLIN, at a new incantation, causes the tower to be swallow'd up, by the earth; and the King, and *Matilda*, are taken prisoners, as they sink, by some of the *British* soldiers,

soldiers, at the command of Prince *Catigern*; and guarded off, in triumph, being follow'd by *Godiva*, into whose custody they are given.

AN alarm within the castle. *Hengist* and *Horfa*, at the head of the *Saxons*, appear, to make good the breach; and revenge the loss of *Matilda*.

MERLIN insults them, and threat'ning to drown them, in their castle, commands the sea to flow in, over their bulwarks: which rises accordingly, and begins to pour down, in a rapid torrent.

HENGIST invokes *Thor*, against this supernatural war of magick, and prays, that the author of this quarrel, may be deliver'd into his hands, making a solemn oath, that he will sacrifice him, on *Thor's* altar: and appealing to heaven in witness, that he, no way, deserv'd this ingratitude, at the hands of the *Britons*: concluding with a prayer, that, if he is guilty, the Gods will abandon him: but, if innocent, that they will assert their own justice, and deliver him, by some token

token of their favour, from the effect of *Merlin's* enchantment.

IMMEDIATELY upon *Hengist's* rising from this prayer, a peal of thunder is heard above: And a pier, of stone-work, arises, against the torrent, and stops, and repels, the ocean.

MERLIN is under astonishment, to find the fortune of *Hengist* supported, by some power, superior to his own, and retires, to learn the cause, why his spirits have forsaken him. Upon his departure, the *Britons* fly, pursued up the hills by the *Saxons*; some of whom, in conjunction with *Hengist* and *Horfa*, take prince *Catigern* prisoner, who disdaining to fly, with his *Britons*, had turn'd upon the enemy. — The *Saxons* re-enter their castle, retreat being founded.

THE scene changes to a pavillion, in the camp of the *Britons*. — *Matilda*, and *Vortigern*. A scene of sorrow, and condolment.

ENTER, to them, *Godiva*, with a dagger, and threatens death, in revenge, to her ri-

val. — This scene represents a great variety of the passions. — Terror, and consternation, in *Matilda*. — Despair, rage, jealousy, and revenge, in *Godiva*. — And disdain, impatience, anguish, entreaty, and amazement, in King *Vortigern*.

IN the heat of this passionate scene, *Merlin* enters, in confusion: commands his daughter to hold her hand, and reports the over-throw of the *Britons*; the captivity of prince *Catigern*; and the triumph of some heavenly assistance, over his art, in favour of the *Saxon* general.

AT the desire of his daughter, he raises a spirit; who foretels the decreed success of *Hengist*; from whom shou'd begin a new *Æra*, and whose posterity, to the end of time, should give Kings to the island, together with a new name, new laws, and a new language. — That it shall become the blessing of *Britain*, to unite her blood, and her power, and loosing all distinction, become knit into one glorious people, *Picts*, *Britons*, and *Saxons*.

MERLIN,

MERLIN, inspir'd, at once, with a prophetick discernment, of futurity, appears elevated into rapture: And informs *Vortigern*, that the *Saxons* are preparing to sacrifice the prince, his brother, to their idols: which, in order to prevent, he will immediately convey himself, the King, *Matilda*, and *Godiva*, into their holy grove; where they wou'd remain invisible, 'till a proper juncture for disclosing themselves.

HE comforts them, and raises (to a song of incantation) a pavillion of moving clouds, which covers them all, and carries them away, together.

A C T III.

THE SCENE of a grove, sacred to *Thor*, *Woden*, *Tuisco*, the *Sun*, the *Moon*, *Feater*, and *Friga*. — The seven chief idols of the *Saxons*. — Each idol, in the proper figure, and attitude, with seven altars before them, and flames burning upon them. — The time, night. The moon clear, and the stars glittering in the firmament.

ENTER, to the sound of dead, mournful musick, the arch-flamen, priests, *Hengist*, *Horsa*, and guards, bringing prince *Catigern*, bound, to the altar of *Thor*, in order to be sacrific'd. — A pompous scene of preparatives, and a prayer of *Hengist*, to be absolv'd from his vow, lest his daughter might undergo the revenge of the *Britons*, for the death of prince *Catigern*.

HORSA encourages the sacrifice, and expresses contempt of the *Briton's* resentment. — *Merlin*, king *Vortigern*, *Matilda*,
and

and *Godiva*, are present during the scene, under a canopy of clouds, as suppos'd invifible to the *Saxons*.

THE Arch-flamen places himfelf at the altar: and, as *Catigern* is led up betwixt two priests, to be facrific'd, finging before the altar, an air, in praife of the glory of men, who die for the good of their country; *Merlin* waves his wand, and it thunders; and the moon, and ftars, in the firmament, appear turn'd into blood: as are, alfo, thofe, which furround the heads of the idols.

HENGIST empreffes an awe, and receives this omen, as a fignal, that the gods refufe the victim: But *Horfa*, defpifing it, commands the priests to go on with the facrifice.

MERLIN, again, waves his wand; and a ſhower of blood pours down, and putting out the fires, runs off in a large ſtream, from every altar.

The priests fly, frighted, to the fides of the ſtage.—And *Horfa* continuing refolute,
prince

prince *Catigern* reproaches him with the unmanly use he wou'd make of his fortune : and tells him how much braver it wou'd be, instead of opposing heaven, that delighted not in human sacrifices, to restore him his sword, and, in a single combat, endeavour to execute the bloody purpose, he seem'd, so strongly, to be bent upon.

HORSA, taking fire at the proposa, accepts it, in transport, and proposes to his brother, that the conditions of the duel be thus — If *Catigern* proves conqueror, then the *Saxons* shall depart from the island. — If *Horsa* proves victor, then *Vortigern* shall marry *Matilda* ; and *Hengist* shall have the kingdom of *Kent*, in reward of his services done the *Britons*.

CATIGERN agrees, upon condition, that *Vortigern* shall ratify : and *Hengist* resolves upon sending a messenger, to know his resolution.

JUST then, *Merlin* dissolving the clouds, they break out into fight : And *Vortigern*, and *Hengist*, take an oath, and join hands,
over

over the altar, to confirm the conditions of this duel.

The two ladies lament; and are torn with the natural passions proper to the occasion.

HENGIST giving thanks to his gods, for the preservation of his daughter, and the regard which they had shewn, for him, in the wonderful events of the day; *Merlin*, with indignation, at a motion of his wand, sinks the idols, in flashes of fire: and raises, in their places, *St. Austin* (the converter of the *Saxons* to christianity) supporting the cross, on the pedestal of *Thor*: and on every other, the figure of a friar, of the several orders.

HE, then, foretels, to *Hengist*, the events of futurity: And, behind a transparent scene, which arose, with the change just mention'd, shews the issue of the duel, the two princes, lying dead, and the soldiers erecting the *Tumuli* (yet visible in *Kent*) to their memory.

THIS

THIS being lamented by all, but the princes themselves, who glory and rejoice in their destiny. *Merlin* introduces the shadow of his daughter *Godiva*, in the habit of a Nun, to point out the fate of a future life, which gives occasion for two airs, between her and *Matilda*; the one of resignation, the other of pity.

MERLIN, after this, proceeds to open to *Hengist*, a scene of futurity, and shews him the gliding shadows of his posterity; and in clouds, which move with them, over their heads, appear painted the most remarkable events, which distinguish'd them.

OVER the head of *Ethelred*, for example of *Hengist*'s direct line, and the first christian king of the *Saxon* race, in *England*, may be shadow'd, the arrival and reception of St. *Austin*.

NEXT, may appear the shadow of *Egbert*, who gave the name of *England* to the island, and united the seven kingdoms of the *Saxon* heptarchy. — He may be painted, receiving the homage of six prostrate kings, three on each side; and over his head, seven

ven crowns of a smaller size, surrounding one, larger.

IN like manner may be introduc'd the shadow of *William* the conqueror — *Richard* the 1st — *Edward* the 3d — *Henry* the 5th — *Queen Elizabeth* — and *King Charles* the 1st ; each with emblems of their good or evil fate, painted in clouds, and moving with them, above their heads ; and all explain'd in a few words, by *Merlin*, as they are passing. During which, the whole presence, kneel, attentive, and silent, in the most solemn astonishment ; none speaking but *Merlin*, who alone continues standing, and points with his wand to the shadows.

AT last, *Hengist* bursts into a pathetic complaint, that the honour of giving kings an establishment to an island, decreed to be so glorious and powerful, seems overbalanced by the misery he saw in store, for some of the princes of his posterity ; and for the people, whom they were to govern.

MERLIN bids him be of comfort, and informs him, that there shall, at last, after twice seven hundred years, of various fate, have roll'd themselves away, arise a family
of

of kings, his descendants, to remove all cause of misery, and bless this kingdom to the end of time, with peace, arts, arms, and an undying harmony, and balance between power and liberty. — He adds, that he is allow'd to disclose no more, but bids him gather, from their forms, the blessings they will be born to scatter.

WHILE he is speaking these last words, the back scene breaks away, and discovers, in effigy (as lately done to a great perfection) the whole present Royal Family, surrounded above, with angels, smiling, and pointing thro' clouds; from the midst of which a beam of light shoots down, over the head of the king, in the centre.

AFTER this, something, significant, being said by every character, the chorus closes the opera, with a moral advice; not to distrust, or complain of our fortune, but trust heaven for events. In which case there will, at last, arise happiness, to overbalance all our misfortunes.



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